

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

VOL. XIV. No. 1. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing. . . but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. SEPT., 1893

### IMPRESSIONS AND SKETCHES OF THE FAIR

#### A FANTASY OF LA RABIDA

Virginia Stein .....For Current Literature

It was after delightful days spent in the picture galleries of all nations, or wandering through art palaces until their treasures have become one vast kaleidoscope, reveling in the flora of the tropics, and ever drinking in the outdoor effect of the magical buildings; sauntering on the Plaisance, enjoying everything from the savage Dahomey to the fur-clad Arctic explorer; peeping into the forbidden harem; making one of the jolly crowd in the street of Cairo; hearing the Muezzin call from the Mahometan temple; listening to the grand band in the streets of old Vienna; playing with the funny little Javanese babies; jogging along in the Sedan chairs; taking tea served by the handsome Miss Murato in the beautiful Japanese tea house; riding in the gondolas at the witching hour of twilight; or, as darkness comes on, watching the white domes and friezes flash out their fairy lamps at the touch of the enchanter's wand. In short, after days in this wonderland—days when I have not even felt the need of my castle in Spain—I find myself one afternoon on the little point of land that juts out into the lake and on which stands the monastery of La Rabida.

I seat myself outside to enjoy the situation and admire the home of the good old monks. The construction, the coloring, the plants of Spanish bayonets thrusting their prickly leaves

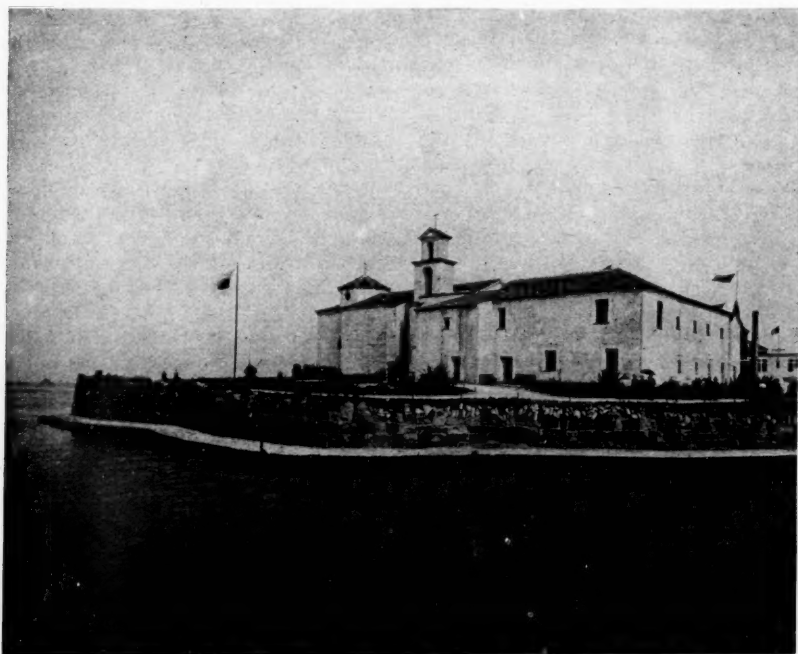
through the rocky crevices, are all in such perfect keeping. I am charmed with the plainness, almost austerity of the structure in contrast with the elaborate ornateness of the buildings on which my eyes have been feasting. Indeed, the atmosphere of the place is such my mind is soon possessed by imaginary scenes and characters. I walked toward the old monastery—for to me it seemed old—with my thoughts full of the great discoverer. I lingered near the door and imagined here may have been the spot where Columbus first met the kind old monk as, disheartened, footsore and weary, leading his little son Diego by the hand, he sought for shelter and rest. Here he found the coveted rest, and more than all, he found here, too, the kindly sympathy with the mighty project that had been surging through his brain for years.

I follow him into this haven, where he was to abide while pluming his wings for his flight with the seagulls. Delightful spot! Here indeed is peace. I forget I am one of many sight-seers, but wrapped in my own thoughts sink back into the past. I stroll through the corridors and peer into the cells. Mayhap in this one Columbus slept and dreamed, and what dreams must have visited that tireless brain! How in sleep he tossed on stormy waves and sailed through calm waters and touched his feet on strange shores, only to wake more determined than ever on his daring voyage.

Passing around the cloister of the

upper story and entering a larger room to the right, I linger, fancying this may have been the room where Columbus sat with maps and charts spread out before him. I see him now, with mind alert, eye bright, and heart beating high with purpose, as he talks with the monks, explaining his proposed undertaking, and finally convincing them of its feasibility—discussed ways and means of raising the—to us insignificant—sum nec-

unknown countries on this flat world, inhabited by fanciful people and wonderful beasts. These ancient map-makers seem like men in the dark trying to find the walls of a strange room. But the times were ripe for discovery; man began to know north and south, east and west as it had not been known before. The Portuguese had made their way round the African cape, the continent unconsciously conceived in the mind



THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA

essary for his voyage. Now we willingly spend a like amount to blazon his name once across the sky as the hero of discovery.

The walls of this and other rooms of the old convent are hung with curious old maps. Here is the original one made for Columbus after his first voyage, by that artist map maker, De Vinci. These old maps have a strange fascination for me. I stand before them lost in thought; finding

of Columbus twenty years before was struggling to be born. The astronomers of that day were exploring the heavens; all it wanted was the touch of the navigator on the Western continent to enable them to see our earth revolving in space. These maps now are like a jumbled together puzzle, but as America rises from the water and takes her place the confused mass adjusts itself and the puzzle is worked out. While we bow



in homage to the master minds who have evoked from the leyden jar that almost omnipotent genius (before whom the fabled river genii arising from the water jar of Alladin must stand abashed), and with cunning fingers compelled him to encircle the earth, outstripping Puck, who would put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Let us also bend the knee to that prescient mind who, four hundred years ago, encompassed the world with that god-like thing we call thought, and which the electric spark may strive in vain to overtake. Schiller caught the true spirit in the lines to Columbus:

Steer on, bold sailor—wit may mock thy  
soul that sees the land,  
And hopeless at the helm may droop the  
weak and weary hand,  
Yet ever, ever to the West, for there the  
coast must lie,  
And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns  
before thy reason's eye.  
Yea, trust the guiding God—and go along  
the floating grave,  
Though hid till now—yet now, behold the  
new world o'er the wave!  
With genius nature ever stands in solemn  
union still  
And ever what the one foretells the other  
shall fulfill.

As I still dream before these delightful old maps exploring the strange countries, the fanciful creation of so long ago, and tracing out the track of Columbus—I seem to see the old monks coming down the cloister, telling their beads on their way to the chapel. I move on with them, I can almost touch their russet gowns; their devotion overshadows me. I hear them chanting. The chapel we enter is dimly lighted and filled with the incense of ages of prayer. Perhaps here on this side is where Columbus knelt and prayed. In thought I kneel with him, as I see him with my inward gaze, and almost unconsciously breathe a prayer freighted with my desires, as did Columbus with his, four hundred years ago.

Turning from the chapel and following the narrow corridor, we come out in the quaint old gar-

den laid out in the court enclosed by the four walls of the monastery. What a delightful spot! Filled with the old-fashioned flowers that appeal to us with memories of long ago. The marigold and phlox, the sweet-william and cornflower, the poppies blazing in the sun, the passion vine climbing up the grey wall and fantastically forming a cross as it climbs; the lilies, like worshippers, at its feet. The boxes in the windows above are filled with mignonette. The air is fragrant with its perfume. The bees are droning in the Summer sun—I seem to see one good old brother sitting on the garden bench, prayer book in hand, another tying up some pinks blown down by last night's rain.

Here Columbus spent many of the days while the pious monk journeyed to Cordova to petition the king and queen in his behalf. Here he rested and thought, with the blue sky of Spain over his head and glimpses of the ocean through the little windows of the cell. I tarry with him and share his thoughts. In this quiet spot he sat, and dreamed of Cathay with its towers and minarets; to his vision cities rise from the sea, their white palaces glisten in the sun. The foreign people go to and fro. He sees the rich stuffs and smells the spices of the Indies. To sail west from Spain was to touch this marvelous shore. Mighty spirit! your dream was not an airy fabrication of the brain! While fancy played intellect worked, and lo! your ship has touched land. Behold! is not this the wonderful city of your dreams? Your visions are more than realized! You looked for one nation, here the nations of the world come to do you homage. Their flags float on the breeze, and hark! their national songs are blent in one.

I reluctantly leave the charming old garden, and again walk the cloisters, look from the windows and in fancy sniff the ocean breeze. Ah! there are the caravels riding at anchor;

they are tossing and tugging impatient to be gone. They seem like sentient things that know they are born to glory. Their square-ribbed sails are filled with a favoring wind. I seem to hear the stir of preparation and see the sailors, with Columbus in their midst, at the water's edge. I will see them embark. I lean far out the window wholly given up to the enchantment of the place. Some one touches me on the shoulder. "Please, it is time to close the building." I start, rub my eyes, and see the blue uniform of a Columbian guard, who touches his hat respectfully and half sympathetically as if to one demented. I turn and gaze dreamily up at the ceiling. My eye catches sight of the electric lights and the Babcock extinguisher. Now thoroughly awake to the nineteenth century, I make my way out of La Rabida and bid good-bye to the past.

#### FOURTH OF JULY AT THE FAIR

George G. Bradley.....For Current Literature

The last rays of the sun were yet lingering on the white city, when the thousands of people all hurrying in the same direction showed us it was time also to be moving. One change in the indicator and our small electric launch was gliding swiftly over the stilled surface of the lagoon, where the water fell in gentle ripples against the stone banks and the palisade.

Our small propeller rapidly beat us onward, and soon we were entering the decked bridge-way which forms the approach to the Grand Basin of the Court of Honor.

Once through this covered way and the never-to-be-forgotten sight before us. Along near the surface of the quiet waters, on the mortices of the buildings, yes, it seemed everywhere, danced and gleamed the merry electric lights.

Thousands of them like glistening stars threw out their beams of soft illumination, and burnished bright the whitened walls which towered massive and magnificent above. Every bin-

nacle white as the sea-shore sand, every statue perfect in its mold, every object seeming endowed with the dignity, the grace or beauty which it represented; each forming the all, one grand, great picture of the work of man! High above the clouds floated calmly on, the real stars sent down their soft, silvery rays, and the crescent-moon shed its evening lustre over the white figures of the peristyle, revealing the eternity, the infinite God.

One rapid flash and the heavens seemed rent asunder as high into the starlight rushed the tinted waters of the electric fountains.

Color upon color, rainbow upon rainbow, rose and fell, twisting and turning into every form and figure; while the whizzing sky-rockets and Roman candles leaped aloft, and, bursting, sent their brilliancy into every corner of the night.

Grand, sublime, the massive buildings leaned protectingly over all, while the multitude scarcely breathed from awe at the beauty and grandeur.

A balloon rose slowly and stately from below, sailing upward, onward. A blinding flash sped from the basket, then unfolded into our sacred stars and stripes, and hung proudly, majestically on high, while the soul-stirring notes of the band vibrated in the melody, "God bless our native land!" One hundred thousand heads were bared in the solemnity of that moment, one hundred thousand voices rang out together in one grand cheer for the dear old land! Many a breast rose and fell in its sobbing, many a hand tightened in its restlessness, and many a face, it seemed to me, was turned on high in a solemn, heart-felt prayer.

But the waters slowly fell into the basin, the high lights gently faded into unseen clouds, the moon dropped its rays through gathering mists, while the vanishing tints of the fountains played softly on the stones.

Yet faint and far above the gilded dome was still seen dimly the form of the Nation's flag, and, wafted quietly

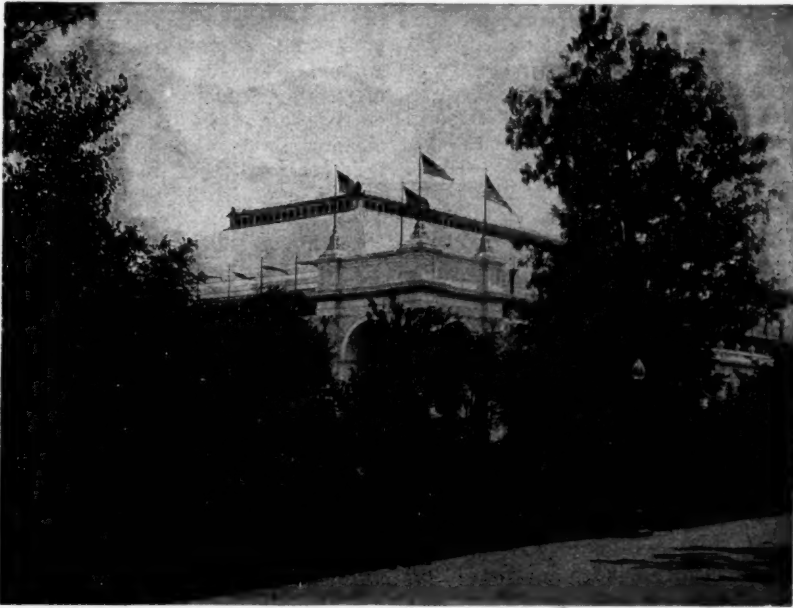
on by the Summer winds, was gathered, in a brief time into the consecrated heavens of the Father.

#### IMMENSITY OF THE EXPOSITION

*J. A. Mitchell.....Scribner's*

The unconquerable American desire to do things on a bigger scale than anybody else, which often results in our "biting off more than we can chew," has again run away with us. There are many illustrations of this

magnificent that the visitor finds he has neither the spirit, spine, nor legs to even partially take it in. In fact the farther he goes the more he realizes the futility of the undertaking. And the helpless enthusiast who proposes to see, even superficially, the more important exhibits, should be fitted with a wrought-iron spine, nerves of catgut, and one more Summer. In all the departments, from the fine arts to canned tomatoes,



MANUFACTURES BUILDING, FROM WOODED ISLAND

gnawing hunger at the World's Fair. In fact the Fair itself, as a whole, comes painfully near being an illustration in point. A colossal enterprise too vast and complex to permit of its attaining a perfect finish in the time allowed, seems to give more joy to our occidental spirits than any possible perfection on a smaller scale. Crudity has little terror for us. The whole scheme is so vast and comprehensive, and the scale so hopelessly

there is more than enough in numbers and in area to wear out the energy and paralyze the brain. To visit the Fair with profit or comfort you must leave your sense of duty behind. Whoever goes there with intent to thoroughly "do it" is laying up for himself anguish of mind and the complete annihilation of his muscular and nervous force. It is far too big for any question of conscience to be allowed to enter in. Its bigness is be-

yond description. No words or pictures can tell the story of its size. Experience alone can teach it. You must go there day after day, to return at night with tired eyes and aching limbs, and with the bitter and ever increasing knowledge that as an exhibition you can never grasp it. Where other exhibitions have been satisfied with a display of an hundred cubic feet of any special article, Chicago must have at least an acre. Of whatever the world has seen before this time it now sees larger specimens and more of them. This means for the visitor more steps, more fatigue, more confusion, more time, more money.

But there is a good side to all this, if one can forget his physical fatigue. Few of us fully realize what the Fair is doing for this country æsthetically. Not so much by its art collections, for the average American sees, or can see, enough good paintings in the course of a year to bring up his standard to a respectable level if he so elects, but by the architecture of the buildings themselves. Unless the aforementioned "Average American" is an undeserving barbarian who has made up his mind to prefer the wrong

see the crudity of the United States architecture in which he has wallowed up to date. No praise is too high for what Chicago has achieved in this direction. There are, of course, at the Fair some painful examples of what the untamed American architect loves to do, but he is fortunately in the minority. And the very contrast he offers works for progress in the cause of good art and a higher standard.

#### THE VISITORS AT THE FAIR

But the best of cataloguers, says the Providence Journal, would not have included in their lists all the sights of the Fair. One of the most interesting sights of all, for example, is the sightseers themselves—quite as amusing and as instructive, too, for the curious observer of humanity, its foibles and its virtues, as anything in Prof. Putnam's Department of Anthropology. The crowd is not exactly of the kind that flocked to the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and decidedly not of the sort that thronged the Champ de Mars in Paris in 1889. It is more sophisticated than the former and less joyous and at the same time less truly appreciative of its opportunity than the latter. The Americans have grown perceptibly in culture and grace since the Centennial brought them together to exhibit themselves and their crudeness to commiserating foreigners, and the growth is strongly impressed upon the observer. Along with the linen duster, which was the distinguishing outward mark of the American citizen at Philadelphia in 1876, we seem to have discarded a good deal else that was bucolic in mental attitude as well as in physical appearance. The people now here impress you as a rule as being people who are well-read in contemporary human history and accustomed to seeing something of life. They know how to carry themselves with a fair degree of dignity and grace, and well-informed of what has been going on in the world in recent years.



IN OLD VIENNA

thing, these impressive monuments cannot fail to do him good. The honest beauty of their design ought to stamp itself with sufficient force upon his dawning reason to make him

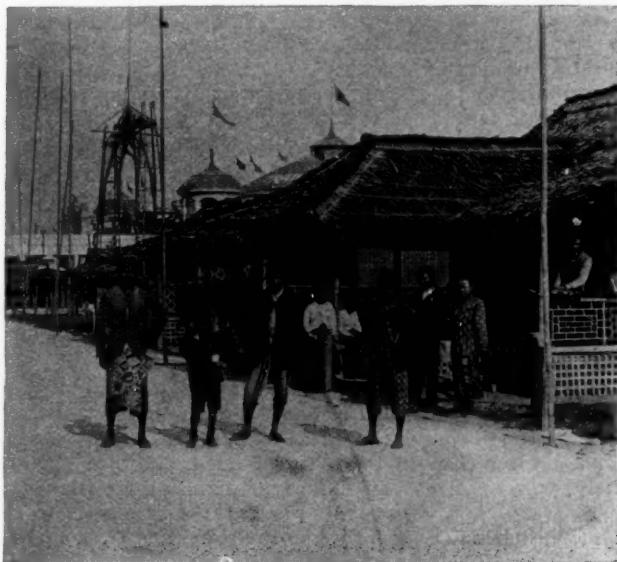
## UP AND DOWN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE

### STREET LIFE IN THE PLAISANCE

The Midway Plaisance is simply a mile of fun. It offers its measure of 'instruction,' says the Providence Journal, no doubt to the philosophical observer, as everything in the world of mind or matter must, but its prime purpose is amusement; and those will get the most out of it who approach

176," of Prof. Putnam's Department of Anthropology, but he must be a very hardened and dehumanized ethnologist indeed who could miss its essentially amusing character. It is that which impresses itself at once, from whatever point the Midway may be viewed.

The central feature of all, the



IN THE JAVANESE VILLAGE

it in that spirit—not ashamed to acknowledge that they are in the pursuit of pleasure, and not imagining that they are getting hundreds of dollars' worth of foreign travel out of the quarters and halves they invest.

As a place of novel amusement it makes a delightful relief from the more mind-wearying exhibits in the big buildings in the main park, and as a show in itself it would be sure to attract thousands of visitors. But it doesn't really pretend to be edifying and educational. To be sure, it is dignified as "Division M, Group

gigantic Ferris Wheel, is nothing but the application of a high class of engineering skill to the production of an astonishing toy for the gratification of child-like curiosity, and the aspect of the whole Plaisance is of something designed for nothing higher and nothing lower than the amusement of children of all ages and both sexes. Different men derive amusement from different things. But the visitor who finds that he doesn't take pleasure in any of the varied attractions here arranged for his delectation may conclude that he is painfully deficient in



some of the qualities that go to make life worth living.

In the afternoon or early evening when the tide of life along the Midway is at the full, this broad, level street, which, in its normal condition, is a boulevard that forms a part of Chicago's unexcelled park system, presents a scene that has never been duplicated anywhere in the world. It is a development, of course, from the "Street of Nations," that was maintained at Paris in 1878, and many of the features now shown here were on exhibition in one way or another at the French Exposition, four years ago.

But the Midway as a whole has never had a counterpart. One is reminded by it of the market of Nini-Novgorod, where the people of Europe and Asia meet to barter; but in this motley gathering of races we have a more heterogeneous and picturesque assemblage than the great exchange of Europe and Asia can show, since here aboriginal America, Africa and Oceanica are also represented. If the occurrence which, according to some, accompanied the cessation of work on the Tower of Babel were an authentic historical incident, the confusion of tongues could have been no greater than may now be heard here.

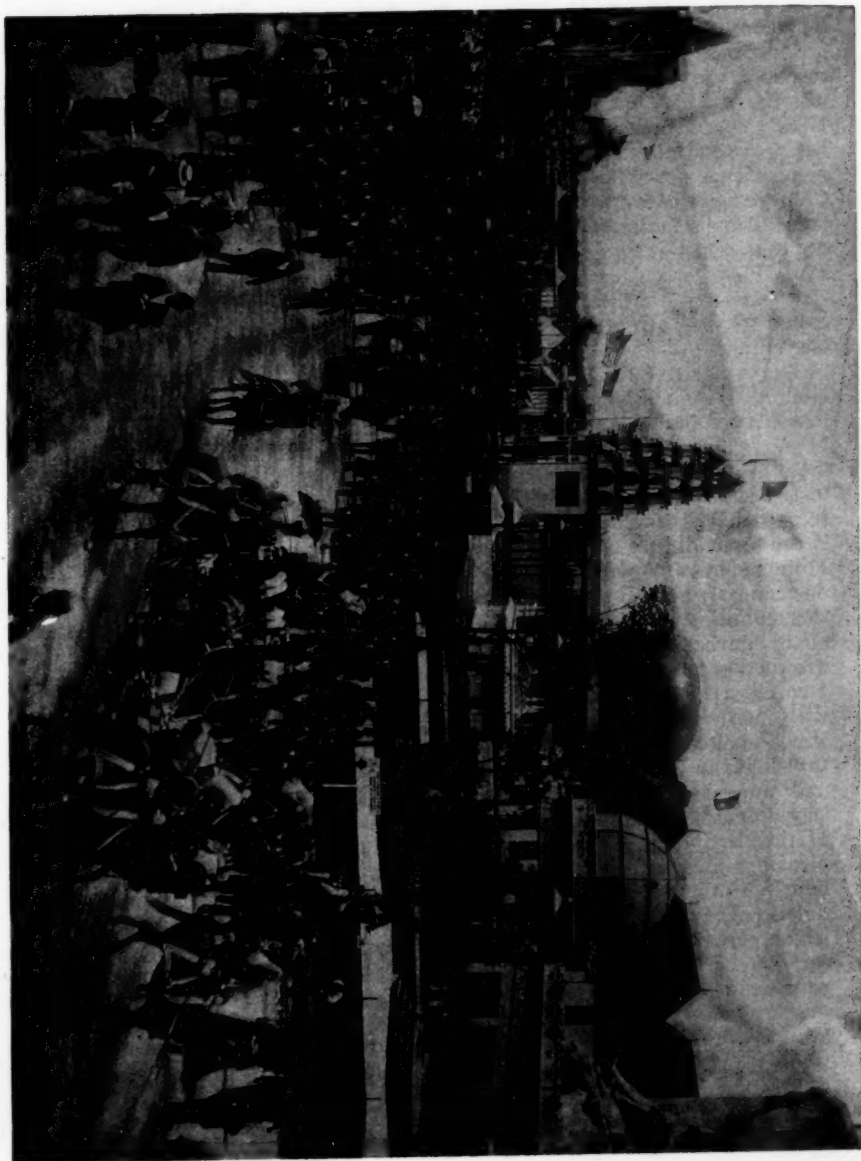
Against a background of gay and picturesque buildings, representing Greek, Swiss, Turkish, Moorish and many other peculiar designs of architecture, and constructed in many instances by native workmen, with the rude and ancient tools to which they have been accustomed for untold generations, we find amid the white population, Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, Moors, Arabians, Javanese, Egyptians, Tunisians, Algerians, Dahomeyans, Fiji Islanders and Laplanders, people from tribes civilized and half-civilized, nearly every color and condition of the human race, who have come here and built up a little cosmopolitan city in every sense of the word. Now you brush against a high-caste Turk, swathed in enough

clothing to stock a small dry goods store, and a moment later you see a South Sea Islander with scarcely enough covering to suffice for a bathing suit in a rural mill pond. Add to these more unfamiliar people German cavalymen in uniform, Hungarian waitresses and Irish peasant girls, and you begin to have some conception of the variegated throng that surges up and down this broad avenue, and in and out of the different "villages."

In a rough way the attractions of the Midway may be divided into things to be bought and taken away, things to be consumed on the spot and things to be seen. Those in the first class are sufficiently abundant and tempting to make it advisable not to carry too much convenient money in one's pocket. Beautiful olive young men will sell you bits of sandal wood or prayer rugs and take silver dollars and halves with all the ease of Americans and more of grace.

You may buy carpets, embroidery, silver inlaid work, arms and armor, pipes, slippers, bone and ivory work, all sorts of articles of silk, cotton and wool, and even native idols of all sizes and degrees of ugliness. Some of these things you may see fashioned before your eyes, others are of an authenticity as obvious as that of the Esquimaux, while still others are plainly of domestic origin. Some of the "Oriental" jewelry, for example, which is offered you from the dusky fingers of big-eyed houris would readily be recognized in the shops of Providence or Attleboro. These innocent deceptions, however, are no more than is to be expected at such a place, and the man who would object to them would quarrel with the taste of circus lemonade. The things to be eaten and drunk are mostly disappointing because they lack the novelty of foreign substance or flavor.

There is an apochryphal story of a club of gourmets who planned a delightful succession of feasts at the Fair while testing the range of international cookery, but who gave up



THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE, LOOKING WEST

their programme in despair on the third day, surfeited with pie and ham sandwiches. The story might well be true. Accurate as may be the reproductions of foreign life in some respects, the food and drink that are offered you are painfully familiar. Nearly every show along the Midway has a restaurant attached, but the menu is almost the same in the Chinese quarter as in the Irish Village; it is distinctly of the American, not to say the Chicago, order. "Home-made Pies" are placarded in the Persian café and "Milwaukee beer" is called to your attention in the Turkish Village.

The things to be seen may be considered to include also things to be heard and the things to be done. Music is everywhere, of course, and most of it of a kind to take away the last shred of justification of Dr. Johnson's remark that "of all noises music is the least disagreeable." Tribes of Mohammed's followers are many and one is nearly always within hearing of the monotonous rhythmical beating of the durbakay, except when it is drowned out by the big bands of the Deutches Dorf or Alt Wein. Along with the music goes the dancing which makes up the biggest part of the shows in the various "theatres," and ranges from the war dance of the lazy Polynesians, through the Kookou of the Dahomey Amazons and the pleasing movements of the Persian houris, to the indescribable body undulations of the Egyptian slave girls, which may be "electrifying" to those for whom they were invented, but which can be hardly more than disgusting to most spectators. There are two or three dramatic productions, which one can behold as pantomimes if unable to follow the dialogue. That given in the Chinese Theatre is of the kind that it requires about seven weeks to present, but the others are very brief.

Of the things to be done there is great abundance. Besides going around in the Ferris Wheel, which is

not much of a sensation and a good deal safer than riding in our omnibus, you may go up in a ballon, ride on an uncertain camel or a mild donkey in the Street in Cairo, go sleighing over the crispest of snow when the rest of the world is frying, or be carried about in Oriental luxury in a sedan chair. Curiously enough only the very fattest of people seem to patronize this mode of conveyance, and their Turkish bearers, sweating profusely in their heavy garments, look miserable enough as they trot along in a weak-kneed, tottering way, and with a facial appearance of infinite pain. Placards proclaim these fellows "trusty and reliable," and presumably they are, but they certainly look wicked and treacherous enough to give the spice of adventure to trusting one's self to their services.

The most ludicrous sight along the Midway is a middle-aged woman trying to look unconcerned while riding a camel, the most thrilling experience is in the crater of the Volcano of Kilauea, the pleasantest and most restful occupation is drinking beer at a table under the trees in the German Village when the band is playing and the place filled with merry Chicago Germans, the most melancholy and uninteresting foreigners are the highly Christianized Laplanders, and the most foolish thing to do is to pay a dealer the first price he asks for anything except food and drink. The most elaborate attempt to show native industries in actual progress is in the Countess of Aberdeen's Irish Village and the most picturesque and accurate reproduction of foreign scenes is in the Street in Cairo, crowded with natives, donkeys and camels, lined by a score of shops and full of bustling life all the time.

Equalling the Street in Cairo in accuracy of representation, though necessarily less picturesque, is the Javanese enclosure where 125 natives in bamboo huts built with their own hands are going about their ordinary occupations just as if they were at

home. When the Sultan of Jahore—the only foreign potentate who is likely to visit the Fair in person—comes here in August with his suite of rajahs and bringing several



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, SOUTH ENTRANCE

wah wah birds and jubbowacks to nest in the bamboo trees with which the village is planted, this will be one of the most crowded resorts along the Plaisance.

Other sights that should not be missed are the Libby glass works, Hagenback's Menagerie, the finest thing of its kind ever shown in this country, the Bedouin camp, the Chinese joss-house, the Moorish palace and the Dahomey village. Five or six dollars in quarters and halves will take one through all the experiences he is likely to have time or inclination for from one end of the Plaisance to the other. Altogether there are forty-one separate attractions, or side shows if you please, along the Midway, and it takes \$11.40 to exhaust them all, including \$2 for a trip in the balloon. Ten cents invested in a catalogue will enable the visitor to make a selection of the things that will suit his time, his tastes and his purse. To try to see it all is as useless as to try to describe it.

The Midway Plaisance will no doubt be more written about than any other one department of the Fair, but it will never be described; nor can it be appreciated except by those who have seen its novelties and ex-

perienced its delights. In all effective descriptions comparisons must be employed. There is nothing, however, with which this unique mile of fun can satisfactorily be compared, and so it must disappear when the Fair is over without leaving any mental picture behind it except in the memories of those who have personally seen its picturesqueness, its rather garish splendors and its startling incongruities.

If twenty "sharps," with twenty pens,  
Wrote it for half a year,  
Do you suppose, the walrus said,  
That they would make it clear?  
I doubt it, said the carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

#### THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF BEAUTY

The World's Congress of Beauty, says the Westminster Budget, is without doubt, one of the great attractions of Jackson Park just now, and represents an amount of enterprise and work on the part of the managers which is being repaid by the constant stream of visitors of all nations which is flowing through the doors of the building. The passer-by is attracted, or distracted, as the case may be, by a band of Bedouins who sit outside this hall of beauty and keep up a constant performance of wild music and dances, dear, no doubt, to the Arab heart,



JAPANESE BAZAAR

and which possibly conveys the impression to the public that they are to see a harem full of slaves. On entering, however, one finds a spacious hall with a raised platform around,

upon which are seated the fair charm-ers of all climes.

First there is an Austrian, Marie Dostal, in peasant costume, a handsome brunette who converses in German and French. Then comes a peasant from the south of France; a grand-looking dame from China, whose peculiar style of beauty, however, must be an acquired taste. Sweden and Norway are next in evidence, and are pretty types of the peasant of these countries. England is next represented—and need one say most worthily?—by Miss Nora Scott, who adds to her natural charms by wearing costumes made by the incomparable Worth et Cie. Miss Scott is accompanied by a Danish lady, also wearing an attractive toilet from Paris. Miss Minnie E. Cartier is an American blonde, and, besides being one of the prettiest girls in the room, attracts much notice on account of the "coming style" crinoline which she sports. Fraulein Marie Kuhnshcherf is the exhibit from Hungary, and is much admired. Then a rare and interesting type is sure to detain one—Mlle. Adèle Loeb, from Poland, who has very fair red hair and the blackest of black eyes. No one fails to stop to admire Mlle. Grossman, from the Tyrol, and to chat with her if happily a German scholar, for she speaks nothing else, and it is doubtful if anybody commands more admiration than this sweet peasant girl. There are also good types of Greek and Gipsy, the latter being Annie Betel, one of the least talkative girls in the show, but often at work with her needle.

Then comes, from the spectacular point of view, the "pièce de résistance," consisting of five Orientals on a separate platform at the end of the hall, presided over by the Queen of the show, Fatima, who is seated on a throne and is usually in a Turkish costume of white silk, richly ornamented with gold and precious stones. This lady is undoubtedly very handsome, and perhaps the most striking looking girl there; but somehow most

people prefer the types shown which are most distinctively feminine, such as, for example, Selika, on the left of the throne, who has a most fascinating face, with large tender eyes with a far-away expression. She is most becomingly dressed in a white Moorish costume, and is greatly admired—which, however, does not prevent her from feeling *toujours ennuyée*. Three other girls in rich Turkish costumes complete this pretty group, which is finely draped with Oriental hangings. A Louisiana Creole and a Japanese belle comes next, after which Mlle. Dora Jacobson, from Russia, in peasant dress, makes a very picturesque figure.

Italy sends a rather fair-complexioned girl, who looks exceedingly well in her national dress, and calls herself Flavia Ramacciotti. Gallant little Wales has Miss Carrie Marsh as her representative, whose stove-pipe hat causes much merriment. Belle Rose, an American blonde, very justly calls forth the pride of the Chicago visitors, and looks stately in a fine reception gown by Worth. Then comes a really beautiful octoroon from Tennessee, whose photo we were not able to get; as also the Irish lassie, who is, needless to say, one of the very loveliest girls in the room, and makes things merry for the visitors after the manner of her race.

A fine-looking peasant girl is Mlle. Deckelmann, from Bavaria, and those also of Denmark and Alsace would be difficult to beat. A Spanish lady from Cuba, Miss Grace Morella, of very dark complexion, suitably and becomingly attired in rich yellow satin, brings the show to an end. It is proposed, during the course of the Exposition, to considerably improve and add to this contest by the addition of more ladies and further costumes, but the present state of the hall is creditable to the industry of the management, although the Chicago man tells us with a wink that the girls are all from the city. Certainly three-fourths of the visitors insist on



claiming the Irish damsel as a compatriot, in spite of her fresh brogue.

#### A PARADE OF ALL NATIONS

That was a happy thought which suggested the parade of the various representatives of the many peoples who are making of the Midway Plaisance of the Exposition a veritable congress of nations. Many persons who are familiar with the Exposition and what is to be found within its bounds were surprised to discover that there were many things and people that they had never heard of in that wonderful Midway Plaisance when the first parade took place.

Imagine a beautiful Summer's day, cool and pleasant! Through the pillars of the Peristyle, says the Chicago Graphic, may be seen the beautiful waters of the lake changing in color with the passing of every cloud, its bosom heaving with the swells of puffing steamers and rippling with white-caps. The sun shines brightly upon the white façades of the palaces of arts and sciences, while bright-hued flags wave in the breeze and add color to the cornices of the buildings, as also the bright dresses and hats of the women and red fezes and foreign garb decorate their lower lines, the gondolas with their man machinery go sweeping by, and the electric launches curve around the sinuous channels of the lagoons like yellow swans of unknown species.

The sedan-chair men carry their fat passengers from building to building, the red-coated "catalogue boys" add color if not beauty to the scene, while their voices lend volume if not beauty to the sounds which are heard. People from all parts of civilization gesticulate and vehemently discuss what they see; well-to-do farmers with their fat wives wonderingly peer at statuary 150 feet above their heads heedless of uncomplimentary epithets snapped out at them in nine languages at once for blocking avenues by their pursuit of art knowledge which is evidently above them.

Columbian guards strut up and down or pose before white walls.

Amid such scenes as these there enters the main grounds, from the foreign lands of the Plaisance, preceded by an officer of the Columbian Guards and a band of music, the most heterogeneous aggregation which ever marched in America. The beauties from the International Dress and Costume Company, with their gorgeous garments, are in marked contrast with the natives of Dahomey, with scarcely no dress or costume at all. The reindeer from Lapland, the camels and donkeys from the Street in Cairo are there, together with the long Chinese serpent, made so realistically and carried so effectively by members of the Chinese Theatre that the sea-serpent liars must have believed that their day of doom had arrived.

Above the dancing forms of the South Sea Islanders in this mile-long lesson in ethnology may be seen the white sculpture of the cowboy rider, himself apparently a part of the pageant, while wondering men and women and frightened children see the black contortionists pass by. And then there are the others, too many to mention, impossible to describe.

If you have not seen the Midway Plaisance parade you have missed a Columbian Exposition exhibit not set down in the catalogues, but which once seen will never be forgot.

#### "OLD VIENNA" AT THE FAIR

Among all the pleasant places of the Midway Plaisance, says Harper's Weekly, there is none pleasanter than the reproduction of "Old Vienna." Nor is there any place in the world in which such a reproduction would be more effective. Old Vienna in New Chicago! A town of two hundred years ago hard by a town that, as the stranger sees it, is nowhere more than twenty-one or two years of age. It is true that Chicago dissembles her newness under the soft-coal smoke, but it is evident all the same; and the cry for antiquity in Chicago is as genuine

as that of the American tourist in Europe. Moreover, the reproduction is uncommonly well done, and does credit to the concessionnaire, whoever he may be. Of course it is a mere stage setting, like the great exhibition buildings themselves for that matter, but it is a very admirable piece of scenery. If it has a rival among the side-shows, that rival is the German village; but Old Vienna is a more complicated and elaborate reproduction than the German village. Moreover, it is a reproduction of an original that cannot be seen now, even in Vienna itself, having been destroyed by the march of improvement. It is reproduced from



YE OLDEN TYME

old prints and other authentic documents so as to give a very vivid notion of a square in Vienna two hundred years ago.

The old house fronts blink down at you with a delightful and completely illusive air of antiquity. Whether the houses consist of anything more than fronts above the ground-floor is hidden from the ken of the visitor; but there is no doubt about the ground-floor. For here are shops in which all manner of Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian wines may be had. Here are restaurants, of which the tables overflow into the central space, and where one may dine, upon the whole, more satisfactorily than at any other place in the fair grounds. Moreover, there is a good orchestra always playing in

the evening, and playing well, the true Viennese strains of Strauss. To enjoy these creature and æsthetic comforts, and to watch the circulating crowd, with the background of the picturesque peaked and turreted houses between you and the sky—this is one of the chief delights of a fair of which the delights are many.

#### THE SUBMARINE DIVING STATION

The submarine diving station, says the Chicago Record, is on the Plaisance. It is a little white building with a front porch, on top of which two men work the air pump. When you go in you climb to the landing at the top of the huge metallic tank. A young man in a bulky rubber suit sits on the edge of the tank. Then a man with a black moustache tells of the wonders of submarine diving, its dangers, and some of the feats performed by the men who walk around on the bottom of the ocean to secure treasures and dead bodies from sunken vessels. Then he describes at length the diver's suit of heavy rubber, the fifty-pound belt which he wears.

"Put on that belt." The diver leans over and the attendant straps around his body and over his shoulders a belt, made of big chunks of iron fastened together. The helmet is put on in the same manner that the top is screwed on a salt cellar. This leaves the diver gazing out through a circular hole in the front of his brass head-gear. The plate which screws into this has a glass peep-hole protected by bars. Now the outfit is air-tight, for the rubber cuffs bind tightly around the wrists. As the pump begins to work the suit puffs out and fills like a balloon, the diver climbs awkwardly down the ladder until he strikes the water, when he sinks into it like a frog. The people above can see him strolling around on the bottom, although the view is obscured somewhat by the air-bubbles which constantly rise from the vent at the back of his helmet.

## TYPICAL EXHIBITS OF THE NATIONS

### FRENCH AND GERMAN RIVALRY

The great contest for supremacy, at the Fair, says the New York Tribune, is between Germany and France. The display of the former impresses you by its splendor, its variety and bulk; that of the latter by constant evidences of taste and refinement. Germany is artistic sometimes; it never is "chic." France attracts, fascinates, but it lacks solidity and repose. The French bronzes, for instance—and I have in mind now only those which you might call purely commercial—have almost always an artistic value; that is to say, they seem to be the product of the studio. German bronzes remind you of the workshop, the factory. The renaissance of France is full of beauty, grace and light; that of Germany is too frequently dull, heavy and unimaginative. In interior furnishings Germany is excellent as long as it confines itself within certain proper limitations. It is successful in reproductions of mediæval design and modern applications of them. It fails absolutely when it attempts the styles of other countries. In one field of decorative art, strange to say, it equals, if it doesn't surpass, France, that of the manufacture of fine china. I do not think that the Sevres exhibit equals either in variety or beauty the display of the royal manufactories of Dresden or Berlin. The art of the silversmith seems to have made no advance in either country within the last twenty years, and both are just now the victims of the Louis Quinze mania. It is almost needless to say that in the manufacture of tapestries France still remains without a rival. But passing from these and like objects of your scrutiny to others of a more important and useful character, one cannot help being struck by the poor showing of France. The exhibit of France in Machinery Hall is triv-

ial as compared with that of Germany; it is worse than trivial in "Mines and Mining," and it is absolutely "cheap and trifling" in "Transportation" and in "Electricity."

### IN THE INDIAN BUILDING

One of the features of the India exhibit which attracts considerable attention was that of the models of India life shown in the basement of the building. Over twenty of these models are shown and the artistic skill found in the other articles in the exhibit is also carried out with the true fidelity



SCULPTURED FIGURE

of the original. Among these models is that showing a wedding procession; the residence of a Mohammedan noble of Lucknow; an indigo factory with the workmen and all the process of manufacture; an elephant farm, showing how the beasts are captured and trained; a house in Benares; a village in southern India; a farm in Bengal presidency with methods of working the same; an oil mill in Bengal; the temple of Kali; the goddess of destruction at Calcutta, showing the slaying a buffalo and offering the head as a sacrifice; a lac factory; ceremony of "suttee," or a wife burning herself on the funeral pyre of her husband; net fishing in a tank in the eastern

part of India; village in Bengal showing the bazaar or market and the ceremony of ear boring in a Hindoo family. In all these reproductions the artist has presented a correct idea of life in India, the little models of men and animals being almost life-like in their appearance. These models teach a lesson to the young, more enduring than a year's study of books.

Other features of the exhibit which attract attention are the embroideries, shawls and other articles of feminine adornment. In this class of exhibits there is a great deal to please the visitor. The painting on ivory and the enamels on gold and silver are specimens selected because of their exquisite workmanship. In this art the people of India are said to excel those of all other nations. It is the same in ivory carving, several pieces being shown which the wife of the rajah, on her recent visit, pronounced equal to some of her own collections at her home in India.

In old arms and curios there is a large display, all being of antique design and representing real value because of their history, which runs back in some instances for hundreds of years. This does not include a tenth of the exhibit and the visitor should be prepared to spend at least a whole day in looking over the curious and wonderfully wrought articles brought from this distant clime.

#### HISTORY OF THE VIKING

The ship "Viking," which rivals the caravels at this moment in popular interest, is an exact representation of the old ship which was found buried, some thirteen years ago, at Gokstad, Norway. Early in January, 1880, says the *Chicago Graphic*, the Royal Antiquarian Society of Christiana was officially notified that the sons of one of the farmers in Lower Gokstad had begun digging into a curious old sand hill that lay on the outskirts of the town, about half a mile from the sea. This sand hill was popularly known as the King's

Mound. Tradition affirmed that it was the tomb of an ancient monarch interred there with all his treasures.

Strangely enough, in spite of this tradition, the mound had been left undisturbed by the owners of the soil up to this moment. Now, almost the first spadefuls revealed that there was some measure of truth in the old wife's legend, for fragments of semi-petrified wood and iron were brought to the surface. The society protested that the weather was unfavorable to the continuation of the excavations. But the curiosity of the farmers had been aroused and clamored for immediate satisfaction. Finally the president of the society, Mr. N. Nicolay-sen, went to Gokstad in person, interviewed the owners of the land and induced them to transfer the continuance of the excavations to himself and the board of directors, promising to complete them as soon as the Spring opened without expense to the proprietors.

On April 27 he accordingly returned with a band of laborers. They began cutting from the south toward the north at the base of the mound, making a passage eight feet wide. Great was their surprise before the end of the second day to see the prow of a ship rise up exactly in the middle of the passage cut. A lucky hit which saved a good deal of work. Nothing now was needed save to widen the passage considerably on both sides. Then the soil covering the vessel was carried away and she was left free.

She proved to be an old viking ship, 77 feet 11 inches at the greatest length, and 16 feet 11 inches at the greatest width. From the top of the keel to the gunwale amidship she was 5 feet 9 inches deep. She had twenty ribs, and would draw less than four feet of water. She was what is technically known as clinker-built; that is, she had plates slightly overlapped, like the shingles on the side of a house. The planks and timbers of the frame

were fastened together with withes made of roots, but the oaken boards of the sides were united by iron rivets firmly clinched. The bow and stern were similar in shape, and must have risen high out of the water, but were so broken that it could only be conjectured how they originally ended.

The keel was deep and made of thick oak beams. There was no trace of any metallic sheathing. But an iron

tached to the end of a conical piece of wood which projected almost a foot from the right side of the vessel and almost two feet from the stern. This piece of wood was bored down its length, indicating that a rope passing through it secured the rudder to the ship's side. It was steered by a tiller attached to the handle, and perhaps also by a rope fastened to the blade.



THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING

anchor was found almost rusted to pieces. There was no deck. The seats for rowers had been taken out. The oars were twenty feet long, and the oar-holes, sixteen on each side, had slits sloping towards the stern to allow the blades of the oars to be put through from either side. The most peculiar thing about the ship was its rudder. This was fashioned like a large oar, with long blade and short handle, and was at-

As a whole, this disinterred vessel proved to be anything but the rude and primitive craft which might have been expected. It was neatly built on what a sailor would call beautiful lines and eminently fitted for service. Mr. Nicolaysen goes into raptures over it. "In the opinion of experts," he says, "this is a masterpiece of its kind, hardly to be surpassed by any which the ship building art of the present age can produce. In the



symmetry of its proportions and the wonderful beauty of its lines are exhibited a perfection never again approached until, after a long and dreary period of clumsy unshapeliness in naval architecture, it was once more revived in the present century in the clipper-built craft of the North European nations."

It was a brilliant idea to reproduce this old ship for Norway's exhibit to the World's Fair in America. The necessary funds, about \$13,500, to build the quaint craft, were secured by popular subscription throughout Norway. On February 4 the little craft, built under the supervision of Christen Christensen, was launched at Sandefjord. Her length is about 75 feet and her breadth of beam about 17 feet. On April 9 she sailed from Christiana, with an immense crowd lining the shores and amid thunderous salutes from all the batteries. Since May 1 she has been on her



ENTRANCE TO TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

voyage, and her captain and crew have relived the experiences of Leif Ericson so many centuries before. The captain, also projector of the enterprise, is Magnus Andersen. Captain and crew are attired in the ancient viking costume, and thus on their archaic ship, with their tanned and weather-beaten faces, might be taken for Leif Ericson and his crew on their memorable voyage to Finland.

#### TWENTY-FIVE IMPORTANT EXHIBITS

The greatest exhibits of foreign nations, were we to limit them to twenty-five, says Robert Graves in the *St. Joseph Herald*, may, I think, be fairly considered as follows, and may be of service in guiding the visitor through the maze of wonders:

1. The Doré vase in French section of Manufactures building. It is a noteworthy work of art, without doubt the finest bronze to be found

in the Exposition. It is not only large in size, majestic in proportions and a notable casting, judged purely from the mechanical point of view, but it is wonderfully beautiful in its design and in the figures with which its surface is literally covered. Gustav Doré, the artist, is dead, and the great vase is for sale for the benefit of his family. The price is \$20,000.

2. The street in Cairo is a splendid example of the art of transplanting an Oriental scene to the midst of Western civilization. Though a mere showman's trick, the Cairo street, with its shops, its mosque, its dromedaries, donkeys, theatre, temple, savage camps and other accessories, is a bit of realism which is not surpassed in the Exposition for genuine human interest.

3. The loan galleries in the Fine Arts palace. In these rooms are displayed several score of masterpieces by foreign artists, now owned in America. Here are the best pictures of the Exposition. But for their presence several of the foreign schools, notably that of France, would be so poorly represented as to be almost failures.

4. The laces made in Belgium, in France, in Italy, with their artistic value about in the order named. All women love laces and many men, after beholding these airy, fairy, film-like creations, wish that fashions might change so as to permit them to wear laces. Fabrics at a thousand dollars a yard are costly, but the beauty is there in a degree which you have never dreamed of.

5. The marble statues and statuettes in the Italian section, Manufactures building. These are not supposed to be the highest types of the art of sculpture—for these you must go to the Fine Arts palace—but they are the works which please the masses. They are expressive, they are pictures in stone, they have life and action rather than lofty ideals. They are in immense variety and of amazing cleverness.

6. The Javanese village as an example of the simple, almost dainty life and peaceful industrial pursuits of an interesting people from the other side of the world. They have here a village with forty or more structures in it, representing all their forms of architecture and all manners of life. A cleanly, industrious, lovable, skillful people they are, and their small stature makes them seem more like children than men and women grown.

7. The gowns and millinery in the French section, Manufactures building. There are no such dress-makers, no such milliners in the world. In Paris these trades approach the fields of high art.

8. Work in silver to be found in Russian and Danish sections, Manufactures building. The Russians excel all other nations in the use of enamel. Some of their wares are surprisingly beautiful and difficult of execution. In repousse silver the Danes appear to lead. Compare these silver works with those in the Tiffany and Gorham exhibits, United States section, and note that America is attaining not only fine workmanship but character in design.

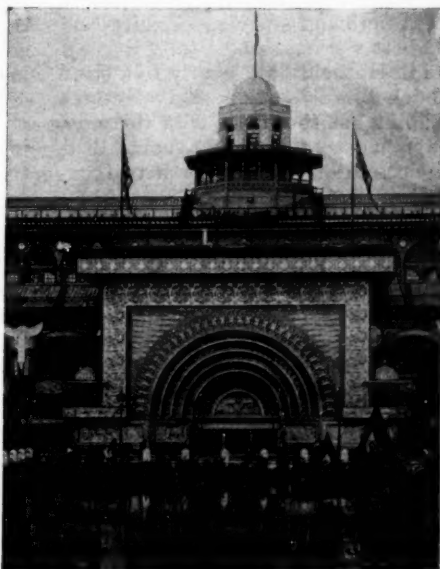
9. The carvings in the Japanese and Italian sections, Manufactures building. These two peoples are the earth's greatest carvers. The Italians are surely ahead of all rivals, with the Japanese a good second.

10. The Gobelin tapestries in the French section, Manufactures building—rare old pictures in fabrics, famous pieces from the last century and the century before. See also the tapestries in the Belgian section.

11. German chemistry, Manufactures building. The Germans excel all other peoples in chemistry, which is the art that stands at the base of all arts and industries. The display of chemicals here is the most comprehensive and important ever seen.

12. The Doulton pottery and Royal Worcester ware from England, also

the Cauldon china from the same country, in comparison with the delft ware from Belgium, the Royal porcelains from Austria and Germany, the terra cottas and porcelains from Denmark, and the cloisonné and porcelains of the Japanese. These are



the ceramic nations of the earth, and the visitor who studies their products will see all in this line that is worthy his attention.

13. The English railway train and locomotive, Transportation building, in comparison with the French locomotives and German cars and American locomotives and trains which stand near by. No such opportunity to study railway transportation methods of various countries was ever offered before.

14. The Krupp guns, special pavilion, and heavy forgings for other purposes, especially the great steamer screws and steam hammers.

15. Instruments of measurement and precision made by Germans and shown in the first floor and gallery of the Electricity building. The skill that man has attained in this direction, measuring electric currents, tempera-

tures, illuminating the interiors of human bodies and organs, is almost beyond belief.

16. Bohemian glassware as the very finest possible product of the art of glass making. The Austrian empire has no rival in glass, unless it be the Venetians; and in cut glassware the Americans make a specialty and the best works.

17. Hatfield hall, nearly full sized model, British section, Manufactures building, as showing one of the most magnificent interiors and typical British decorations and service of two centuries ago.

18. Swiss watches, hand-made marvels of ingenuity and workmanship, Swiss section, Manufactures building. Compare these with American made watches in which machinery plays such an important part, two or three blocks down Columbia avenue.

19. Diamond cutting, from imported diamondiferous earth, Cape Colony, Mines building. Here we see the big Zulu guards, attired in a costume which other men envy on hot days, the manner in which the diamond pebbles are formed in the earth, how they are sifted out, dressed and perfected.

20. The exhibit made by the City of Paris in the French building, lake front, of the manner in which that great metropolis is governed, cleaned, lighted and cared for in all the departments of a modern municipal organization—the streets, sewerage, gas, hospitals, police, detection of crime by means of photography, even the morgue with its ghastly scenes, the reformatory schools and farms in the suburbs.

21. Models of foreign merchant and naval vessels, Transportation building. There is a great number of these handsome structures, and they form one of the most interesting features of the transportation display, which good judges have declared to be the most thoroughly comprehensive and nearly perfect departmental building of the Exposition. The makers of the

models have so arranged them as to afford visitors a graphic idea of the rise of the world's shipping, the gradual increase of the size of the great merchant ships, the changes of forms, the growth of the art of marine architecture. Among all these models there is none that attracts more attention than that of the ill-fated battleship *Victoria*, which sank in a collision in the Mediterranean a few weeks ago.

22. The displays of the world's valuable woods in the Forestry building, particularly the giant redwood trees and cedars of California, our own oaks and walnuts, the bamboos of Asia and the South seas. The biggest tree here is not in the Forestry building, by the way, but may be seen in the Government building, where it occupies a position in the great rotunda. It is a part of exhibit of the Department of the Interior, and one well worth careful study.

23. Inasmuch as the greatest thing in life is the home, all visitors will be interested in the furniture exhibit, and the furniture displays most worthy of attention may be found in the Italian section, where the carvings are superb; in the German section, where the pieces are rich and massive; in the English section, where oak is made the most of; in the French section, where graceful designs and elaborate ornamentation prevail.

24. La Rabida convent with its treasures of original and reproduced relics of Columbus and the Columbian era, the most admirable and comprehensive historical collection ever presented in an exposition, and in itself constitutes a wonderful monument to the glorious discoverer of America.

25. Those greatest of historical relics, the three caravels and the Viking ship from Norway, which are anchored near the convent; and though visitors are not allowed aboard, the strange craft, with their mighty historical associations, may be well seen from the pier near by.

## RAMBLES THROUGH THE BUILDINGS

### WONDERLAND IN ELECTRIC BUILDING

Imagine the stupendous glare of electric lamps equal to 18,000,000 candles lighted and grouped within the area of a small city. Then add the bewildering blaze of search lights capable of casting a solid shaft of light through twenty miles of space. Picture the energy and illumination that follow, and it will give some idea of the part electricity plays in the World's Fair, says a writer in the *Chautauquan*. But illumination is only one phase of the electrical exhibit. Every application of the science is planned for display—commercial, economical, decorative; in transportation by land and water, domestic economy, transmission of the written and spoken words, the reproduction of photographic images taken at a distance, the use of electricity in warfare and in the administration of justice; the manufacture of innumerable machines and products, and every application of electric power.

The Electricity Building, where the main exhibits are installed, lies along the west bank of the lagoon, near the Grand Canal, around which are grouped the Administration, Machinery, Agricultural and Manufactures Buildings. In its interior arrangement the floor space takes the form of a giant cross, marked by the nave and transept. In general effect the building impresses one with its simplicity. The whole interior is tinted with blue, the skylights are covered with blue bunting, giving the atmosphere within the building the same cerulean tint, and relieving the dead effect of the white light that would necessarily follow the lighting of all the lamps at night. Four hundred and fifty 2000-candle power arc lamps, or one to every thirty feet radius on the floor, have been provided for this building alone. The very centre and the gem of all

this illumination is a colossal circular pavilion of stained glass rising at the intersection of the arms of the cross to a height of seventy feet, and illumined from within by colored lights whose rays will be diffused through prismatic lenses. The crown of this striking figure is a circle of brilliant arc lamps suspended from the dome above.

The first main division of the department of electric exhibits is devoted to a demonstration of the progress made in electrical science. Adopting a method that prevails largely in all the main exhibit departments, Prof. J. P. Barrett, chief of electricity, has arranged a comparative showing in which the first crude embodiment of an invention is made the nucleus of a progressive collection, showing the evolution of the idea from its inception to its last and best form. For instance, the original Morse telegraph apparatus is installed in the section allotted for the Western Union Telegraph Company. Beginning with that historic instrument, the student may see illustrations of the improvements made as the science of telegraphy grew. There are patterns of keys and sounders, specimens of wire and insulation, batteries, and all of the devices for maintaining circuits. The exhibit closes with a telegraph office showing the duplex and quadruplex instruments, the Wheatstone machine that multiplies the usefulness of the operator, the powerful machinery that is used to furnish currents in place of the old-fashioned batteries; the multiple switchboard that enables the operator to cut in and secure connection with any one of a hundred different wires leading to as many different main lines of the service. The telephone is treated in the same exhaustive and satisfactory way.

Prof. Bell's first plant—the marvel

of its day and the forerunner of a revolution in commercial methods—is the starting point. From this the investigator is led to the carbon transmitter, which made the instrument available commercially by increasing its power of carrying sound and making utterance distinct. He sees the various inventions in switchboards, from the crude, old-fashioned "plug" board, with its tangle of "drops" and limited exchange facilities, down to the sectional board in operation in the great cities, and the latest invention for making connections automatically, which promises to dispense with the need of operators. The crowning feature of the telephone display is the concert room, a very pretty Greek pavilion in Electricity Hall. The room seats two hundred auditors and is connected with New York and Boston by long-distance instruments. In view of the recent expiration of the original Bell patent on the telephone, the array of five hundred patents covering improvements has unusual significance. Mr. Edison's kinetograph is very much in evidence. The instrument transmits photographically as the telephone does phonetically. By means of it an individual's features or any other subject can be reproduced at a distance, and the inventor thinks it possible in the near future for papers in San Francisco, say, to illustrate happenings of the same day in New York or Chicago by using the kinetograph. The phonograph, also, in its preferred form, is shown as a factor in correspondence and dictation.

The General Electric Company, which is a consolidation of the old Edison, Thomas-Houston and allied concerns, is making a formidable showing. Aside from the arc light plant of the Exposition, which is all its own, the General Company has installed a great show in the Electricity Building, and has constructed two electric fountains for use in night illumination in front of the Administration Building. An extended de-

scription of the fountains would be impossible here, but their magnitude may be known when it is said that they are each ten times as large as the electric fountain at the Paris Exposition. The purely mechanical



IN THE GERMAN VILLAGE

devices of the General Company's section include, among other things, the largest dynamo ever built, a machine so large it had to be shipped to Chicago in sections and put together at the Exposition. Another feature is a 1,500 horse-power electric locomotive, for use in the Baltimore tunnel of the Baltimore and Ohio road.

#### THE MERCHANT TAILORS' EXHIBIT

The merchant tailors have erected one of the architectural gems of the Exposition, on the lagoon, near the Illinois building. It is a copy of the celebrated Erechtheum, the beautiful temple of Athene in the Acropolis at Athens, which has been ascribed to Phidias, and is the most perfect specimen of Ionic architecture in the world. In the center is a court surrounded by Grecian columns, which support a broad, low dome. The floor of the court is laid with a beautiful mosaic pavement, and the walls are decorated with paintings illustrating the evolution of dress, beginning with a picture of Adam and Eve sewing fig leaves together and showing the habiliments of all ages and nations down to the present day.

One of the interesting things in the



tailors' exhibit is an old silk flag which was carried by the tailors of Boston in the procession which escorted Washington to the State House when he visited the Hub in October, 1789, and another is Durand's well-known picture, "The Tailor's Shop," but what may be considered the "pièce de résistance" is a contribution from the tailors of Cincinnati to the tailors of Chicago—a solid gold tailor's square on a solid silver plate, with these words: "Salvete! Amicitiae atque hospitalitatis vestrae semper memores animo salutamus gratissimo."

#### MARINE TRANSPORTATION EXHIBIT

In the marine division of the transportation exhibit, even more interest may be felt than in railway transportation. Its history embraces a much longer period and its collection is of much broader scope. Lieut. Asher Carter Baker, of the United States Navy, has charge of this division, and for over two years has been gathering from every corner of the earth specimens of aquatic craft. There is probably no variety of boat or ship now used which is not here represented either by an original or by model.

In the middle of the eastern gallery is a fac-simile of an old-time ferry-boat plying between New York and Hoboken, and in it is an original twin-screw engine and boiler made in 1804 by John Stevens. This was the first twin-screw made, and is but another example of a brilliant idea being left dormant for long years, to be adopted finally as the highest form of modern mechanics. Near this boat is a model of the old Fulton used in 1814, and of the Richmond of 1838, and last in the series a handsome model of the Maine of the present-day Providence and Stonington Line. Further down the east gallery are several large cases in which are shown models of all the strange craft used in India, the Malay Peninsula, China, and the far East. Among them is a fine representation of the Sultan of Turkey's calque; the original, manned with twenty-four

oars, is sixty feet in length, and a blaze of red, white and gold.

There are interesting bydarkas, boats, with skins stretched over framework, from the Aleutian Islands of northwestern Alaska, and Haida canoes used by the Indians of Queen Charlotte Island, and decorated with the bear totem. From the Northwest there is also a boat used by the French-Canadian fur-traders in their perilous river journeys. Another object is a queer-looking canoe, which comes from Lake Titicaca, South America, at an elevation of 13,500 feet. It is made of interwoven reeds, and shows in a curious way how barbarous tribes solve the problem of water transportation by using such means as nature gives them. An excellent idea of the merchant service from colonial days down is given in the drawings and pastels exhibited by the Essex Institute, of Salem.

Primitive boat building is traced in the marine division through all its phases, from the first rafts, floating logs, or reeds and rushes tied together, next dugouts or hollowed trees, then canoes of bark or skin stretched on framework, next canoes or boats of pieces of wood stitched



JAVANESE IDOL

or fastened with sinews or fibres of wood or grass, then vessels of planks, stitched or bolted together with tree-nails, with inserted ribs and decks, and finally vessels in which the frame-

work is first set up and the planking subsequently nailed on.

The most striking of the marine exhibits is that made by the International Navigation Company. It is in the form of a large section of an American Line steamship, showing a portion of the decks, staterooms, smoking room, library, dining saloon, etc. By keeping on the starboard side one can easily imagine himself on a big ocean greyhound.

Foreign countries, and especially the English, have sent splendid displays of their warships and great transoceanic passenger ships, so that the course of iron ship building may be followed from its commencement to the present time. It is out of the question trying to give any idea of the marine division. It is composed of thousands of interesting objects, and is pronounced by experts the most complete collection of its kind ever gotten together.

#### DIAMONDS IN THE MINING BUILDING

Three stalwart, herculean Zulus, bared to their brown hips and armed with fierce round-headed killing-clubs and keen-bladed assegai, stand guard over \$1,000,000 of diamonds in the Palace of Mines. Beads are strung around their strong necks; necklaces of horn ornaments fall over their muscular breasts, and tufts of feathers decorate their woolly top-knots. Despite these gay ornaments, the weapons over-awe one. These giant Zulus are reputed to be the most vicious fighters of all the Kimberley region.

For this is the Cape of Good Hope's exhibit. The rich little colony in the big toe of Africa, from which dowerers and duchesses, princes and plumbers the world over get their brilliant "sparklers," is giving the world a peep at diamond digging. She has sent over not only this fortune of diamonds in the rough—the big one of 282 karats, worth \$15,000 alone—but also 150 tons of diamondiferous soil, or blue dirt, which

contains a treasure of gems and some shining beauties, no doubt, worthy of being crown jewels. This soil was brought over sewn in huge sacks and under guard of the seven-foot Kaffirs.

Blue ground really resembles rock, and is a conglomerate of pebble and clay. The blue stratum does not lie on the surface, but its presence below is revealed by a yellowish soil. Diamonds in Africa were not discovered, however, in that way.

The De Beers and Kimberley mines were discovered soon after, in 1870, only 200 miles from Cape Town. The valuable diggings all lie within a limited circuit of three and a half miles diameter. The blue ground has already been worked down to a level of 1,000 feet, and becomes richer with every foot of descent. The monthly output of rough diamonds now averages about 200,000 karats, and so far the mines have exported fully 50,000,000 karats, equal to a total value of nearly \$350,000,000.

The blue ground brought from these famous mines has been hoisted up in loads of 1,600 pounds each. In Africa it is dumped on the ground and allowed to crumble and pulverize in the sun for six or eight months. Here a portion of it is pulverized by machinery in the ore yards every morning. It is then brought over to the glass-inclosed exhibit, where everybody can see the processes of washing, separating, cleaving, cutting and polishing from start to finish. If the spectator waited to see any one particular gem go through its travels to flashing perfection, he would have to press his nose against the glass case for three weeks.

#### IN THE AGRICULTURAL PALACE

The galleries of the Agricultural Palace, says the Scientific American, are occupied very largely by exhibits of food stuffs, some of which are very striking. One of the most unique is the pavilion erected by the Imperial Mills, Duluth, Minn. It is a repro-

duction of an old flouring mill, built near Reading, Pa., 150 years ago, and which is still in operation. The structure is of hewn logs, and at one end is an overshot water wheel; a supply of water keeps the wheel in motion. Within this structure is a model of the plant of the Imperial Mills. This establishment has a capacity of 6,000 barrels a day, while the original mill, which the pavilion represents, could grind but three or four barrels of flour a day. The contrast shown by these two models is striking when it is considered that the old mill would require about four years to make as much flour as the new mill makes in one day. Adjoining this exhibit is a fine display of flour made by the South Dakota Millers' Association. At one end of this pavilion is a windmill, the structure of which is made by piling up bags of flour. This represents the flour mill of 1492, or the "old process mill." At the other end sacks of flour are piled up to represent a modern or the "new process mill." Adjoining this exhibit is another flour display, in which is a large barrel of such ample size as to be used for an office of the exhibit, but which is open to visitors. Pancakes are given away here, and the exhibit has the appearance of a free lunch counter all day.

The immense mills of Washburn, Crosby & Co., at Minneapolis, are reproduced in miniature, and 10,500 barrels, about two inches in size, are piled up in the form of a barrel to show the number of barrels of flour that these mills manufacture every day. An interesting feature of this exhibit is a large painting, showing a farm of 2,500 acres, in which the various operations of harvesting wheat are depicted. Other parts of the galleries are devoted to food-stuffs, gelatine, breakfast cereals, yeast, baking powders, pickles, preserves, soups, and beef extracts. Many of these exhibits give away samples, and there is a constant crowd of visitors, especially women, filling these galleries,

tasting first of soup, then munching a roll, piece of bread or pancake, later on sampling butterine and pickles, then ending the repast with a small dish of oatmeal or other breakfast cereals. The galleries in the western part are given over mostly to milk and bakery exhibits in one, chocolate and confectionery in another, and tobacco, mineral waters, liquors, etc., in others.

#### THE WONDERFUL FISHERIES BUILDING

In no structure within the grounds, says W. Hamilton Gibson in *Scribner's*, is the outward expression so sympathetically reflective of its architectural purpose as in the Fisheries Building. Itself reflected in the blue lagoon, in its architectural functions and sculptural ornament, it in turn reflects the lacustrine life of the waters, which not only almost lave its foundation walls but actually pour into its interior in fountain and cascade and gigantic aquaria.

As we follow around these green translucent walls within, our passage lit only from the diffused light transmitted from above the water, we can almost fancy ourselves walking on the actual river-bed, ogled by familiar forms of sun-fish, perch, or pickerel; or perhaps wandering as in a dream among fair ocean caves abloom with brilliant sea-anemones, and embowered with mimic groves of branching corals and all manner of softly swaying sea weed.

Rare living gems of fishes, very butterflies of the deep, float past flashing in iridescence with every subtle turn of their painted bodies. Star-fish, at first apparently stationary, as though in midwater, glide across the illusive plane of glass, with their thousand fringing disks of feet. Strange crabs and mollusks and bivalves sport on the pebbly bottoms, and portentous monsters, with great, gaping mouths, threaten us as they emerge from their nebulous obscurity and steal to within a few inches of our faces as we peer through the glass.

## MINOR EXHIBITS: RARE AND CURIOUS

### A REPRODUCTION OF HOODEN

The Japanese building, Hooden, as it is called, has been carefully reproduced at the Fair. It represents, says the Scientific American, the architecture of three different epochs. The central portion belongs to the seventeenth century, the south wing to the fifteenth century, and the north wing to the eleventh century. The main structure has a double roof, sloping in graceful curves on four sides from a gabled over-roof. Two striking features of the exterior decoration are weathercocks representing the bird hoo. They are cast in a metal called kodo, an alloy of gold and copper. In the principal portion are three large images of Buddha, carved in wood by the famous sculptor Jo Cho. Rich traceries of wondrous color adorn the ceiling, and their effect is intensified by the skillful introduction of precious stones. Walls and doors are overlaid with gold leaf. Panels containing either scenes from the paradise of Buddha or texts from the sacred books, are disposed alternately as a decorative scheme. Western art may imitate but hardly equal this decorative work. The original edifice—the seat of the great house of Tokugawa for nearly three hundred years—has had a most remarkable history. Although many destructive wars have occurred since its erection, yet the exquisite decorations remain substantially intact.

### A VALUABLE JEWELRY DISPLAY

Valuations in the jewel display count up rapidly to vast totals with single specimens worth into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. For instance, there is a single diamond worth \$100,000, weighing 126 karats, and a string of pearls valued at \$200,000. Two other pearl necklaces are worth, one \$100,000 and the other \$86,000. The collarette of

Marie Antoinette is valued at \$65,000. A spun gold girdle, containing twenty-one canary diamonds, is valued at \$30,000. A handsome corsage ornament represents a band of maiden hair in gold, extending from the center of the bust to either shoulder, and containing 500 diamonds and 200 pearls. A serpent of silver has 500 opals for scales and 150 pearls for rattles in his tail. A silver vase nearly three feet tall, covered with magnolias and golden rod in enamel and gold, the gold alone worth \$2,000. One necklace contains 600 rose diamonds, and a shoulder piece has 1,000 diamonds, 1,000 pearls and eight yellow sapphires. One set of jewelry consisting of tiara, necklace and pendant, contains 150 aquamarines and 2,000 diamonds. Another has 125 pink topazes and 1,800 diamonds.

### MILKING BY MACHINERY

A novel sight was seen in the Agricultural Building a day or two ago, says a correspondent of the Hartford Courant. It would have interested every farmer, for it was nothing less than the milking of four cows by machinery. This subject has been for so long a fruitful topic for the comic papers that it is difficult in writing of it to treat it as seriously as the cows did. The machine is of Danish invention, and is on exhibition in the Danish section of the building. The inventor claims for it that it economizes time and labor, that it is more thorough and more cleanly, and that the cow can't kick over the pail. The experiments, thus far made, seem to bear out these claims. The cows did not object in the slightest to the operation. On the contrary, they chewed their cud most contentedly, and gave up their milk in a highly approved fashion. The process of milking a cow by machinery is performed in about two-thirds the time which the

operation takes when performed by hand. It all sounds very amusing, and it looks just as amusing as it sounds. Milking is not the only thing that is done by machinery at the Fair. There is a machine which shells peas a great deal more rapidly than a hungry person could eat them. This contrivance, however, is so costly that it will hardly prove of much practical use, unless in some such establishment as a hotel, where peas must be prepared for the table in large quantities. There is a machine for currying horses, and one for stoning raisins. The latter looks like a great labor saving device, but its economy is doubtful because it wastes so much of the raisin.

#### BIBLE SOCIETY EXHIBIT

In a general way the purpose of the Bible Society is to show to the visitors to the World's Fair by this exhibit the work it has accomplished and the progress it has made in the seventy-six years of its existence. Copies of each of the annual reports and bound files of "The Bible Society Record" will occupy shelves in one of the cases. In the same case will also appear specimens of the electrotypes plates used in printing the Scriptures. Two of these plates are especially noteworthy, one of them having been employed in the set used in printing 980,000 copies of the 5-cent edition of the New Testament, a total edition numbering 3,300,000 having been issued since 1878. The other plate was one of the 2,054,000 20-cent Bibles which have come from the Society's press in the same period.

#### THE ARMS OF SPAIN IN VEGETABLES

Over the entrance to a gallery of the Agricultural Building is a vast design in vegetation. It is over a hundred feet long, and in all the agricultural material mentioned works out a representation in yellow and red of the arms of Castile and Aragon on the standard of Ferdinand and Isabella, and also the shield of the

American Union in red, white and blue. It might not please Mr. Whistler, but it gives unbounded pleasure to thousands who would not be able to distinguish as to the relative colorings upon a Whistler's nocturne and those upon his palette rag.

#### AN EXHIBIT OF SWIFTEST POISONS

A peculiar and intensely interesting part of the bacteriological exhibit is one prepared for the World's Fair by Prof. Brieger. It is a collection of the swiftest and most powerful poisons on earth, all gained from the dead bodies of those who fell victims to various deadly bacteria. This class of poisons are termed toxines, toxalbumines, or cadaverines. They are exhibited in carefully closed tubes, so that each can be closely inspected. Among them are such deadly poisons—all discovered in recent years—as neurine, betaine, gadinine, textanotoxine, typhotaxine, toxalbumen of cholera, or typhus, cadaverine, obtained from a normal body, etc. There are also in this group two immunizing fluids, i. e., substances that will prevent diseases, such as diphtheria and tetanus. But it must be added that the discoverer of the immunizing fluids, Prof. Brieger, has thus far tested their efficacy only on various animals, not yet on human beings. So far as his experiments go, however, they have proved successful.

#### MEMENTOES OF HANS ANDERSEN

No child should come away from the World's Fair, says the Chicago Record, without having visited the Danish exhibit in Manufactures' Building, for in this particular exhibit is to be seen the large collection of mementoes of Hans Christian Andersen. We unreservedly pity the boy or the girl who grows up without feeling the tender, persuasive influences of Andersen's teachings. Fortunately there are very few children anywhere in Christendom who do not at one period or another fall under the spell of this dear old man's genius.



In this collection of souvenirs to which we refer are to be found just such quaint relics as you might suppose would come from the great child lover and child teacher. Their quaintness and their simplicity prove their genuineness. We see the curious, old-fashioned sofa and chairs in which he used to sit, and the homely stove before which he used to warm himself, for, ough! that was a cold country in which he lived, and there was need for big, broad, honest stoves. How pleasant it must have been to sit in those stout chairs, or to curl up in that hospitable sofa before that genial stove and hear the dear old master telling his pretty tales to a group of little folk, while all the time the fire in that genial stove kept humming in a kind of crooning undertone a half cheery, half solemn accompaniment to the dear old master's kindly voice.

And here are the very spectacles through which his honest blue eyes beamed benevolently upon his little friends, and here, too, is the curious high old hat that he used to wear—do not touch it lest you ruffle the nap which his big, homely, gentle hands so diligently smoothed and smoothed and smoothed until the curious high old hat became actually resplendent; and how the children shouted and scampered to him and clasped him about the knees and tugged at his coat tails when away up or away down the street they saw by the sunbeams that danced around that glossy, curious, high old hat, that their beloved friend was coming.

The table at which he wrote, and the silver candlesticks which were silent witnesses to his labor, his footstool, with its fading embroideries; the inkstand and the pen he used, the slippers in which he shuffled to and fro, the snuffers with which he reformed and corrected the lazy, complaining, spluttering candles; the pictures upon which he loved to look, the oval table, with its old-fashioned spread, about which he and his boy and girl friends used to play at games

those long, lonely winter evenings when it was cold outside and the storm king went blustering up and down the streets for little noses and ears and cheeks to pinch—these and so very many other delightful remembrances of your friend and mine it is to find in this quiet corner of the Danish section.

#### THE CAPITOL IN FLOWERS

An unique, and, at the same time, very pretty conventional floral design has been added to the Horticultural building. It is the work of J. H. Small & Sons, of Washington, D. C., and represents the national capitol building. It is 25 feet long by 8 feet wide, and with the terraces of grass covered with miniature trees and flower beds, reaches up to a height of seven feet. The structure and the steps and concrete pavement surrounding it are made up of white everlasting flowers from the Cape of Good Hope, and with the interior lighted up with tiny incandescent lamps a beautiful and rather startling effect is attained.

#### INTERESTING LEATHER EXHIBITS

The carriage leathers alone, says Robert Graves, are worth an hour's inspection, and in this art America is certainly a long ways ahead of all competitors. As tanners we take very high rank. In the making of belting, of course no other nation can compete with us. One belting exhibit here is said to be the finest and most costly that was ever shown, and to contain the largest belt that was ever manufactured. By the way, one could write a book about the things to be seen in this exposition which are the largest things of their class the world ever knew. This excelsior belt is twelve feet wide and more than 200 feet long. Its value is \$42.50 per foot, and the whole piece is worth more than \$8,000. On a reel near by is shown a belt that is more than two miles long. This exhibit, though occupying only a little corner, is worth \$50,000. The most popular form of belting now appears to be that man-

ufactured of myriads of little pieces of leather fastened together with metal links. It was a smart Yankee who saw that tons of scraps from the boot and shoe factories were going to waste, and who designed a belt that would consume these remnants economically. Hence the link belt of commerce, which now drives a large per cent. of the machinery of the United States.

The largest collection of footwear ever brought together is shown in this building. It is in a series of glass cases running along the wall. In scope it runs back four thousand years and shows us how the ancients dressed their feet. It goes into all lands and among all peoples. In all there are 1,500 typical articles of foot-gear in the collection, to which Chief Collier has devoted two years of the hardest kind of work, and is deserving of mention as one of the admirable features of the Exposition.

Near the north entrance to the main floor you will see in scores of beautiful cases the products of hundreds of American shoe factories. Here you will be led to an appreciation of the fact which hitherto may have escaped you that in shoemaking America distances the world. No other people have developed a third part of the ingenuity of our Yankees in design, materials, combinations, embellishments.

Go to the gallery and see a shoe factory in operation, with fifty or sixty men and women at work, and producing a thousand shoes per day. The machines are ingenious, the processes interesting, the results one of the most important of all the contributions to American wealth.

#### SOME OF THE BIG THINGS

In the Mining Building may be seen the largest nugget of gold in existence, the Maitland Bar nugget, which weighs 344.78 ounces, contains 313 ounces of fine gold, and has a value of \$6,000. Several larger nuggets have been found and are shown

by model, but this is of the real metal.

In the same building is the largest piece of coal ever taken out. The block weighs twelve tons, and has been shipped here from Wigan, England, where it was mined.

In the Forestry Building is a mahogany log from Mexico 42 inches square and 41 feet in length, which, considering both length and thickness, is very remarkable. If the wood were figured instead of having a straight grain, the one log would have a value of over \$30,000.

#### DAINTINESS OF MINIATURE WATCHES

In the section of horology, says the *Scientific American*, the genius and ability of the French for original work and delicacy of execution is finely shown. Several watches are exhibited which have a face half an inch in diameter. One of these watches, which is claimed to be the smallest one in the world, is set in a rosebud studded with stones. A clasp at the point of the bud keeps it closed, and when pressed springs open, revealing this miniature watch. This watch is wound up by turning the entire watch. A gold enamel ring has a similar watch set in it in a nest of one hundred small diamonds. One watch is so constructed that every time the case is opened to see what time it is, then closed again, the spring is wound up. This watch is a repeater, striking the hour and the minutes. Another watch has two faces, one on each side. One face gives the second, the minute, and the hour of the day, notes with a pointer how nearly the watch is wound up, and has two small faces, so that the time of different cities in the world can be shown. Turning the watch over and opening the rear case, there is found a perpetual calendar, which gives the day of the week, the day of the month, the month of the year, the phases of the moon, and it also contains a thermometer. The watches in this one case are estimated to be valued at about \$400,000.

Watches are shown in the Swiss department which display equal cunning in this line of manufacture. There is a ring with a watch set in the crown. The watch itself is set in a circle of twenty-four diamonds, and, like the watches referred to in the French department, it is wound up by turning the entire watch upon its setting. Other miniature watches are shown in this exhibit, which are mounted as butterflies, beetles and ducks. There is also a daisy made of gold and enamel, the center being one of these miniature watches.

#### MODELS IN THE POSTAL EXHIBIT

Upper Michigan mail, says the Chicago Record, is transported on dog sleds in the Winter. Canine letter carriers are not beautiful to the eye, and it is doubtful if they would even be allowed to enter a cross-roads bench show, but there is a business-like look about a tandem dog team that attracts the attention of every person who passes the stuffed group in the postoffice exhibit.

The dogs, harnessed to the toboggan loaded with the mail pouches, were alive and in actual service last Winter hauling mail out of Sault Ste. Marie. The wax figure loping alongside is a good likeness of the Indian who drove the team. From his snow shoes to the tassel of his woolen cap the Indian's costume is a faithful copy of the clothes which enable the bronze-faced mail courier to brave ten-foot snow and a forty degree below zero thermometer. A visit to the postoffice exhibit in the Government building is apt to increase one's respect for the little postage stamp. There are displayed all the means used for transporting mail, as well as a thousand other interesting things.

No greater contrast could be found than is formed by the two models of ocean mail steamers. There is a model of the old Southerner, the first ocean steamship built to carry United States mail. Forty years ago it did the service which is now performed

by nautical greyhounds such as the City of Paris of the International line, whose beautiful model is placed near the old ship.

A queer mail carrier is the Oklawaha, which runs on the river of that name in Florida. Assuming that the model is a good miniature, the Oklawaha is all above water, a regular floating house. According to General Hazen its draft is so light that it could follow a sprinkling cart. The Oklawaha can travel in eighteen inches of water. Much handsomer is the model of the City of St. Louis, a side-wheel mail packet that brings letters to the river towns on the Mississippi.

An old-time Rocky Mountain mail coach, swung on its leather straps, with its boots full of mail sacks, occupies a prominent position. It was built in 1868, and was among the first to carry the mail in Montana. Once a week it made the run between Helena and Bozeman. To-day four mail trains perform the service daily. In 1877 the old coach was captured by Indians, and after a hot pursuit by Gen. O. O. Howard was recaptured. Before Gen. Garfield became President he rode on the coach through the Yellowstone. President Arthur sat on the boot with its driver in 1883.

Near the old-timer is the modern yellow-bodied open coach used in the Yellowstone park for carrying tourists and mail. It has usurped the proud position once held by the stage coach, which Indians used to capture. The post rider, mounted on his spirited broncho, armed with revolvers and booted and spurred, tells of the letters carried over alkali plains, broad prairies and wild western lands. This mounted group is the admiration of the small boys, who gaze on it with wide-open eyes. The pony express was the original letter-carrier across the plains, and to-day 1,000 mail routes use ponies. In the dead-letter exhibit is a mail-pouch stained with the blood of a post rider and slashed from top to bottom by the blade of the Indian murderer.



# CONTEMPORARY COSTUMES

*From drawings by A. U. in the Sunday Sun*

## LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

## GREAT CHARACTERS OF FICTION

*The London Spectator*

As a matter of fact, the "great characters of fiction" are almost all deeply grooved with characteristics that no one would think ideal. Who would not rather recall to his mind Dickens's Peggotty, or Barkis, or "the lone, lorn woman," or Dora, or even Uriah Heap, or Mr. Dick, than the *fâdê*, sentimental Agnes Wickfield? Who would not prefer Mr. Toots to Paul Dombey, or Mrs. Todgers to Ruth Pinch? Who can help thinking a great deal more of Becky Sharp than of Amelia or Colonel Dobbin? With both Dickens and Thackeray there was always apt to be something mawkish about their ideal characters, though Colonel Newcome is a great exception. Even in Sir Walter Scott's case, we think that Jeanie Deans is almost the only really great ideal character, and there he was much helped by having placed her in a class beneath his own, at the little blunders and ignorances of which he could permit his readers to smile gently, while he painted the great fortitude and force of the woman in strong, broad lines. He had no occasion to idealize her mere manners.

If you think of the "great characters" in Scott, those characters you enjoy most to recall to mind, the characters you would best like, were it possible, to have actually seen in the circumstances and scenes in which Scott delineates them, is there one of them except Jeanie Deans that you could call an ideal? Balfour of Burley is ten times as interesting as Morton, Claverhouse far more living than Lord Evandale, and perhaps Cuddie and Mause Headrigg are even yet more vividly painted than any of them.

But of the characters to which we most gladly recur in memory, of the

characters which we should have been most delighted to see acting as Sir Walter represents them, is there one that we should call really great in the moral as well as the literary sense, with the single exception we have named? Monkbarns, Edie Ochiltree, Rob Roy, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Dandie Dinmont, Julia Mantering, Meg Merrilies, none of these are ideal characters, nor is even Di Vernon quite living enough for a heroine of the most real kind. And if we go to the romances, do we not think more of such portraits as those of James I., or Louis XI., or Mary Stuart, or Murray, or Charles of Burgundy, or Elizabeth and her chief noblemen, than we do of any of the imaginary heroes and heroines like Nigel or Quentin Durward, or Roland Graeme, or the Black Douglas, or Tressilian, or even Amy Robsart?

It is the great pictures of passionate men and women, or cowardly kings, or crime-stained queens, or merciless regents, or shrewd abbots, or smuggling skippers, or daft litigants, or canny innkeepers which rivet and fascinate our imagination, not the walking gentlemen, and chivalric knights, and oppressed maidens who are put in as a proper tribute to the expectations of the sentimental reader. Even of the few ideals who are also real, like Colonel Newcome, none except Jeanie Deans are strong characters. Colonel Newcome is not strong, none even of George Eliot's ideal men or women are strong, and, as a rule, we may say that, outside *The Heart of Midlothian* and Shakespeare, there is hardly a single really strong ideal heroine who is also real. And, even including Shakespeare, there is hardly a single really strong ideal hero who is also real.

Shakespeare is not within the range, apparently, of the writers who paint "the great characters of fiction."



They interpret fiction as including the novel only, and not the drama. Yet consider how few there are of Shakespeare's greater male characters that are at once ideal and strong. A few of his women are nearly perfect, and are not only nearly perfect, but strong of purpose, like Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. But which of his male characters would one have cared to serve? Hamlet, perhaps, as Horatio did. Yet Hamlet—though, without ever having lived except in literature, he has widened for us the range of human nature and supplied us with as complex a problem as if he had really lived—was certainly not only vacillating and infirm of purpose, but unscrupulous as well; witness his contriving that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern should be put to death in England, though he had no evidence at all that they had conspired with the King against his life. Of all Shakespeare's other greater characters, is there one that we should most wish to have known, to whom we could have been thoroughly loyal? Certainly not to the most interesting of them. Certainly not to Shylock, or Macbeth, or any of his English kings, or Wolsey, or Coriolanus, or Julius Cæsar, or Marc Antony. Even Othello, with all his nobility, is far too jealous and vindictive to inspire moral devotion.

As a rule, the greater masculine characters in fiction, like the great characters in history, are deeply scored with lines of tempestuous force and noble or ignoble passion. And literature, though in the hands of the highest genius it has occasionally managed to paint an ideal heroine who impresses us as thoroughly real, has hardly ever managed to paint an ideal hero who is both thoroughly real and thoroughly masculine. Of all the greater characters, it may be said:

Down the pale cheek long lines of shadow slope,  
Which years, and curious thought, and suffering give.

But the long lines of shadow are lines which score not only suffering but sin. And wherever that is absent, we almost always find in their place some signal want of power, some signal deficiency in sagacity, resoluteness and distinctness of purpose. The few exceptions may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The "great" characters in fiction are generally the most pathetically helpless or else the most passionate and imperious of human characters.

#### A PLEA FOR PARODY

Arthur T. Q. Crouch.....London Speaker

The acute and learned Lien Chi Attangi observes, in a letter addressed from this country to Fum Hoam, first president of the Ceremonial Academy at Peking, that, whereas in China the Emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship, in England every man may be an author who can write, "for they have by law a liberty not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please."

Some years have elapsed since the visit of this sagacious observer, and in the interval we seem to have brought our literary customs sensibly closer to those of the Chinese. To be sure we retain the liberty of being as dull as we please; nor have we (except in the case of stage-plays) a single and autocratic censor to supervise our efforts; but with regard to other branches of authorship we would appear to have put the Emperor of China's functions into commission—to have divided them, that is, among an influential mandarin. The precise manner in which these mandarins are appointed to their high office I have not yet been able to discover; but suspect—since I have never heard of any election—that it must be either by co-optation or the direct and secret intervention of Providence. From one of these two sources, too, they possibly obtain the major premises, to the test of which they bring our

little books. For, as I propose to show of one among these premises, the inventor's mind has reached certainty by no easily recognizable process of induction.

"All parodies are degrading. This is a parody. *Ergo*, this is degrading." Here is a syllogism obviously convincing if you can give satisfactory answers to the questions I shall ask about the major. But, in the first place, how did you obtain your major? You got it from George Eliot, who found it where she found *Deronda*, in the back of her head. Now, George Eliot had a brain of imperial proportions, and the attempt to take the measure of her capacity in any direction is extremely dangerous. Still, I venture to believe that if anything could be safely predicted of Miss Marian Evans from her tenderest years, it was that she would never make anything of parody. We can understand how it would puzzle and annoy this comprehensive intelligence to feel that just one little form of humor eluded its grasp; and we can sympathize when in the end she sits down and proceeds solemnly to teach us that it is not worth grasping, signing this assurance (as if pathetically anxious to prove she can be as funny as anyone else) with the ponderously skittish name of Theophrastus Such. The disasters of Titans are always respectable: but I confess that this unhappy signature, as often as I see it, puts a severe, if momentary, strain on my reverence. Its inscription, indeed, on the title-page, makes a good third of the book that follows entirely superfluous. Nothing, for instance, could be less difficult to infer than that a person calling himself Theophrastus Such would entertain the views natural to Theophrastus Such on the matter of parody and the awful debasement of the literary currency of the realm.

These views, as I say, have become one of the recognized standards by which the critical mandarins who are good enough to sit in judgment over

us, weigh and appraise our imperfections. But the back of George Eliot's head was something less than conterminous with the universe, and her standards would exclude a good deal that the world has been enjoying for some time and, I believe innocently. I say nothing in favor of those parodists who take a noble poem, familiar to the public heart, and inventing an assonant jingle on some vulgar theme, henceforward through the laws of association infect and poison our enjoyment of the original. The man who mocked Poe's "*Annabel Lee*," with stanzas on a "*Cannibal Flee*," did a thing that must be disgusting to every person of taste. But it is altogether another enterprise to clothe yourself for a while in an author's style and talk with his voice on incongruous topics. The effect may be ludicrous, but surely, if you know how to conduct yourself, not offensive. For consider; you are not touching the author's thought, which should be sacred, but only his expression.

And the less extravagant that expression is, the more simply and closely it wraps the thought, the less does it need, and the less will it have, of the sane chastisement of Parody. Who parodies Sophocles? or Livy? or Virgil? or Dante? or Goethe? Who could parody Renan or Newman? Who Anthony Hamilton or Thackeray, or Flaubert or Matthew Arnold? Who parodies the Wordsworth of the great sonnets, or the Browning of "*O lyric Love*," or "*Over the sea our galleys went*," or "*Never the time and the place*"?

It is ever your lop-sided writer of genius, or your writer of genius in his lop-sided moments—your babyish Wordsworth, or inarticulate Browning, or Victor Hugo in the too-tall buskin, who invites the parodist's reproof. And even so I think it probable that his parody will be poor unless he has a genuine deep regard for the author he bemocks.

The production of ludicrously trivial effects by pompous causes is a trick of

humor as old as the hills—quite as old, at any rate, as that particular mountain which was brought to bed of a mouse. And this is just the parodist's trick. He fastens on an extravagance of speech and by judiciously applying it to a trivial subject makes its extravagance still more apparent. Does he thereby debase or degrade the literary currency? On the contrary, since it is the imperfection of language that he attacks, he may be thanked for giving literary style one of its best antiseptics.

Think, too, of the amount of literature covered by that damning major premise of yours. All mock-heroic writing must go by the board—from the "Battle of Frogs and Mice" to Waller's "Battle of the Summer Islands," from Virgil's Fourth Georgic to the "Loves of the Triangles": for mock-heroic writing is but parody at large, the transference of a recognized style (though it be not the style of one particular author) from a congruous to an incongruous subject. On the whole I decline to reject the parodists, from Aristophanes downwards, because George Eliot had a defective sense of humor. Nobody objects to deification of that good lady if it pleases her worshippers. Let us honor her memory and carefully examine her general propositions.

#### MAKING A LITERARY REPUTATION

Edmund Gosse.....Questions at Issue

The three principal ways in which a literary reputation is formed appear to be these: Reviews, private conversation among the leaders of opinion, and the instinctive attraction which leads the general public to discover for itself what is calculated to give it pleasure. I will briefly indicate the manner in which these three act at the present moment on the formation of notoriety and its attendant success in the case of English authors.

First of all, in studying this question, it is worthy of note that reputation, or fame and monetary success are not

identical, although the latter is frequently the satellite of the former. One extraordinary example of their remoteness which may be mentioned without impertinence, on the authority of the author himself, is the position of Herbert Spencer. In any list of living Englishmen eminently distinguished for the originality and importance of their books, Mr. Spencer cannot fail to be ranked high. Yet, as every student of his later work knows, he stated in the preface of one of those bald and inexpensive volumes in which he enshrines his thought, that up to a comparatively recent date the sale of his books did not cover the cost of publication. This was the case of a man famous in every civilized country in the globe.

In pure literature there is probably no second existing instance so flagrant as this. But, to take only a few of the most illustrious Englishmen of letters, it is a matter of common notoriety that the sale of the books of, say Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Leslie Stephen, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs) and Mr. Lecky, considerable as it may have become, for a long time by no means responded to the lofty rank these authors have taken in the esteem of educated people throughout the Anglo-Saxon world.

The reverse of this condition is still more curious and unaccountable. Why is it that there are writers of no merit at all, who sell their books in thousands where people of genius sell theirs in scores, yet without ever making a reputation? At the time when Tupper was far more popular than Tennyson, and Eliza Cook enjoyed ten times the commercial success of Browning, even the votaries of these poetasters did not claim a higher place for them, or even a high place at all. They bought their books because they liked them, but the buyers evidently did not imagine that purchase gave their temporary favorites any rank in the hierarchy of fame. These things are a mystery,

but the distinction must be drawn between commercial success and fame. We are speaking here of reputation, whether attended by vast sales or only by barren honor.

Reviews have no longer the power which they enjoyed seventy years ago of making or even of marring the fortunes of a book. When there existed hundreds of private book clubs throughout the country, each one of which proceeded to buy a copy of whatever the Edinburgh recommended, then the reviewer was a great personage in the land. We may see in Lockhart's life of Scott that Sir Walter, even at the height of his success, and when, as Ellis said, he was "the greatest elephant in the world" except himself, was seriously agitated by Jeffrey's cold review of *Marmion*, not through irritable peevishness, which was wholly foreign to Scott's magnanimous nature, but because a slighting review was enough to cripple a book, and a slashing review to destroy it. There is nothing of this kind now. No newspaper exists in Great Britain which is able to sell an edition of a book by praising it. I doubt if any review, under the most favorable circumstances and coming from the most influential quarter, causes two hundred copies of a book to be bought. A signed article by Mr. Gladstone is, of course, an exception; yet some have doubted of late whether a book may not be found so inept and so heavy as not to stir even at the summons of that voice.

The reviews in the professional literary papers are still understood to be useful in the case of unknown writers. A young author without a friend, if he has merit, and above all, if he has striking originality, is almost sure to attract the notice of some beneficent reviewer, and be praised in the columns of one or other of the leading weeklies. These are the circumstances under which the native kindness of the irritable race is displayed most freely. The envy which

sees merit in a new man and determines to crush it with silence or malignant attack, is inhuman, and practically, I fancy, scarcely exists. The entirely unheard-of writer wounds no susceptibilities, awakens no suspicions, and even excites a pleasurable warmth of patronage. It is a little later on, when the new man is quite new no longer, but is becoming a formidable rival, that evil passions are aroused, in pure literary bosoms. The most sincere reviews are often those which treat the works of unknown writers, and this is perhaps the reason why the shrewd public still permits itself to be moved by these when they are strongly favorable. At any rate, every newcomer must be introduced to our crowded public to be observed at all, and to newcomers the review is still the indispensable master of the ceremonies.

But the power of reviews to create this form of literary reputation has of late been greatly circumscribed. The public grows less and less the dupe of an anonymous judgment, expressed in the columns of one of the too-numerous organs of public opinion. A more naïve generation than ours was overawed by the nameless authority which moved behind a review. Ours, on the contrary, is apt to go too far, and pay no notice, because it does not know the name of a writer. The author who writhed under the humiliation of attack in a famous paper little suspected that his critic was one Snooks, an inglorious creature, whose acquaintance with the matter under discussion was mainly taken from the book he was reviewing. But, on the other hand, there is that story of the writer of some compendium of Greek history severely handled anonymously by the *Athenæum*, whose scorn of the nameless critic gave way to horror and shame when he discovered him to have been no other than Mr. Grote. On the whole, when we consider the careful, learned and judicial reviews which are still to be found, like grains of salt,

in the vast body of insipid criticism in the newspapers, it may be held that the public pays less attention to the reviews than it should. The fact seems to remain that, except in the case of entirely unknown writers, periodical criticism possesses an ever-dwindling power of recommendation.

It is in conversation that the fame of the best books are made. There are certain men and women in London who are on the outlook for new merit, who are supposed to be hard to please, and whose praise is like rubies. It is those people who, in the smoking-room of the club, or across the dinner-table, create the fame of writers and the success of new books. "Seen *Polyanthus*?" says one of these peripatetic oracles. "No," you answer; "I am afraid I don't know what *Polyanthus* is." "Well, it's not half bad; it's this new realistic romance." "Indeed! By whom is it written?" "Oh! a fellow called—called Binks, I think—Binks or Bunks; quite a new man. You ought to see it, don't you know?" Some one far down the table ventures to say: "Oh! I think it was the Palladium said on Saturday that it wasn't a good book at all, awfully abnormal, or something of that kind." "Well, you look at it; I think you'll agree with me that it's not half bad."

Such a conversation as this, if held in a fructifying spot among the best people, does *Polyanthus* more good than a favorable review. It excites curiosity, and echoes of the praise ("not half bad" is at the present the most fulsome of existing expressions of London enthusiasm) reverberate and reverberate until the fortune of the book is made. At the same time, be it forever remembered, there must be in *Polyanthus* the genuine force and merit which appeal to an impartial judge and convert reader after reader, or else vainly does the friendly oracle try to raise the wind. He betrays himself, most likely, by using the expression, "a very fine book," or "beautifully written." These phrases have a falsetto air, and lack

the persuasive sincerity of the true modern eulogium, "not half bad."

#### THE COUNTRYMAN IN LITERATURE

*London Wit and Wisdom*

It is not so long ago that, when a personification of simple but unswerving virtue was needed in fiction, the fabulist brought forward a venerable peasant. His sons were sturdy specimens of rectitude and probity, and his always surpassingly beautiful daughters never failed to spurn the wicked advances of profligate noblemen.

But when the realists of literature appeared with their "eye on the object," these illusions were dispelled. Living huddled together like animals, Balzac showed that these "sons of the soil" have neither morality nor decency. Not satisfied with filching from their superiors, they prey ferociously upon each other, and do not stop even at murder. After studying the lives of his parishioners, the Abbé Brosette said to his bishop: "Monseigneur, when I observe the stress the peasantry lay on their poverty, I realize how they fear to lose that excuse for their immorality." Later Zola and Maupassant told what they knew of peasant life, but in a way to give the impression that their descriptions may be exaggerated and slightly over-colored.

Yet Joseph Roux, who, in his "*Meditations of a Parish Priest*," makes his reflections rather in sorrow than in anger, says things almost as severe as those uttered by Zola and Maupassant. According to him, "the peasant loves nobody except for the use he can make of him;" he is not to be aroused by the cry of "Thy country!" but "Thy house, thy fields, thy money!" and so miserly is he that he "dies of hunger all his life so that he may have something to live on after his death." But the abbé looks within the sordid hovel, and sees there moral and physical reasons for the faults of this tiller of the soil. Joseph Roux says "the lot of the peasant is always the same," and this



seems to be true; for in Richard Jefferies's "The Toilers of the Field," as in Balzac's "Sons of the Soil," we see the same hardships engendering the same faults—immorality, foulness of speech, brutality of manners, intemperance, and ingratitude.

The callousness which is the outgrowth of grinding poverty, speaks in the self-congratulatory remark of the Wiltshire laborer that his latest born child is sickly, and "like to go back, thank God." Nor have the peasantry eyes to see, or taste to appreciate, the natural beauties around them.

Thus Miss Yonge, in "An Old Woman's Outlook in a Hampshire Village," records the fact that a villager complained of the disagreeable "hollering" of the nightingales, and another did not even recognize the bird by its note. Balzac touched a profound truth when he said: "When toil exhausts the body it takes from the mind its purifying action, especially among the ignorant." It is only natural, therefore, that, moulded by the hard circumstances of his life, its squalid indigence and unceasing toil, the Colin Clout of reality is not a picturesque figure, or even, it must be said, a bright moral example.

#### THE PROVINCE OF HUMOR

*New Orleans Picayune*

It has been said that the distinctive capacity of man for tears and laughter is due to the fact that he can see the difference between things as they are and things as they ought to be. In other words, humor implies an ideal. The great humorists of literature have been students of character, and the traits that have tempted them to portraiture have been in the nature of eccentricities, departures from a perfectly normal or a perfectly symmetrical development. Humor is not, however, a mere disposition to deride either physical or moral deformity. There are those who insist, on the contrary, that sympathy is one of its essential elements; but this view leaves out of sight its satiric and

its sardonic manifestations. Gradgrind, the man of facts, and Bounderley, the bully of humility, are satirical caricatures which only a humorist could have drawn. Certainly Dickens had no sympathy with either of these unlovable persons; but the dash of fun he introduces into their portraits mitigates his satire with the softening grace of humor.

Shakespeare's humor is rarely ever wholly lacking in sympathy. His villains have had their sorrows, some touch of pathos attends their ruin, and we accord them pity, "the violet on the tyrant's grave." This effect is wholesome and just; for, after all, it is sin, and not the sinner, that we have the right to hate. Philanthropy and charity cannot confine their gracious influence to the pure and peaceful; it is their crown of honor that they descend to uncongenial depths to rescue the vilest of the race. The pitiless are most in need of pity. Shakespeare displays, especially in his earlier plays, something of that hearty enjoyment of mere fun which we have found in Dickens, but he is never a caricaturist. The French critic, Taine, observed that the characters portrayed by Dickens were too simple to be natural. Pecksniff, for instance, was a hypocrite and nothing but a hypocrite. But human nature is complex, and though a single trait may be predominant, there is usually a conflict of motives or tendencies in all relations in life where the human heart is concerned.

Monstrous natures, unrelieved by any trace of virtue, are fortunately rare, if they can be said to exist at all, in this world. Shakespeare does not often lose sight of this truth, and then he has another resource. As he reveals some touching hint of suffering to soften our judgment upon the malignant and the cruel Richard, so the grossness of Falstaff's blackguardism and the shamefulness of his mendacity are relieved, though not extenuated, by his ready wit and his constant genial companionship.

## VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

## A DAYDREAM

Charles B. Going.....*Summer-Fallow*

Between two rippled fields of grain—  
Two broad fields, lying in the sun—  
There creeps a narrow country lane,  
Where thrushes love to sing their strain  
And robins call, when day is done.

And down the lane is cool and sweet;  
The sparrows sing, adown the lane;  
Above, the arching branches meet,  
And on the grass beneath your feet  
Their shadows stir and weave again.

And through the warm and sleepy air  
Come faint, half fancied sounds, that tell  
Of Summer, brooding everywhere:  
The call of quail, and here and there  
The distant clinking of a bell.

I say "they come:" for since, with you,  
I dreamed a happy dream one day,  
And waking, found the dream was true—  
It seems to me as if I knew  
That Summer lingered there alway.

That bars of sunlight always lay  
Across the pathway's checkered shade;  
And if it lingered there to-day,  
I still should see the tall grain sway,  
And hear the lispng noise it made.

And so I always see you stand—  
With sunlight falling on your hair,  
With sunlight over all the land  
Because of you: see, hand in hand,  
You and the Summer standing there.

## THE OLIVE ON THE HEIGHTS

Joaquin Miller.....*Peterson's Magazine*

Come, listen, O Love, to the olive-hued dove,  
The dove and the olive of old!  
Companioned still in their world above,  
As when the deluge rolled.

Hark! hearken, O Love, to the voice of the  
dove,  
Hark! hearken and hear him say:  
"There are many to-morrows, my love,  
my love,  
There's only one to-day."

And this is his wooing: you hear him say:  
"This day in purple is rolled,

And the baby stars of the milky way  
Are cradled in cradles of gold."

Now, what is thy secret, serene gray dove,  
Escaping death's deluge alway?  
"There are many to-morrows, my love,  
my love,  
There's only one to-day."

## "ONE, TWO, THREE!"

H. C. Bunner.....*Scribner's Magazine*

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy who was half-past three;  
And the way they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he.  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple-tree;  
And the game that they played I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be—  
With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"  
He would cry, and laugh with glee—  
It wasn't the china-closet;  
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the queer old key!"  
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;  
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard  
Where Mamma's things used to be—  
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places  
 Right under the maple-tree—  
 This old, old, old, old lady,  
 And the boy with the lame little knee—  
 This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
 And the boy who was half-past three.

#### LOVE'S PLEASURE HOUSE

*Phillip Bourke Marston ..... A Last Harvest*

Love built for himself a Pleasure-House—  
 A Pleasure-House fair to see—  
 The roof was gold, and the walls thereof  
 Were delicate ivory.

Violet crystal the windows were,  
 All gleaming and fair to see—  
 Pillars of rose-stained marble up-bore  
 That house where men longed to be.

Violet, golden, and white and rose,  
 That Pleasure-House fair to see  
 Did show to all, and they gave Love thanks  
 For work of such mastery.

Love turned away from his Pleasure-House,  
 And stood by the salt deep sea—  
 He looked therein, and he flung therein  
 Of his treasure the only key.

Now, never a man till time be done  
 That Pleasure-House fair to see  
 Shall fill with music and merriment,  
 Or praise it on bended knee.

#### AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT

*Samuel Minturn Peck..... New England*

A miracle of gleaming dyes,  
 Blue, scarlet, buff and green;  
 O ne'er before by mortal eyes  
 Such gorgeous hues were seen!  
 So grandly was its plan designed,  
 So cunningly 'twas built,  
 The whole proclaimed a master mind—  
 My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Each friendly household far and wide  
 Contributed its share;  
 It chronicled the country side  
 In colors quaint and rare.  
 From belles and brides came rich brocade,  
 Enwrought with threads of gilt;  
 E'en buxom widows lent their aid  
 To Aunt Jemima's quilt.

No tapestry from days of yore,  
 No web from Orient loom,  
 But paled in beauteous tints before  
 This strange expanse of bloom.  
 Here glittering stars and comets shone  
 O'er flowers that never wilt;  
 Here fluttered birds from worlds unknown  
 On Aunt Jemima's quilt.

O, merry was the quilting bee,  
 When this great quilt was done!  
 The rafters rang with maiden glee,  
 And hearts were lost and won.  
 Ne'er did a throng of braver men  
 In war clash hilt to hilt,  
 Than sought the smiles of beauty then  
 Round Aunt Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed  
 The glory of the age;  
 No poet's eyes have ever beamed  
 More proudly o'er his page.  
 Were other quilt to this compared,  
 Her nose would upward tilt;  
 Such impudence was seldom dared  
 O'er Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust,  
 That once were lithe and light:  
 Her needles keen are thick with rust,  
 That flashed so nimbly bright;  
 And here it lies by her behest,  
 Stained with the tears we spilt,  
 Safe folded in this cedar chest—  
 My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

#### THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

*Walter Mitchell..... Atlantic Monthly*

Just aft of our beam comes the rising breeze,  
 A point and a half on the starboard quarter.  
 The sharp bow sheers through the long, slow seas,  
 The port guy slackens, the sheet strains tauter.

Over the taffrail, fading fast,  
 The land we leave lies a dim blue haze;  
 The downhauls are throbbing against the mast  
 To the song of the wind through shrouds and stays.

Whiter and swifter the foam-wreaths fly  
Along the lee and the eddying wake ;  
Over our heads sounds the seagull's cry,  
The mainsail leach has a quivering shake.  
"Northe-east half-norte" the Navahoe speeds  
To win, if she may, the lost cups back,  
To break the record of yachting deeds,  
To follow the Viking's ancient track.  
And lo, on the eastern board a strange,  
Weird phantom of eld doth ghost-like loom,  
The head of a broad brown sail in the range  
Of the tapering point of our lithe jib-boom.  
We watch, as she rises by slow degrees,  
Till we may from our deck with the glass discern  
A freeboard all but awash to the seas,  
A dragon prow and a castled stern.  
A row of shields of the bull's-hide black  
Fends off the crests of the breaking waves;  
Slight guard 'mid the gales of the Skager Rack,  
Or where Categat rolls o'er the Norsemen's graves.  
To port and to starboard along the waist  
The stout ash oars fore and aft are triced;  
Sharp on the wind is the one yard braced,  
And the shrouds and stays are all knotted and spliced.  
For ballast are chests of the carven oak  
Lashed up with cordage twisted and brown,  
Filled with the arms of the Norseland folk,  
Rich with the booty of castle and town.  
There are helms and corselets, and bills, and bows,  
Pole-axe, and halbert, and morgenstern,  
Grappling-irons which the Viking throws  
When the sinking foeman to flight would turn.  
By the side of the huge casks stained and dusk  
With the brown of the ale and the red of the wine,  
Lie the drinking horns of the walrus tusk,  
Hooped with the silver of Trondhjen's mine.  
There are trophies of war and spoils of the chase,  
Skins of the seal and furs of the bear;  
The blades are bright and the weapons in place,  
But the garments sea-stained and worse for wear.  
With a sweeping yaw and a sharp come-to,  
Rolling and pitching the seas athwart,  
She vexes the souls of her weary crew,  
Whose watches are long and whose sleeps are short.  
Like a strong bird balanced on wings widespread,  
True to her course as the arrow's flight,  
A vision of beauty, a dream of dread,  
The Navahoe glides on the Viking's sight.  
Sience Leif Erikson skirted the Vinland coast  
Nine centuries now do their course complete,  
As the pride of to-day and the Old World's Ghost  
The cup-rewinner and Viking meet.

## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

GILBERT'S COMIC  
OPERA PLOTS

An interviewer of the St. James Gazette asked Mr. W. S. Gilbert where the plots of his opera librettos come from. "Plots? Good gracious! where do they come from? I don't know. A chance remark in conversation, a little accidental incident, a trifling object may suggest a train of thought which develops into a startling plot. Of course I am talking of original plots. I don't call adapting a play or translating a play writing one. Taking my own plots, for instance, the Mikado was suggested by a Japanese sword which hangs in my study; The Yeoman of the Guard by even a more unlikely incident. I had twenty minutes one day to wait at Uxbridge Station for a train, and I saw the advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company, representing a number of beef-eaters—why, goodness only knows. It gave me an idea, and I wrote the play originally as one of modern life in the tower of London. Then it suddenly occurred to me to throw the time of it back to that of Queen Elizabeth."

CONAN DOYLE'S  
LITERARY STRUGGLES

Conan Doyle, whose Sherlock Holmes stories and historical novels have won him reputation in England and America, in a gossipy mood in *The Idler*, tells of his early work: I have heard folk talk as though there were some hidden back door by which one may creep into literature, but I can say myself that I never had an introduction to any editor or publisher before doing business with them, and that I do not think that I suffered on that account. Yet my apprenticeship was a long and trying one. During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen.

I won my way into the best journals, Cornhill, Temple Bar, and so on; but what is the use of that when the contributions to those journals must be

anonymous? It is a system which tells very hardly against young authors. I saw with astonishment and pride that Habakuk Jephson's *Statement in the Cornhill* was attributed by critic after critic to Stevenson, but, overwhelmed as I was by the compliment, a word of the most lukewarm praise sent straight to my own address would have been of greater use to me. After ten years of such work I was as unknown as if I had never dipped a pen in an ink bottle.

And so at last it was brought home to me that a man may put the very best that is in him into magazine work for years and years and reap no benefit from it, save, of course, the inherent benefits of literary practice. So I wrote another of my first books and sent it off to the publishers. Alack and alas for the dreadful thing that happened! The publishers never received it, the post office sent countless blue forms to say that they knew nothing about it, and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of it. Of course it was the best thing I ever wrote. Who ever lost a manuscript that wasn't? But I must in all honesty confess that my shock at its disappearance would be as nothing to my horror if it were suddenly to appear again—in print.

Then I started upon an exceedingly sensational novel, which interested me extremely at the time, though I have never heard that it had the same effect upon any one else afterward. I may urge in extenuation of all shortcomings that it was written in the intervals of a busy though ill-paying medical practice.

And then, under more favorable circumstances, I wrote Micah Clarke, for patients had become more tractable, and I had married, and in every way I was a brighter man. A year's reading and five months' writing finished it, and I thought I had a tool



in my hands that would cut a path for me. So I had, but the first thing that I cut with it was my finger. I sent it to a friend, whose opinion I deeply respected, in London, who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel, and very naturally he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassells that experience had shown that a historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot.

And then suddenly I bethought me to send it to Messrs. Longman's, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and a door had been opened for me into the temple of the Muses, and it only remained that I should find something that was worthy of being borne through it.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT tells the following story of Professor Blackie: Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words sir! Your right hand I say." The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand!" he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose such a storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear; and by it

his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said: "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, as Blackie learned.

THE LONDON TIMES gives this account of the life of the gifted French author. Poor Guy de Maupassant, it says, died at the lunatic asylum where he had been confined for several months past. He was only forty-three years of age. He was stricken by cerebral paralysis two years ago, and has been dying ever since. He described the malady himself by saying that his ideas were like butterflies, which, despite all his efforts, he was unable to grasp. It will be remembered that he made an attempt to commit suicide at Cannes.

De Maupassant was born of an ancient, noble Norman house in 1850. As a young man he entered a government office, and at first pursued literature in a more or less furtive and irregular fashion. Soon, however, he fell under the influence of Flaubert, and resolved to devote himself inclusively to fiction. The curious story of the laborious literary apprenticeship to which he submitted himself under the direction of his chosen master is well known. The author of *Madame Bovary* was an exacting critic, and he spared no pains over his disciple. For seven years he refused to allow his pupil to come before the public. His work was bril-

HOW PROFESSOR  
BLACKIE APOLOGIZED

liant, clear-cut and striking, and it was pathetic, too, with such pathos as can be acquired by intelligent application. But it lacked, as all the thirty volumes subsequently written by its author lack, the deeper insight and the broader grasp which no amount of diligent observation or laborious study can bestow. He has written nothing, perhaps, which is destined to endure for many years. All his best work was produced in the form of short stories, turning upon some striking incident, or depicting with supreme deftness and firmness of touch some special phase of character. In productions of this order he attained an incomparable readiness and dexterity. Incessant, relentless toil brought on nervous exhaustion.

Like his godfather and literary master, Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant came of good old Norman stock, and could have boasted, had he attached any importance to such things, of being "de noblesse authentique." His childhood and youth were spent at Fécamp, his birthplace, and at Rouen, between a very tender and charming mother, who remains a singularly fine type of the French provincial lady, to whom her son ever remained absolutely devoted and submissive, and Flaubert, who used to take the lad to his country house every Sunday.

Before Flaubert allowed De Maupassant to send even an article to one of the literary papers then in vogue he had condemned MSS. which would have made, we learn, six or seven volumes of closely-printed matter, but even the self-control and submission which were the inevitable result of his guide's severity were a unique training, and stood De Maupassant in good stead when he might have been tempted later to produce too quickly the kind of *nouvelle* which later became his specialty. His first work as a journalist was published under the signature Guy de Valmont, but even his own friends had no suspicion of his extraordinary literary power till the publication of *Les Soirées de*

Médal, a collection of short stories conceived and written by a group of young writers at Zola's country château at Médan, placed him at once in the first rank of realistic writers. Once convinced that *le roman* was indeed his vocation, he worked incessantly, and produced in ten years—from 1880 to 1890—the twenty odd volumes which have placed him for all time among the great writers of the nineteenth century.

There is little doubt that part at least of his brain trouble was overwork. Even when on his yacht *Bel-Ami* he wrote six and eight hours a day, often re-writing the same *nouvelle* or chapter many times before he felt satisfied with the final form attained. A delightful companion and host, he yet would never discuss his own work, and literature, at least as far as talking of it went, seemed not to interest him. "Il y a tout d'autres choses dans le monde," he would say, laughing; "pour quoi nous occuper de littérature?" He had a sincere distaste for what was called by the advanced "decadent school le riture artiste," and, so far from admiring obscurity and tortuousness in literary style, his great object was always to present his thought, in all his writings, as terse and lucid a form as possible.

A really strong book that the Cassells recently published, says the Quiver, is *The Heavenly Twins*, by Sarah Grand. It is the sensation of the day in England where it has already passed through several editions. This is a novel with a purpose, and its purpose is to convince its readers that men should be as pure in their life as women are expected to be. Of the author of this powerful story we learn that she is of English parentage and was born in Ireland, where her early childhood was passed. During her girlhood she lived among her mother's people in the north of England, where she was educated in an unconventional manner, and was better

THE AUTHOR OF THE  
HEAVENLY TWINS

known, probably, for her mischievous pranks than for any literary leanings. She tells how she used to pray to be allowed to write well as a child, meaning to write a good hand, calligraphy being a great difficulty to her.

Her father died early, but the influence of her mother, who was a highly educated woman, excited in Sarah Grand a love of literature. She herself says, half jestingly, that she was brought up chiefly on *Punch* and *The Saturday Review*. Married straight from the schoolroom, she went abroad, and lived for some time in the East, China and Japan, and she traveled in Japan before that country became the happy hunting-ground of tourists, devoting herself to intellectual pursuits and the development of her natural capacity to record impressions. Although she began to write when a mere child, her first published book was *Ideala*. She is a firm believer in the great future for women both in literature and art.

A critic says: "The author's chief object is to show that women have just as much right to a higher education as men, and to prove the logic of the claim that women should expect the same lifelong purity in their husbands that their husbands expect in them. She argues that no really good woman should marry a man who is or ever has been bad, and advances the argument that as long as men believe that women will forgive anything they will do anything, following it up with the conclusion that if good women combine in demanding good husbands, a supply will eventually arise to meet the demand. It is a lamentable fact, but Mme. Grand does not seem to think much of men as a rule. She ventures the opinion that the morals of most of them are not worth describing, because there is so little of them. *The Heavenly Twins* is a very clever book and well worth reading."

FRANKFORT MOORE'S  
SUCCESS  
The author of *I Forbid the Banns*, says a writer in *Wit and Wisdom*, has enormously

increased his reputation by this single work, which has rapidly run through three or four editions. Mr. Moore was born in Limerick thirty-eight years ago, and his first book, *Sojourners Together*, was published before he had attained his majority. He is married to a sister of the wife of Mr. Bram Stoker, the manager of the Lyceum. His comedietta, *A March Hare Hunt*, was brought out at Mr. Irving's house, and Mr. Wilson Barrett produced his three-act comedy, *Moth and Flame*. It remained, however, for his latest novel to bring him into the bright sunshine of popular favor. *I Forbid the Banns*, which has passed through four editions in three-volume form, is to be translated into German; and a Continental edition in English is also to be issued by Baron Tauchnitz, of Leipzig.

LEW WALLACE'S STORY OF THE  
WANDERING JEW  
The announce-  
ment that Gen.

Lew Wallace has placed in hands for immediate publication the manuscript of a new novel is an event in literature, says a writer in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, for Gen. Wallace is the most popular novelist now writing in America. Perhaps he may come in time to be looked upon as the most popular of all American novelists.

Certainly no book has had a more extraordinary career than *Ben Hur*. Published in 1880, and well received then by all the critics, it had not sold more than 1,500 copies by the end of the year. Suddenly the public recognized its unique merit. The sales leaped upwards. From that time to the present they have continued to roll in a steady stream. The demand is as certain as for Shakespeare or the Bible. It is more than thirteen years since the book was published. Yet the sales last year were much greater than ever before.

His new book is called *The Prince of India, or the Fall of Constantinople*, to be published in two volumes. It is a romance of love, war and religion—a romance and a history combined.

It deals with one of the most picturesque and interesting epochs in all history, the epoch of the schism between the Latin and the Greek churches, of the siege of Constantinople by the Saracens, the capture of that city and the establishment of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

To President Garfield is due the writing of the Prince of India. Garfield had been an old-time friend of Gen. Wallace. Ben Hur appeared in the year of his election to the presidency. He read the book and was deeply impressed by it. After his inauguration he summoned the General to his presence. "I want to send you as Minister to Turkey," he said. "The duties of that position will leave you ample leisure for writing, and I want you to give us a book on Constantinople."

He gave me my commission, says the General, and in the lower left-hand corner, in his own handwriting, were the words and initials, "Ben Hur, J. A. G." I never saw him again. I sailed soon afterwards for Europe. At Liverpool I received by cable the news of his assassination.

Luckily, his successor confirmed the appointment to Constantinople. During his four years of service Gen. Wallace employed his leisure in studying the localities in which his story is laid, in saturating himself with the Oriental atmosphere and in a long and faithful course of reading. He perused an immense mass of literature—history, theology, legend, poetry, fiction, romance and drama. His official position gave him access to the Turkish archives and enabled him to observe with a thoroughness possible to few strangers the life and manners of the Turks. Further, he succeeded in gaining the personal friendship of the Sultan.

His methods of work are extremely careful and conscientious. In Winter he writes in the comfortable study in his residence. But in Summer he is enabled to enjoy his favorite method of composition. Then he seeks the

shades of the grove around his house and the seclusion of a fly tent spread in a chosen spot under a great beech tree, away back and hidden from the street. Seated in a low rocking chair, he writes upon a lap-board which rests across the high square arms of the chair. The board is covered with chamois skin, which keeps his papers from slipping off. For his first draft he uses print paper cut into sixteen sheets, and writes with a lead pencil. He frequently rewrites a sentence twenty times before he is satisfied with it, and what he writes one day is subjected to a careful scrutiny on the next morning, polished and repolished, until frequently it is reduced to only a couple of hundred words. When his work passes muster next morning it is incorporated in the final copy. Small books of yellow paper, folded and stitched at the back by Mrs. Wallace, are brought into requisition. Each contains thirty-six pages. The first draft, with its corrections, is copied in the General's neat and legible chirography. Not a point or a comma is omitted. But even this manuscript never reaches the printer. The whole is re-copied by Mrs. Wallace, and it is her handwriting which goes to the publishers.

#### FLAMMARION'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT JUVISSY

One of the most romantic episodes in the life of a writer is to be found in the manner in which Flammarion, the French scientific romancer, or romantic scientist, came into possession of his home at Juvisy. Like other men of note, he has all his life had a great following of admirers who have followed his work with fidelity and veneration. One of these was a Mr. Méret, a man with whom Flammarion's acquaintance was limited to the receipt of long letters, which the author answered with the merest acknowledgment of their receipt. His surprise may be imagined when he received news one day of the death of this person, and that, having no direct heirs, he had bequeathed to

Flammarion a superb country place at Juvisy, where the scientist might continue his stellar studies.

The estate which fell thus fortunately into his possession was no barren waste, but a well-known landmark in French history known as the Cour de France. Situated upon the old post road from Fontainebleau to Paris, it was a stopping place for French monarchs on their journeys from the magnificent park and its splendid palaces to the capital. It was there, also, that Napoleon learned in 1814 of the capitulation of Paris, a spot from which he hastened in order to make his final farewell preparations at Fontainebleau itself.

The Cour de France is an old French chateau, tenanted with precious relics of the past. Flammarion has transformed it into a perfect laboratory. The library is filled with scientific works, while the observatory, built by him, is in constant charge of two distinguished specialists, who keep minute records of the doings of all the heavenly bodies. He is in constant receipt of the testimonials and aid of admirers in these researches.

MAARTEN MAARTENS  
THE DUTCH NOVELIST

Maarten Maartens, novelist and poet, says the *London Literary World*, was born in Holland in 1858, and, when a boy visited England with his parents; but he has not been in this country since his twelfth year, until recently, when he was the guest of Mr. G. Bentley, the publisher, at Slough. He was mainly educated at a German grammar school and a Dutch university, but English was spoken a great deal in his home, and he writes in that language with the utmost ease. Mr. Maartens's first work, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, was written in Paris, and, after being refused by most of the leading London publishing houses, was eventually published in 1889. Two years later, Messrs. Bentley published his second work, *An Old Maid's Love*, which attracted much attention. The same firm also issued last

Autumn, *God's Fool*, the best work, some of his friends think, that he has yet done. His latest novel, *The Greater Glory*, was begun in Holland, and finished a few weeks ago in an Alpine chalet; it is now appearing monthly in the pages of *Temple Bar*.

"*God's Fool*," said Mr. Maartens, in a recent chat as to his literary work, "is a pure creation. I have never met any human being blind and deaf and of weakened intellect yet filled with such a sense of spiritual things. The idea is, I think, the New Testament one of the foolishness of God being wiser than men, etc.; and from my point of view there are many God's fools to be found among the obscurest people of the earth; while at the same time I do not deny that there are what I might, for the want of a better word, call plenty of devil's fools, to be found also. But curiously enough," added Mr. Maartens, "soon after my book came out a gentleman wrote to me from London saying that he knew of an exactly similar instance of a child being deprived of sight, hearing, and of intellectual development, and yet growing up to the full strength of physical manhood, and filled with a supersensitiveness in all things spiritual." The real name of the novelist is not Maartens but J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz.

F. Hopkinson Smith gave a reading not long ago at a fashionable Rochester Club, and several men were asked to remain after the audience had departed, eat a rarebit, and make the acquaintance of the guest of the evening. When the cigars were lighted, says the *Detroit Free Press*, Mr. Smith, in response to a request, read his inimitable description of the carving of the canvas-back, from Colonel Carter, of Cartersville. There was a burst of applause when the reading was finished, followed by a moment of silence. Then spoke a gilded youth of the circle: "Mr. Smith, have you ever published anything in bookform?"



## RANDOM READING: ESSAYS IN MINIATURE

## THE HUMAN SIDE OF GREAT MEN

*New York Press*

It would matter little if the Rev. Dr. MacArthur should succeed in proving that Columbus was not a moral man. If the great navigator had been a model of morality in the age in which he lived he would probably have gone into a monastery or preceded Xavier as an apostle of the Indies. He certainly would not have followed the sea and thereby acquired the knowledge necessary for his unparalleled undertaking. It ill becomes Americans, therefore, to attack the character of the man who made possible the America of to-day.

But, as a matter of fact, Dr. MacArthur is threshing over very old straw in assailing Columbus on the ground of alleged immorality. Critics at least as severe have been in the field before, and the world has not opened its eyes either in astonishment or condemnation. It is easy to discover flaws in the character of the truly great—much easier than it is to be truly great.

The heroes of history should be judged from the standpoint of their time and their achievements, and not with the magnifying glass of microscopical criticism, that brings each roughness and irregularity into bold relief. When Phidias had completed his statue of Olympian Jove, the spectators discerned various defects in the mighty work, but Phidias asked them to wait, before criticising, until the statue had been elevated to its lofty seat, and then the figure appeared in all its perfection of art, the most wonderful triumph of ancient sculpture, the fitting image of the ruler of Grecian gods.

So it is with greatness. Its faults, its foibles and imperfections are forgotten in the well rounded outline of mighty achievement. Who thinks of the charges made against Cæsar in

the Senate of his sympathy with the Catiline conspiracy, and of his harshness in family relations, when estimating the position in the world's history of the founder of Roman Imperialism? Who takes into account the personal frailties of Napoleon in measuring the genius of the man who tore the veil of feudalism from the face of slumbering Europe? Or, to come nearer home, who cares to dwell on the confessed culpability of Alexander Hamilton in paying homage to that master mind which exercised such a dominant influence in making the federal constitution a real bond of union instead of a rope of sand?

Virtue is always admirable, and should always be encouraged. But censorious criticism of the human weaknesses of men who have accomplished great things for mankind in the past does not tend to make men better in the present.

## THE VALUE OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS

*The Baltimore Sun*

What are known as first impressions are very dear to the lovers of fine prints, and from this circumstance it has passed into a saying that "first impressions are the best," and then by analogy the saying is applied to mental impressions. As a matter of fact the first impressions of an engraving are nearly always imperfect, and many are destroyed before perfect prints are secured, these earlier perfect copies then getting the name of first impressions. With this understanding of the meaning of the term it may be true that first mental impressions—that is to say, the first perfect impressions, are the best. But those that are really first are very often as bad as the first proofs of an engraving. In all matters requiring judgment one must guard against the effects of first impressions naturally superficial.

A critic entering an art gallery is

attracted by this or that picture because of its novel subject, its boldness, its high color, or some other similar attribute. If he is a wise critic he withholds his judgment until a second or a third visit has enabled him to study the pictures. He may then find that the striking pictures are meretricious, and that much more modest works, scarcely noticed at first, have greater merits. In fact, it has been observed as a general rule that the most satisfying works of art are not the kind that attract one's attention at first, so that first impressions in an art gallery are not to be relied on as safe guides.

Our first impressions of men and of cities are also likely to be erroneous. We arrive in a strange place in perfect health, at a time when the weather conditions are favorable; our appetite is of the best, and we go away singing the praises of the hotel and the neighborhood for ever afterward. Our friend follows us. He may be suffering from dyspepsia, be annoyed by the disappearance of his baggage, get caught in a rain-storm, and be obliged to sleep in a stuffy room with his window down. His first impression will be very different from ours. The place is the same, but it is seen under different conditions.

But the thing, above all, about which we should be careful is the forming of fixed impressions of men before we have become familiar with them. They also appear different under different conditions, and one's first impression of a new acquaintance may be made false or imperfect by accidental conditions affecting either. Some men habitually turn their best side out to strangers or new acquaintances and some their worst. The latter are to be preferred, for they at least improve on acquaintance. But in all matters requiring judgment—and there is no judgment of more importance than that which we pass upon our fellow-men—we should wait, in plain, simple justice, to hear the evidence before we pronounce a verdict.

We cannot avoid receiving impressions, but we should hold them tentatively, and not allow the first we get to become fixed until they have been confirmed. Under a gruff exterior there is often a kindly heart, and who has not known an Oily Gammon who, in spite of his smooth ways and kindly speeches, has turned out to be utterly heartless and selfish? Instead of welcoming first mental impressions as being superior to those afterward obtained, we should beware of them as superficial and very likely wrong. And especially in judging men we should see them very often and under various conditions before venturing to form or express fixed opinions about their characters or attainments. There is no more complex thing than man, and the wisest among us cannot hope to understand him at a glance, as would be the case if first impressions were really the best.

#### TRUE COURAGE

Howard Henderson..... *Ram's Horn*

The braggart who is "spoiling for a fight," who makes a walking arsenal of himself, carrying a pistol in his hip pocket, a dirk in his bosom, a slung-shot on his wrist, can at any time be elevated by decent pluck, by a firm hand to his coat-collar, and the man who lifts him will not smell of gunpowder. It is the man who does not want to fight; who will not fight, unless something as dear as life fires his courage; the cool, calm, collected man, that can be trusted when the long roll is rallying for the fight. He is not the hero who feels no fear in the presence of danger, but the man who realizes his peril and yet stands to his colors, or his post. He who snatches the wreath of fame from the curling smoke of the cannon's mouth is the man who tramples down his fears and rushes to the charge impelled by patriotic principle. The bully who boasts the brute courage he holds in common with the wolf, who hears not to heed the groans of the dying, is not the stuff of which heroes

are made. Such were not the men who sang "Annie Laurie" in the trenches of the Crimea, whose tears "washed off the stains of powder;" such were not the troops of the Iron Cromwell, who went from their knees into battle and crushed the haughty chivalry of England into the dust as if they had been but tinselled school-boys; such were not the psalm-singing Methodists of Nelson, who, on the slippery deck and amid the broadside's reeling rack, did their duty to England; but they were men of gentle hearts, who thought of the loved at home and, for their sake, their sake alone, dreaded the carnage of battle.

#### THE TRANSPLANTATION OF SLANG

*T. W. Higginson.....Harper's Bazar*

In a late English book of travels, describing the tour of a husband and wife through rural France, and entitled "Across France in a Caravan," there is to be found an extraordinary infusion of American newspaper slang and frontier phraseology. The book is apparently written by a university man; but the phrases appear singly, sprinkled everywhere through the book, and never with any quotation marks by way of apology. It would be hard to find an American book by the most illiterate man in which such language would be used; and yet the writer is evidently, in this case, wholly unconscious that he is writing anything but the most lively and agreeable narration.

Among the phrases are the following: "Sheer cussedness," "considerably tickled," "on the spree," "slant-indicular," "loafing about," "a little riling," "Joseph had been yarning about us," "James [a dog] went for it [a small child], and it disappeared," "one show was run by an elderly gentleman," "the mares did not see [i. e., desire] going on again," "his chief sat on him with force," "the pictures were most ghastly," "the London Police news wasn't in it." Some of these phrases occur over and over again; and the author, if he thinks

anything about it at all, undoubtedly feels he has enriched his vocabulary.

In the interchange of slang phrases, as with breadstuffs and meat, the balance of trade with England is in our favor—if favor it be. We export more than we import. The number of slang phrases which come this way is very much smaller; but there is a certain melancholy satisfaction in noting that these imported weeds are of very much coarser texture than our own. Very few of the phrases quoted above would be used by any well-bred American in speaking; almost none of them in print. Some of them are terse, some are silly, but they are not coarse or gross, like the English phrases which come to us. It is repulsive to hear an American young lady, who has spent a Summer in England, calling things "beastly" and "nasty" and "stinking" and "rot," all these being phrases which come quite easily from the lips of her English cousins. It is not even agreeable to hear these latter speak of "tubbing" and "cleaning themselves," and similar phrases borrowed from the stable; language such as made Lord Melbourne complain that the London fine ladies gave him too much of their natural history.

It is undoubtedly true, as Emerson has said, that all slang is language in the making. It begins from the people at large, not from the poets or the makers of dictionaries. It comes from those who make words for use, as farmers and mechanics used to make their own tools as they needed them before the days of machinery. More than thirty years ago, when the fashion of traveling shawls for gentlemen first came to this country, a certain youth of my acquaintance flung his new gray shawl and walked down the street. He passed a building on whose roof the carpenters were shingling. The clatter of their hammers ceased as he passed by, but this did not seem inappropriate; when a young person of either sex assumes a new garment, should not the world's

work pause that it may be contemplated? Presently from that roof a voice fell like a falling star—as in the poem of “Excelsior”—to this effect: “Hum! Hoss blankets is riz!” Volumes could not have said more. Those Spartans who fined Ctesiphon for saying in thirty words what he might have said in fifteen could hardly have concentrated their verdict on a new fashion into fewer syllables. It is a case where literature would have been powerless; only a working carpenter could have hit the case, as accurately and inevitably as he would have driven a nail. The youth returned home, sadder and wiser, and the gray shawl descended to its proper function of a railway rug.

Slang is the transition of a phrase from a carpenter's hammer or the blacksmith's forge into the speech of cultivated men. Most of it is dropped on the way; much of it is merely a trivial variation of epithets, accompanied by no more thought than a young lady uses in distributing her “lovely” or her “awfully.” In the young English author's narrative, already quoted, “riling” and “yarning” and “tickled” have obvious figurative meanings, but they added nothing to the language. “Loafing about” is tolerably established, and, as Lowell has shown, matches analogous terms in other languages. “Run by” has almost established itself as a bit of condensation. “Wasn't in it” and “did not see going on” may never get much beyond the race-course—that is, the horse-race—and the more strenuous race-course of the daily papers. “Sat on him” and “went for it” are so undeniably vigorous that it is impossible to be sure that they will not one day be in better company than they are now.

But, after all is said and done, there are always two contending forces in language, which are always tending to match and counteract each other, like the sand and the waves on the seashore, or like ordnance and armor

in naval construction. Slang represents original force, and cultivation represents acquired force; and they are always limiting one another. To refer again to Joubert—whose thoughts (*Pensées*) concentrate within themselves more of pungency and penetration than can be found either in Goethe or in Emerson—he points out that the more original humor a nation possesses, the more it will have of life and *brusquerie* in manner; the more accent, in short. Its degree of accent measures its want of self-control. Courtiers accustomed to self-control, he says, have no accent whatever. Thoroughly trained men and women, always equal, always calm, always keeping on a high plane, also express without accent their thoughts and feelings. No eminent man has ever kept absolutely pure and complete the accent of his compatriots. *Jamais homme éminent n'a gardé pur, c'est-à-dire entire, l'accent de ses compatriotes.* That is, his training has so far brought him on the ground of universal cultivation that whatever is local and limited appears only as a slight flavor, not as a controlling influence. And this is eminently true, no doubt, of that intensified accent which we call slang.

#### THE PRACTICAL JESTER

*Lippincott's Magazine*

The practical jester has been rightly banished from respectable society. A practical joke, except between people who are very young or very intimately acquainted, is now looked upon as little better than a bit of blackguardism. But time was when this form of jesting flourished apace. And the time is not very remote. The middle of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present saw its acme. Grave philosophers and courtly wits played mad pranks on each other. The verb “to bite,” “to be bitten,” used more often in the passive than in the active voice, was invented in Swift's days to describe the relative position

of hoaxer and hoaxee. Early in 1800 a couple of clubs were founded in London for the express purpose of "biting between the members."

Actors have always been great practical jesters. Garrick used to be fond of mystifying his friends. One evening, when he expected Dr. Monsey to call on him, he asked the servant to conduct the doctor into his bedroom. Garrick was announced for King Lear that night, but the doctor found him stretched on the bed, with his night-cap on. He was really dressed, but the quilt covered him completely. Monsey expressed surprise, as it was time for the actor to be at the theatre to dress for his part. Garrick, in whining, languid tones, told him he was too sick to play himself, but that there was an actor named Marr so like him in face and figure, and so excellent a mimic, that he would impose upon the audience. As soon as the doctor had left the room, Garrick jumped out of bed and hastened to the theatre. Monsey attended the performance. He was bewildered, sometimes doubting and sometimes only wondering at the extraordinary resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At the end of the play he hurried back to Garrick's house to discover whether or not a trick had been played upon him. But Garrick had been too quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same apparent condition of illness. Grimaldi, the clown, had the tables turned upon him. He had a shrewish wife and a bad temper of his own. The pair succeeded in making their lives so unutterably wretched that at last, in despair, they determined to end them. Grimaldi went out and purchased "an ounce of arsenic to poison the rats." After swallowing each a moiety, the pair separated, that they might not witness each other's pangs. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room. The door between the two rooms was left open. A long silence ensued. Each listened

anxiously, intensely. But nothing was heard save an occasional sob from Mrs. G., or a quivering sigh from Mr. G. At last Grimaldi, in a deep, low voice, asked, "Are you dead, love?" With a sigh she answered, "No." "Damnation!" he cried, in perplexity. "Grimaldi!" she returned, reproachfully. Half an hour elapsed. Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband stretched out cold and motionless were before her. "Mr. Grimaldi!" she cried, "are you dead?" The gruff reply came, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically. At last, the lady's turn coming again, she tremblingly raised herself in her bed and cried out, "Mr. Grimaldi! my love, are you not dead?" as if his living were what gamblers would call a bluff. Grimaldi calmly replied, "No, my dear, I am not; and I don't think I shall die to-night, unless it be of starvation! Get up out of the bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and see for some supper, for I am very hungry!" He had at last found out the truth. The apothecary knew the couple, and, guessing their purpose, had given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

#### THE WITNESS OF CHARACTER

##### *The Outlook*

The most convincing evidence of immortality is to be found, not in argument, but in character; for there is often in high and beautiful natures a quality which carries with it the conviction of its own continuance. It was this mysterious element of character which made Hume declare that whenever he thought of his mother he believed in immortality! The Rhone, sweeping impetuously past the quays and under the bridges of Geneva, conveys by its very velocity an impression of the heights from which it has come; the Amazon, by its very breadth and volume, testifies to the vastness of waters into which it pours itself. So there are natures



so pure and high that they bring with them the consciousness of having come from God; while the force of their moral impulses and the steadfastness of their loyalty to spiritual ideas predict the nobler life to which they move, as the seed predicts the flower it is later to grow and the fruit it is later to bear. Christ was more than the truth He taught; He was the Truth itself. There was that in Him which made the resurrection morning credible and the ascension natural. To put such truths into the thoughts of men was to be the greatest of teachers; but to live such a life in this troubled world was to be a Saviour of humanity.

For nothing imparts life but life; knowledge cannot do it, nor wisdom, nor strength, nor any gift or grace; life flows only from life; and not until knowledge, wisdom, strength, and grace becomes vitalized by incarnation in a human life have they power to reproduce themselves in others. Abstract talk about patriotism leaves the boy's imagination cold, but one glance at a living hero and his heart leaps up with joy that, after all, the dreams of youth are true. Beauty has made many a pen eloquent, but the soul is not moved until the vision comes before it, and thenceforth words are not needed. Love has many beautiful tributes in the books, but no one understands its mystery and its sacredness until it possesses his own soul or he sees it shining from the soul of another. The world is full of these noble incarnations of truth and goodness and purity; and this revelation of the divine realities is continued age after age in countless households and in unnumbered communities. Many a patient, quiet woman has been to her children a chapter of that great Bible of life which God is continually writing; many a wife has been, to a husband less noble and steadfast, as the light of a star which no darkness could quench, and whose gentle shining has been a part of heaven to him.

Fortunate are they whose ideals, unrealized in their own characters, walk beside them in the daily ministry and fidelity of others, and who are bound, therefore, to faith in the nobler possibilities of life. For no one can live day by day with the integrity and love of another, manifesting their presence and their power as naturally as the earth manifests the vitality within it, without being convinced, not only of the reality, but of the immortality of these great qualities. They who possess them are not the prey of death, for death belongs to time; but these beautiful spirits are not of the earth, any more than the thought of the poet is of the words he uses, or the vision of the sculptor of the marble which suggests but does not contain it.

And yet the words and the marble are precious and necessary; they are not the thought, but they convey the thought to us, and they bring the vision within the boundaries of our seeing. They translate for us that which is above us, and by the very beauty of the form in which they come they convince us of their reality. In like manner, and with a kindred power of persuasion, the divinest truths are continually coming to us. They are not like shining mountain summits, filling us at the same moment with longing and with despair; they speak our language; they share our lot; they are of our household. Purity, righteousness, fidelity, love, dwell with us in forms and faces so familiar that we sometimes forget for the moment what they reveal; but their message is so clear that we cannot long miss its meaning. They do not testify of immortality; they are immortal. And there is no diviner privilege bestowed upon men than this power not only to realize God's thought in their own natures, but to reveal that thought. The good, the pure, and the beautiful who are with us are witnesses from heaven, and bring the air of their home with them into this troubled world.

## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FANCIES

### EDUCATION OF A SOCIETY GIRL

Robert Grant.....Scribner's Magazine

Is it not bewilderingly true that every young woman of position and manners in Christendom, be her father a Knight of the Garter or Congressman, her mother an azure-blooded countess or the ambitious better half of a retired grocer, finds on the threshold of life only one course open to her if she desires to be conventional, and to do what is naturally expected of her? From twelve to eighteen instruction—and in these latter days exemplary instruction—Latin, Greek, if there is a craving for it, history, psychology, chemistry, political economy, to say nothing of the modern languages and special courses in Summer in botany, conchology, and physiology.

And then, dating from a long anticipated day, or rather night, a metamorphosis startling as the transition of the cocoon; a formal letting loose of the finished maiden on the polished parquet floor of the social arena. Tra-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la! Off she whirls to the rhythm of a Strauss waltz or a blood-stirring polka, and for the next four years, on an average, she never stops, metaphorically speaking. She may not always be waltzing or polkaing, but if she is conventionally sound she is sure to be in a whirl. She exchanges daylight for gaslight; her daily sustenance is stewed mushrooms with a rich gray gravy, beef-tea and ice cream, varied by an occasional mouthful of fillet as a conscience composer. All Winter she participates in a feverish round of balls, receptions, luncheons, dinners, teas, theatre parties, with every now and then a wedding. All Summer she sails, floats, glides, sits, perches, sprawls, walks, meanders, talks, climbs, rides, saunters, or dances madly as her mood or circumstances suggest.

There is her life, varying a little according to clime and disposition, according to whether she is daughter of a duke or of a successful grocer. Fancy living on mushrooms with a rich gray gravy and successfully waltzing, meandering, or floating with the Tom, Dick, and Harry of the workaday social world from eighteen to thirty!

### THE BOUDOIR ON WHEELS

Isabel Dundas.....St. Paul Pioneer Press

The "fin de siècle" coupé, such as the present female "glass of fashion and mold of form" uses when on social duties intent, is in all truth a "marvelous" vehicle.

The coupé is a derivative from the old sedan-chair, which in the days of George III. was put on wheels and called a cabriolet. It has a straight back, a deeply curved bottom, lamps like great balls of crystal, and is hung very easily on deftly curved and scrolled C-springs. Here it usually is tired with metal; but abroad, under the régime of asphalt and wood pavements, the rubber tire is largely in vogue—let us all hope that the time is not far distant when we in American cities may also roll softly and noiselessly over the streets.

The outside colors and reliefs of the modern coupé are beginning to be somewhat a matter of taste. Of course, invisible browns, greens and blues are perfectly conventional, but it is now admitted that a departure in the direction of somewhat heightened colors and more intensified reliefs is quite proper; and we may be working backward toward the brilliant blazes of crimson or yellow or cream colors which characterized the old time cabriolet. Certainly such a departure would greatly enliven our somber streets.

Given the well-built, well-hung vehicle, with its decorous and prop-

erly "turned out" coachman and footman, and a really good coupé horse to draw it about, the internal fittings of this boudoir on wheels next become the matter of interest.

Inside of the typical vehicle of this kind, with its lining of leather, which is not good for clothes, or of satin, which is really not in good taste, or of brocade, which in the proper shade is quite delightful, are assembled a bewildering number of conveniences and comforts.

In front will be found a rack richly ornamented with shell or silver for the ever-necessary visiting book. Above it, to guide the lady through her various engagements, is the dainty time-piece which attracts attention to itself and the hour by melodiously sounding the chimes. In a convenient place is the mirror, framed in a shell chased with gold. A socket carries a cut-glass vase, where are always fresh and fragrant the fair occupant's favorite flowers. This vase is so arranged that the water is not shaken out of it, no matter what the street commissioner has been doing to the pavements.

In the well-padded and tufted walls are many pockets into which are stowed various necessary articles for repairs. A powder box of shell and gold has its place near the mirror, and will aid in rectifying all little defects, even in the short time taken by James, the footman, to run up a flight of steps, ring a bell and receive his answer, while John, the coachman, sits on the box solitary, stately, silent, grave, and with—let us hope—his whip held at a proper angle.

Slipped into another pocket is a gold-stoppered bottle with perfumed water, from yet another peeps out the aromatic salts, without which no well conducted woman moves to-day. Albeit, we are not a race, as a rule, given to fainting.

A tiny pin cushion, a glove but-toner, an atomizer are all in their places—much as if a journey like unto the old coaching days was in order of

being taken. With the check cord and speaking tube, John may be admonished on his box.

Naturally, all these interior conveniences are looked after and kept in condition by Marie, the maid; all the movables being duly committed to her charge by the footman, when the carriage goes home for the night.

Truly delightful is a modern coupé, and it is a pity and a shame that the price of one is so high! But when it is considered that the vehicle will, together with its appurtenances, ruin a \$1,000-bill, and that that rare creature, a perfect coupé horse, is cheap at another thousand, and that one should have two of them in case of accident, and that John and James will cost at least \$100 a month besides their liveries and board—it will be seen that without a fairish and fixed bank account, the career of the owner of a modern coupé is likely to be sad and brief.

#### BEAUTY OF THE FACE

*Christine T. Herrick.....Harper's Bazar*

There are plenty of women who would not if they could, by taking thought, add one cubit to their stature. Neither would they make one hair of their heads black or white. But few indeed are those who would not gladly effect some alteration in the color or dimensions of their eyes, the shape of their noses, or the size of their ears. Happy among women is she who has been blessed with satisfactory eyes. For eyes are such hopeless affairs. Surgery in this day undertakes to alter the shape of the nose, to take a reef in the too wide disspread ears; but no science has yet been discovered that will make of two insignificant peep-holes of the soul great melting orbs through which one seems to be able to gaze into the depths of the heart.

The cruel part of it is that very often the soul of the small-eyed woman would very much better reward inspection than that of her ox-eyed sister. But, alas! it is the latter to

whom one looks for fine feelings and sensibility, and all, forsooth, because nature has distributed her gifts with so little apparent wisdom.

The woman whose eyes are too small for beauty should at least take the best possible care of them, that they may not become still less attractive. She must guard them from a strong light, that they may not be weak and reddened. She must not read by a poor lamp or in an insufficient light, lest she strain them. If she suffers from burning or soreness of the lids, she should bathe her eyes night and morning in as hot water as she can bear upon them. She should not wear dotted veils unless her eyes are exceptionally strong. Even then she runs the risk of injuring them.

Above all, no woman should let the desire to beautify herself tempt her to put into her eyes belladonna, cologne or any other of the preparations that are said to enlarge the pupil and enhance its brilliancy. Neither should she yield to the suggestion that she may increase the apparent size of the eyes by darkening the lashes. Not only are all these preparations dangerous to the health of the eye, but any kind of coloring matter, unless applied by an expert, is so obvious as to render the would-be charmer absurd. The eye should never be violently rubbed, and no eye-water should be employed to reduce inflammation except one prescribed by an oculist.

The woman who squints should never rest satisfied until she has submitted the infirmity to the inspection of an oculist. It is an affliction that can almost always be cured.

Short and scanty eyelashes are a cross to any woman, and it is said that their growth may be encouraged by the application of vaseline to the edge of the lids. As vaseline is affirmed to cause superfluous hair when used on the face, it should certainly have some effect in provoking the capillary glands on the eyelids to action.

The growth of the eyebrows may be promoted in the same way, but

a heavy eyebrow is so little of a beauty to a woman that they are sometimes trimmed by face specialists. The eyebrows should be brushed regularly. Clipping makes them thicker.

Some sanguine persons affirm that constant stroking and pinching will alter the shape of the nose, but the task would be long and tedious. Miss Julia Marlowe is said to have changed her nose from a length and shape that would only have suited a comedy actress to the size and outline that are not amiss in the tragic parts to which she has devoted herself.

Even if a woman cannot develop a classic nose from a snub or a pug, she can keep her nose, such as it is, in such good condition that if it is not beautiful, it is at least not disagreeable to view. Black-heads have already been mentioned. They will disfigure the most beautiful nose, and no pains should be spared in using means for removing them.

A red nose is a great trial to a girl, and is caused more frequently than some women would believe by tight shoes and tight lacing. The removal of these causes of offence will often persuade the nose to renew its normal hue. If the inflammation is local, the nose should be bathed night and morning in very hot water. A little cologne and borax may be added to the water, and are said to be efficient in reducing the color.

Large and prominent ears are less of a disfigurement to a woman than to a man. She can at least dress her hair so as to lessen their saliency, while his close-cropped head makes them stand out in all their enormity—or enormousness. Still, even with the aid of a judiciously arranged coiffure, a woman can hardly be attractive whose ears are, in vulgar phrase, "wing and wing." If she does not wish to have the surgical operation performed that will make them lie in close to her head, she may at least confine them at night by one of the caps of tape or lace net that

have recently been imported for the benefit of children thus afflicted.

The cure will doubtless be tedious with an adult, but the remedy is worth trying. It goes without saying that absolute cleanliness of the ear is essential. Since this is the case, it is a pity that women do not always take pains to cleanse perfectly the "hem" of the ear instead of so often leaving there the fine black line that bespeaks haste or carelessness in the toilet.

#### WEDDING GIFTS OF A PRINCESS

*The London Telegraph*

Recognizing the kindly interest in the welfare of the people of Ireland and the desire to assist their industries which Princess May, following the example of the Duchess of Teck, has always displayed, the ladies of the sister island have made their wedding offering to the princess on her marriage to the Duke of York, at once typical, useful and handsome. It consisted of complete suites of the best Irish linen household damask that the looms of the country could produce. One of the pieces is a damask table cloth 4 yards long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards wide. The border, of some depth, is composed of York roses gracefully intertwined with May blossoms. This is repeated in a narrow inner border, and between the two borders in the middle of the cloth on each side are the royal arms of the Duke of York's quarterings, and this insignia fill in the four corners. A narrow bordering of flowers incloses the insignia of the bride. The pattern is a departure from the usual lines because the decorative sections are not put into the center, where they are generally covered by a dish, but so disposed as to be effectively displayed.

In 1763 a service of porcelain was made at Chelsea as a gift from Queen Charlotte to her brother, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Streilitz. After a lapse of more than a century the people of Norwich elected to show

their loyalty and good wishes to Princess May on her marriage to the Duke of York by presenting her, a member of the Mecklenberg family, with a state dessert service copied from the original set. Rococo in style, the borders of the design are formed in festoons of painted flowers, richly gilded and intersected at equal distances with medallions of a mazarine ground, on which, in the old Chelsea style, are butterflies and other insects in raised and chased gilt work. The centers of the plates and prominent positions on the sides of the larger dishes and bowls, which in the old Chelsea ware were adorned with representations of birds, are in this service occupied by the Duke of York's badge of the Garter, very delicately and accurately imitated.

The people of Yarmouth have presented a tea and coffee service to match, the only difference in the design being the addition of the Rose of York on the opposite side of the cup to the Garter. This is done to avoid repeating the badge on a small article. Each set consists of about 116 pieces, and the reproduction is a splendid example of modern ceramic art. The china of the duke's selection for York cottage and York house is very good, but plain. For the former residence it is white with gilt edges and a sunken inscription, "The Duke of York," on a gilt ground inside the ledge of the plates, and for the latter it has a blue and gilt edge with the Garter badge in delicate form inside the ledge.

The general committee of the Yorkshire county present had at their disposal a sum of £1,200. It was decided that the presentation should take the form of a piece of art furniture; a committee of selection was appointed and a Louis XVI. writing table has been purchased. It is one of a pair imported from Italy about thirty years ago, is made of kingwood, richly mounted in ormolu, and is 17 feet 6 inches long by 3 feet 10 inches broad.



The deep top moulding is of ormolu and chased acanthus leaves. The table is decorated all around with panels of ormolu, consisting of large floreated rosettes, with smaller ones resembling sunflowers, and enclosed in twisted ormolu frames of uniform design.

The bulk of the wedding gifts were removed to the Imperial Institute, where they were all open to the inspection of visitors. The presents, which filled about twenty vans, were exhibited in the north gallery of the institute. The horses and ponies were placed in stables at one end, and the carriages, sleighs and boats at the other. The pictures, which form no inconsiderable part of the presents, were shown in the upper central gallery. Among the paintings sent to the duke are these:

A portrait by Landseer of the Duchess of Teck when she was a little girl, in the attitude of holding a biscuit to a large St. Bernard dog. The donors of this work of art are Baron de Rothschild and family. Portraits of the Duke of York and Princess May by Luke Fildes, from the proprietors of the Graphic; painting of "A Moorish Temple," from the Duke of Edinburgh; portrait of the Prince of Wales when a youth, given by the artist, Desanges; picture of "Naples," given by the hereditary Princess of Sax-Meiningen; a copy of the portrait of Empress Frederick, by Angeli, at Windsor Castle, the copy having been made by the empress herself and presented by her.

Prominent among the other presents to his royal highness are: An old French ebony and ormolu clock, the gift of the Princess of Wales; a Chippendale escritoire from Princess Christian; a pair of richly chased silver vases from Empress Eugenie; a rug with lion's head from the Duke d'Orleans; a case of thirty-six mother-of-pearl table knives from the Duke of Abercorn; a large inlaid Indian silver cabinet, with jugs and beakers, from the Maharajah of

Bhownagar; an old sword which belonged to the late Duke of York, from Mr. T. S. Barry, M. P.; a four-light candelabra from Sir A. Borthwick, M. P.; a Book of Common Prayer, signed by Convocation in 1861, from the Archbishop of Canterbury; a Cranmer Bible, from Mr. Childers; seven volumes of "Gleanings of Past Years," from Mr. Gladstone; two large vases from the households of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian; an inkstand in the shape of a police helmet, from the police of Marlborough House; a gold "blindman's watch," by Dent, made for the first Duke of Wellington, presented by the present duke; a snuff box of Frederick Prince of Wales, M. and Mme. de Falbe; a chased silver coffee pot of 1730, once belonging to Frederick Prince of Wales, presented by Messrs. Garrod; two silver gilt dishes from Lord and Lady Coleridge; an old Brunswick sword from Sir William Fraser; a Louis XV. clock from Princess Victor, of Hohenlohe; a floral epergne, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; silver gilt antique ewer, Lord Roseberry; Japanese ormolu mounted cabinet, Baron and Baroness Hirsch; and a carved tray made out of the wood of the Victory, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, given by Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett, M. P. The wood was taken from the Victory when she was being repaired some years ago.

Cols. George and Augustus Fitz-George have chosen as their gift to the Duke of York a surprise spirit table. The top is formed of two flaps, which, upon being opened, bring up to the surface a complete set of spirit decanters, with tumblers, liquor glasses, arrangement for lemon squash, water jug, etc. The wedding gift to the Duke of York from the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors consists of a Louis Seize cabinet containing a water color drawing by each of the members. Princess May has accepted from A. L. Perrett, a London goldsmith and

jeweler, a miniature mouse trap, with captive mice, the whole being his own handiwork. The mice are made from the pips of Australian apples, and the cage is of Indian gold wire and African ivory. The gift of the staff and sick sailors in the Dreadnaught hospital, Greenwich (the chief hospital of the Seamen's Hospital Society), is a ship's barometer, mounted in silver, and engraved with a model of the old Dreadnaught, and it bears an appropriate inscription.

#### WHO MAKES THE FASHIONS

*Westminster Budget*

Dismiss from your mind the idea that artists and painters have anything to do with the matter. When a fashion of a certain period is revived, as for instance, just now, the "1830," rumor always has it that, because the costumes of that time were quaint or picturesque, some great artist prompted their re-adoption. He did nothing of the kind. Great artists are, as a rule, great enough in common sense to know that however well old-world dresses may look in pictures, they are not, with very rare exceptions, adaptable to the wear and tear of the everyday life of the present.

Another popular idea is that most fashions are set by some elegant woman of the world. This also is imagining vain things. Very occasionally it may happen that a leading society lady, by wearing a certain costume or part of a costume of her own invention, sets a fashion. But, as a rule, that busiest of busy women, the ruler of a large and much-frequented *salon*, has neither time nor inclination to create her costumes. She prefers paying others for doing it for her.

Who, then, are "these others?" The majority are quiet women, themselves dressed in the simplest style, on whom none of their fashionable *clientèle* ever set eyes, but who, from behind the scenes, rule the world of fashion with an iron rod. They are

employed by leading business houses to puzzle out, week after week, something new, startling, effective, by means of which a society woman may outshine everybody else. These ladies, who are the real fashion-makers, are well paid, but of honors they have none, and their names, though they deserve it well, since for the most part they evolve fashions entirely out of their inner consciousness, do not go down to posterity.

Think of the change one single century has wrought among the fashion-makers! At the end of the eighteenth century, and, indeed, well into the present one, a doll, a single French doll, was all that was needed to give to the woman of the whole of civilized Europe the cue as to what they were expected to wear during a Summer or Winter season. This doll was dressed at Paris; thence it was sent to London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg; it had with it its day-dress, its silk evening costume, perhaps, for very stately occasions, a velvet robe, and a muslin or tarlatan frock for dancing.

Now, imagine how utterly *bourgeois* or provincial it would be were you to even dream of wearing the same visiting or evening gown through one whole season! But the modern frenzy for luxury in dress has now gone so far that even its most reckless advocates are beginning to pause, and there comes from Paris, the very throne of fashion, a strong appeal to all women to return to the graceful, elegant simplicity of the days of the past. "Let us cease to make simplicity a synonym of ugliness; let us no longer indulge in this restless chasing after change and notoriety, and let us return to the ways of the olden days when what was worn was good and 'rich as purse can buy,' but when it was not considered almost a disgrace to wear the same dresses for three or four months." Which words of wisdom should be printed in letters of gold over the doors of every "fashionable resort."

## CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

## LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

*The Jewish Messenger*

A goodby kiss is a little thing,  
 With your hand on the door to go,  
 But it takes the venom out of the sting  
 Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
 That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,  
 After the toil of the day,  
 But it smooths the furrows out of the  
 care,  
 And lines on the forehead you once called  
 fair,  
 In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,  
 I love you, my dear," each night;  
 But it sends a thrill through the heart, I  
 find,  
 For love is tender, as love is blind,  
 As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,  
 We take, but do not give;  
 It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
 But we dole love grudgingly, less and  
 less,  
 Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

## TO-MORROW

*Gerald Massey ..... Collected Poems*

High hopes that burned like stars sublime  
 Go down the heavens of freedom,  
 And true hearts perish in the time  
 We bitterliest need them.  
 But never sit we down and say  
 There's nothing left but sorrow;  
 We walk the wilderness to-day,  
 The promised land to-morrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes  
 With smiling futures glisten;  
 Lo! now its dawn bursts upon the sky—  
 Lean out your souls and listen.  
 The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,  
 And ripens with our sorrow,  
 And 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
 Brings victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,  
 And yet the tide heaves onward;

We climb like corals, grave by grave,  
 And beat a pathway sunward.  
 We're beaten back in many a fray,  
 Yet newer strength we borrow,  
 And where our vanguard rests to-day  
 Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years  
 The people's cry ascended;  
 The earth was wet with blood and tears  
 Ere their weak sufferings ended.  
 The few shall not forever sway,  
 The many toil in sorrow;  
 The bars of hell are strong to-day,  
 But right shall rule to-morrow.

## JENNY AND I

*Frank L. Stanton ..... Atlanta Constitution*

Jenny and I were lovers,  
 Many and many a year;  
 Poor as I be—but Jenny gave me  
 The gold of her moonlight hair;  
 And I said: "Too ragged a lover  
 To wed with the winsome witch!"  
 But she bent her head, with her lips o' red  
 And kissed me and made me rich.

Jenny and I were lovers,  
 Yonder—in storm and fair;  
 But her blue-bright eyes made the Summer  
 skies

And her smile the Spring o' the year.  
 Poor as a wayside beggar,  
 With her tresses around me curled,  
 Like veins o' gold in the rugged mold,  
 I was richer than all the world!

Jenny and I were lovers,  
 With only the sky above;  
 And we cared not for a painted cot,  
 For heaven was over our love.  
 The brooks were our mirrors—the water  
 wine  
 That sparkled by hill and glen;  
 Her face beamed pink where I stooped to  
 drink,  
 And the water was sweeter then!

Jenny and I were lovers,  
 Many and many a year;  
 But the rose was wed to her lips o' red  
 And the moonlight envied her hair;

And the red rose creeps where her true  
heart sleeps,  
And the moonlight falleth drear  
Where Jenny and I were lovers—  
Many and many a year!

**I SHALL BE SATISFIED**

*London World*

After the toil and turmoil,  
And the anguish of trust belied ;  
After the burden of weary cares,  
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;  
After the passion and fever and fret,  
After the aching of vain regret,  
After the hurry and heat of strife,  
The yearning and tossing that men call  
" life " ;

Faith that mocks, and fair hopes denied,  
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken  
At the sunny fountain side ;  
When the turf lies green and cold above  
Wrong and sorrow and loss and love ;  
When the great dumb walls of silence  
stand

At the doors of the undiscovered land ;  
When all we have left in our olden place  
Is an empty chair and a pictured face ;  
When the prayer is prayed, and the sigh is  
sighed,

I shall be satisfied.

**UNAWARE**

*Kate Putnam Osgood.....Worthington's*

Some day, when falls a sudden sense  
Of perfect peace on heart and brain,  
That comes, we know not why or whence,  
And ere we seek is gone again;

When breathes the unexpectant hour  
Strange beauty of an instant blown,  
As if a rose were full of flower  
Whose earliest buds we knew not grown.

Perchance, one wingéd moment sped  
Down the white heights of heavenly air,  
Some spirit of our blessed dead  
Hath stood beside us unaware!

**LIFE'S BATTLE**

*Ralph Nisbet.....Literary Northwest*

I had fought in life's hardest battle,  
Was wounded, weary and pressed,  
I had stood where the strife was sternest  
With a heart that longed for rest ;

And I said as my life goes onward  
Still darker the clouds of cares.  
Then I wept for the days departed  
And I called on my bygone years.

Dead years as a spectral legion  
Came marshalled forth at my call,  
I knew that I'd read their value  
To that eye that judges all ;

When I saw the days that I envied  
For their gladness, their pleasure, their  
mirth,  
They looked sad as they stood before  
me  
And fettered me to the earth.

But the days when my spirit struggled  
Though baffled, beaten, distressed,  
Were gleaming up toward the heavens  
The clearest, the purest, the best ;

So I turned again to the battle  
And whenever my spirit fears  
It is nerved when I think of that vision  
I saw of my bygone years.

**THE CALM THAT COMES AT EVENING**

*Cy. Warman.....New York Sun*

There's a calm that comes at evening,  
When the weary day is o'er,  
That's as soothing as the lullaby  
Our mothers sang of yore;  
And though the day be dreary,  
I can just forget it all,  
In the calm that comes at evening,  
When the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal  
From her waving window blinds;  
I can feel her perfumed presence  
Wafted to me on the winds;  
When I hush my heart to hear her,  
I can almost understand  
Her sweet welcome in the wimple  
Of the wind-wave from her hand.

When she laughs it's like the music  
Of the ripples on the rills,  
And her breath is like the fragrance  
Of the flowers that deck the hills.  
And though the day be dreary,  
I can just forget it all,  
In the calm that comes at evening,  
When the twilight shadows fall.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN UMBRELLA\*

Lying here on the floor of a closet, my head loose, one of my ribs in twain, and two others mended with a bootlace, I am no longer the umbrella I have been. But though my experiences may seem dark, I am not a cynic. I have had my gay moments as well as my misfortunes. If men have grumbled at me because I would not open, sweet words of love have been whispered beneath my covering; and if many have owned me, one has paid for me. Omitting all reference to my early years, why should I not now, as other veterans have done, set down some reminiscences of the men and women I have known? The first man with whom I had any close acquaintance was a minister. He came into the shop where I originally saw the light, and said that he wanted an umbrella. The kind he wanted was a very good one, of pure silk, and his only stipulation was that it should be as cheap as alpaca.

"John," said my maker to his assistant, "show the gentleman a Marquis, and keep the price down."

I am a Marquis, and after trying thirty-three of us, the minister selected me. While he was taking sixpence off the price, he had a conversation with my maker, which I did not understand at the time, though well I know its meaning now.

"You are the first minister," said my maker, "who has bought an umbrella to my knowledge for the last nine months."

"Why," said my new owner as he rolled me up very tight (for he was a young man), "it seems to me that all ministers carry umbrellas."

"That's another thing," says my maker.

"You mean," says the minister, questioningly, "that we have them presented to us?"

"That's a delicate way of putting it," says my maker. "I don't think you have been long a minister?"

"No," says the minister.

"After you have been," says my maker, winking to John, "I'll lose your custom."

Then my owner and I went off along the street. I have nothing to say against him, except that he took me off in fine weather, always keeping me tightly rolled up, and he spent hours in his lodgings trying to roll me tighter. I don't know that any of my owners ever loved me as this first one did, and I think the reason was because he alone bought and paid for me. He called himself a minister, but as it turned out he was only a divinity student, and it was at the college that we parted. That was seventeen days after he bought me, and I can still remember the affectionate glance he gave me as he put me into the rack, where there were about a dozen other umbrellas, and two sticks with brass knobs. That day it rained. The first to leave the room was the professor, a handsome man of noble countenance, and when he saw the rain he turned back to the rack and looked at the umbrellas. I was the best, so, after looking at the others, he picked me out, put me up, and walked home beneath me, a beautiful look still lurking on his benevolent face.

This eminent college professor is No. 2 of the men I have known, and during the three weeks in which I belonged to him he called me his new umbrella. Once I heard his daughter (whose umbrella I should have liked to be) ask him why he took me everywhere except to college, and the good old man replied that the students were given to taking away other people's umbrellas. Once dur-

\*From *Two of Them*, including the latest short stories, by J. M. Barrie, author of *A Window in Thrums*. (Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co.)



ing this time I set eyes upon my first owner, and for a moment I thought I was to be restored to him. He and some other students came to the house to tea, and when he saw me standing in the professor's rack, he exclaimed:

"That umbrella," he said pointing to me, "is the very image of one I lost at the college the other day."

The professor was standing by, telling his guests as they came in, one by one, that it had been a frosty day, and when he heard this remark about me he said, in his kindly voice, that one umbrella is very like another.

"You students," he added, "ought to be more careful about your umbrellas. I am constantly hearing complaints about their going astray."

Then he took them all into his study, but after a little he came out and hid me behind the hall clock. That, I thought, was the last I would see of my first owner, but it was not so. The daughter of the house, to whom I have already referred, had overheard the talk about me, and I saw her at the time look queerly at her father. When the student was going she came to the door with him, and I heard then say something about "the usual place at five o'clock." Then she called him back, and running to the clock, felt for me with her hand, just as if she knew that her father often put umbrellas there. She thrust me into the student's hand, muttering something about papa's being very absent-minded. Thus I was restored to the student, but only for a brief space.

On the following Friday afternoon he took me to the class again, and once more the professor was first to leave. His eye lighted up when he saw me, and he half drew me from the rack. Then he caught sight of another umbrella with an ebony handle, the owner of which was also a student. He compared us for a moment, felt the materials, and finally went off with the other one. When its owner could not find it he said

that I was the next best, and half an hour afterward I was standing in a corner of his room. Hardly can this gentleman be included among the men I have known for he vanished from my sight, or I vanished from his, on the following evening. On that evening a friend called on him, a gentleman in a light suit and a white hat, with a mean mustache, and a foolish expression of countenance—a maker of pipes, as I gathered from the conversation. It was a fine evening when he called, but not when he got up to go; and not having an umbrella, he was distressed lest his hat should suffer.

"Can you not lend me an umbrella?" he asked; but my new owner shook his head.

"You never brought back the last one," he replied.

"Never mind," said the visitor; "give me one and I'll bring them both back together."

"I don't have one," said my owner.

"Why, what is that in the corner?"

"Oh, I had forgotten; but that is a very valuable one. I paid twenty-five shillings for it last week."

"It will do very well," said the gentleman, seizing hold of me. He promised to bring or send me back next day, but a week passed, and every evening found him strutting along the pier with me in his right hand. Late one afternoon, however, when he was in his workshop, making another pipe, the student came to the door, and said that he wanted his umbrellas. Then the gentleman received him hospitably, but declared that he had taken back both umbrellas three days before. So solemnly did he insist on this that the other knew not what to say and went off in a daze.

The next man I knew was introduced to me, so to speak, by his wife. My owner had taken me to a dinner-party, and I was in the umbrella-stand when two of the company left. They were the first to go, and I saw at once that they were husband and

wife. The gentleman was taking his own umbrella from the stand (for he was weak-minded) when the lady handed me to him saying, "This is a much better one." Thus it was that I again changed owners. From this house I was taken by the first gentleman who called, but he lost me on the way. We went by rail, and another gentleman in the carriage left, taking me with him. He was the gentleman who had me in his hand when we walked home from soirées with young ladies. Three of them he told (but at different times) that he loved them passionately, but could not afford to marry; and they all promised to be sisters to him, which pleased him vastly more, I think, than if they had promised to marry him. He left me at the outside of his door one day because I was very wet, and there I was found by a policeman, who took me in charge and ran me into the police station. The magistrate picked me out as the best of six, and took me home, where I lay for a week, when I was abstracted from the stand by a town councillor.

He took me, the next day, to a meeting of his friends, where there was talk of presenting something to an Irish statesman, and at first I thought they were to present me to him, but it turned out to be something else. This town councillor I heard boasting that he never carried any but the best umbrellas, and he also boasted that he had not bought an umbrella since he was sixteen years of age. A councillor took me away from the council chamber, and had a rim of silver put around me, with his name and address on it, "for," he said, "if you do not take some such precaution you are sure to lose your umbrella, the public are so careless or dishonest." In his possession I remained for nearly a month, but one day he took me to a club, and I had not been in the umbrella-stand for more than five minutes when a lawyer came out, and selecting me with care,

walked away with me. He took the silver rim off with his pocket-knife, and then carried me to a shop, where he instructed the shopman to put a band around me saying that I was presented to John Smith, Esq., by his affectionate son-in-law June 24, 1889. My new owner was the man who abused me because once I was open I was reluctant to shut, for now I had become somewhat stiff. Once he was in such a rage at me that he hit me savagely against the hat-stand, and that was how my first rib was broken so badly.

I was saved from this man by an elderly lady, who took me away beneath her waterproof, thinking I should do for an office umbrella for her son. When they discovered, however, that the rib was in two, and that I was spotted with holes, they raged together at the old gentleman for owning such an umbrella. I was kept at the office until one of the clerks fell over me and broke two more ribs. My owner now declared that I had been an admirable new umbrella when he bought me the week before, and the unhappy young man had to give him another, whereupon he got me as a gift. I was sorry for him, for he told his master that the new umbrella had cost him fifteen shillings, but soon I discovered that he had picked it out of the stand at a doctor's house. He tried to mend me with a bootlace, but my appearance was now hopelessly plebian, and I heard him tell his sister, who lived with him, that he was really ashamed to be seen on the street with me.

One day our door stood wide open, and so did the door that was only separated from ours by an iron railing; so she took me into the next house and left me in the umbrella-stand there, taking away a new umbrella in exchange. It is in this house I am lying now. They offered me to the milkman and the postman, but neither would have me; so I was carried contemptuously into the closet where I now lie.

## CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

### THE ORIGIN OF THE MENU

*Pittsburg Bulletin*

It was the Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies, he explained that it was a sort of program of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast that he might carefully reserve his appetite for it. The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution. In its old-fashioned form the bill was usually written large on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board. In the mediæval dinner this aid to selection must have been an absolute necessity, for the mediæval dinner was a mine of surprises.

It was divided into courses, as are our own dainty meals, but whereas nowadays the diner has a general idea that fish will follow soup, and that entrée is succeeded by relevé, and can conceive generally the sort of demand that each course will make upon his appetite and digestion, there was no possible arguing as to what was going to happen at an early English dinner, and close study fails to reveal the existence of any principle of arrangement.

### RARE OLD STILTON CHEESE

*The London Telegraph*

What is the state and what are the prospects of Stilton? The parish, formerly a market town in the county of Huntingdon, which has given its name to that which was once the aristocratic and gastronomic cheese "par excellence," has always been a

mart for cheese. The article vended here is really made in Leicestershire, twenty miles away, whereas Cheddar cheese is manufactured at the place from which it takes its designation, although the inhabitants of the little Somersetshire town bitterly complain that an "a" has been foisted by modern writers on the orthography of the last syllable of their home name, which is properly "Chedder."

In any case, it must be admitted that Cheddar or Chedder, although universally acknowledged to be a most toothsome cheese, has never been coddled and petted by the superior classes to the extent which Stilton has enjoyed. "Rare old Stilton" is generally preferred by epicures when a green mold appears on its texture. To accelerate this premature decomposition, pieces of moldy cheese are sometimes inserted into holes made for the purpose with a scoop; but the best cheese do not require this unhandsome treatment and are in perfection when the inside becomes as soft as butter, without any appearance of moldiness. In making very rich cheeses it is a canon of the dairy that the whey should be allowed to run off very slowly, because if it were forced rapidly it might carry off a great deal of the fatty matter of the cheese itself.

Our fathers, on the other hand, used to play on their own account a great many fantastic tricks with their rare old Stilton. Glasses of port or of burgundy were frequently poured into the cheese, and sometimes the article was placed under the tap of a cask of strong ale so as to imbibe the droppings thereof, and there are even cases on record in which unscrupulous butlers have striven to enhance the moldy aspect of the cheese by pushing it into corking pins of brass or copper, thus engendering the perilous presence of verdigris.

It is not quite impossible that some

reason for the decline in the popularity of Stilton may be due to the circumstance that it was formerly almost invariably eaten to the accompaniment of port wine. "A gentleman," observed Beau Brummell, "always ports with his cheese," and, port wine having gone to a great extent out of fashion since smoking after dinner became general at the very best tables, Stilton may have shared for a time in the temporary obscuration which darkens the bright chronicle of the vintage of Oporto. It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that whenever a parcel of remarkably fine port comes on the market it is at once eagerly purchased, and, with regard to Stilton, who shall say that there are not yet secluded temples of gastronomy where hoary adepts treat the fine old cheese with all its traditional rites, including the moistenings by means of port wine and strong ale, but sternly prohibiting, it is hoped, the reprehensible practice of sticking a ripening cheese with corking pins?

#### HOW BIG DINNERS ARE MANAGED

*London Tit-Bits*

Very few of the outside public know what an enormous amount of labor and skill is necessary to insure the success of a big banquet. When the order is given, the details are entered in the purveyor's diary; the number of guests guaranteed, the room chosen, the price per head and the time of dining. Most of our great restaurants have special rooms for high-class banquets, and much trouble is taken to secure the very best one, unless it be already booked.

The chef is then consulted, and a proposed menu drawn up, a certain quantity or measure of each course being allowed per head. The estimated cost of this is multiplied by the guaranteed number of guests, which gives the estimated cost of the dinner. The number of guests is again multiplied by the charge per head, and the two results should show a certain percentage, the aver-

age of which it is as well not to give here. The proposed menu is then submitted to the committee, who, in nine cases out of ten, consider it their bounden duty to criticise and find fault with it, finally returning it with a number of complaints and suggestions, which are at once carried out, being usually much cheaper than the original items. The manager then draws up a map or chart of the tables, showing the positions of the guests according to precedence, and exactly as they are to be seated, so that with a copy of this in his hand he knows every one by name according to position. This is also forwarded to the dinner committee, and, like the menu, is seldom returned without suggested alterations, generally immaterial or trivial. The table-chart is carefully drawn to scale, and great judgment is used in placing and distances. Each of the sprigs (there may be five) and the upper cross tables is independent of the other, and has its own service, carvers, staff of waiters and superintendent, who is responsible to the manager. In many cases people who think they know better than the able and experienced manager would have the chairman placed at the end of the centre prong, or "sprig," as it is technically called. They only realize the folly of their suggestion by a practical illustration.

Every waiter bears an ivory number on his dress-coat, which number is entered in a book with the waiter's name, so that the guests may be able to identify any man who annoys or importunes them for tips. One waiter to every six guests is the rule at high-class banquets, and they must wear white gloves. The scene in the kitchen on big nights is very interesting. The chef, clothed in spotless white linen, paces a bridge on high, like a captain in a storm, thundering forth his orders in many tongues to the staff of expert cooks below, each of whom is responsible for his specialty, and who assist in loading the trucks, which run on

lines like trams, and which are then run to the huge lifts which ascend through the house, calling at every floor, for there may be half a dozen banquets going at once, so that when they start at different times it is no easy matter to avoid confusion in the follow courses. Nor is the cellar-man and his staff idle. Dozens and dozens of wine are sent up to the various rooms, the returns are compared with the supplies, and the consumption debited in detail; the cigars and liqueurs are managed on the same system. A wedding breakfast gives more trouble than any other function, and the tables are arranged in the form of a horse-shoe. Of course every one wants to sit on the curve, where the bride and bridegroom are enthroned, and this impossible idea causes much heart-burning. Perhaps no better example of a big dinner can be alluded to than a Masonic festival, the banquet of which provides employment for hundreds for over two months, and which costs over £1,000.

#### DINING IN OLD SCOTLAND

Francis Watt.....Black and White

Of the Scot's dinner, as of Troy, *fuit* must be sadly written, and so however well disposed you be, yet is the account rather epitaph than eulogy. The reason is partly historical, partly social; Scotland was once poor, she is now rich. Formerly, things English were detested and avoided, now they are imitated, or rather aped. You eat to-day north of the border very much as you eat south of it. The old Scot's dishes are so forgotten that you consult for their composition the antiquary, not the housewife. Their very names are unintelligible to the poor inhabitant of to-day. What, for instance, is one to make of the dainties celebrated in that centuries old poem of "The Blithsome Bridal":

There'll be tarten, dragen and bracken,  
And fouth o' guid gabbocks o' skate,  
Powsoudie and drammock, and crowdie  
And caller nowt-feet on a plate.

You must get out your Jamieson or consult Mr. T. F. Henderson's learned page to discover that the first three were preparations of oatmeal, kale and so forth; and that *powsoudie* still survives as sheep's-head broth. The peculiar note of the old Scot's kitchen was the constant attempt to make edible dishes out of the commonest materials. The better parts of the ox and the sheep so rarely appear that you wonder whither they vanished; but feet and head, and the parts usually thrown away are dressed up in a variety of forms. Even these were delicacies, for your old-time Scot was mainly vegetarian of necessity rather than choice. Kale and oatmeal were the chief of his diet.

One remembers Dr. Johnson's famous definition of oats as the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland, and the scarce less famous comment, "where else to find such horses and such men?" Burns' classic phrase, "the halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," is but the doctor's statement in more decent fashion. There was a marvellous, and even pathetic, ingenuity about it all, you wonder at so many variations on so few airs. Here, as elsewhere, you ask, was the influence of the French league at work? They still talk in Scotland of a *gigot* of mutton, and still bring it in on an *ashet* (*assiette*), but the French influence, if it here existed, scarcely influenced the details. The old Scotch dishes are racy of the soil that produced their elements, though some have derived the haggis, a product more national than the thistle, from the Gallic *hachis*, of not unsimilar composition.

The haggis, that "great chieftain of the puddin' race," heads the list of ancient delicacies. When you discover it chiefly compounded of offal you rank it as an artistic achievement. None can deny it edible, many have revered it as a dainty. Of old it was *le pain bénit d'Ecosse*, and Mr. Henderson assures us it was sent by loving relatives to Scots abroad as



delicacy and memento in one. It still survives, but scarce in its early glory; at what public dinner, or even *table d'hôte* do you discover it? How rarely is it served up "warm, reekin', rich," at the better class dinner-table? Its vogue is due to literature, and Burns has preserved forever, at least, its name; nor Burns alone, but writers so different as Dunbar, Christopher North and Robert Chambers, have dwelt lovingly on its merits. And then it excused, nay, seemed to demand, copious draughts of usquebaugh. On such a substance, once swallowed, the rawest and most potent spirit would only act as a necessary digestive, and the wildest after-dinner potations be justified by a reflection that they were but a *chasse-haggis*. But what, one asks, of the game that filled the forests, the fish that crowded the rivers? The first was probably reserved for the tables of the great. Scarce a trace thereof is found in the old Scot's kitchen.

Of fish we hear often, but 'tis the herring, the haddock, the skate, the mussel, the cockle—all lewd fellows of the baser sort. And the salmon? Of him we hear in the oddest of ways. Accustomed to simple viands, the ploughman's stomach loathed that essentially lordly, though then plentiful, dish; and the story has oft been told of the hinds and wenches who stipulated when they were hired that it must not appear at their table more than once or twice a week. One curious preparation of fish is still sometimes encountered, and ever to the *gourmet's* grateful joy. There are few better dishes than the soup made from white fish, flavored with balls of cunningly compounded seasoning. Different in kind, it yet might vie with the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles. It is still popular in Caithness, and something very like it is given you at Jersey. Oh! that some chief of the house of Soyer would restore it to the taverns of the two capitals. Within Scotland itself there were many variations. The Highlanders made con-

siderable use of the nettle, and since their wealth consisted in their (or rather other people's) herds, they often dined on beef or mutton. "Extremely underdone" is a euphemism for the way they ate it, for there was ever poverty of appliances, even with occasional plenty of material. Scotland is still the land of cakes, and the world confesses the cakes to be very good eating; but such things are but the anise and the cummin, and one has here dealt with weightier matters of the law, or at least the kitchen.

#### THE STORY OF TWO FAMOUS EPICURES

*San Francisco Argonaut*

The Marquis and Marquise de Béchamel were famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France. Béchamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce, which survives to this day, named after him. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who is said to have attracted him purely because she was a wonderfully good cook and had a remarkable appetite. The marquis and marquise cooked and ate together for fifty years, in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table; and when they were not at the table together, they were generally in the kitchen together. They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless Constance wine, from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it. Just as the bottle was being brought out, the marquise sank to the floor. It was quickly ascertained that she was dead. She appeared simply to have reached the term of her existence; and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one. The bottle of Constance was put away unopened.

The devoted marquis was inconsolable. Before long he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency,

his physician having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance wine. With a sinking, dying voice, the old man said: "When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say: 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer: 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that we had saved for our golden wedding!'" Béchamel drank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead; but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew, and sent him, with a key, to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box. The nephew made all haste, supposing that the box might contain his will, or some other document which he wished to sign or modify before his death. To his astonishment, it was found to contain a pie—a wonderful Périgord pie—dressed with truffles of Sarlat. The marquis ate freely of it, and sank back upon his pillow. "Hark!" said the doctor, "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat! It will soon be over!" But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then seventy-five years old, he lived fifteen years longer, and invented several more famous dishes.

#### TEA DRINKING IN THIBET

*Philadelphia Times*

All of the tea used in Mongolia and Thibet comes in the shape of bricks, which have a uniform weight of five pounds, measuring nine inches in length by six inches in width and three inches in thickness. The tea of which they are composed is not the plant to which we are accustomed. It is obtained from a large and woody shrub. The small twigs and leaves are steamed, the sticks being dried and ground to powder. The stuff thus prepared is mixed with a little rice water to make it sticky, and is then rammed into a mold by means

of a wooden stick shod with iron. Such tea would be considered too poor for use in China proper, where all of it is manufactured and whence it is exported for consumption by the ignorant dwellers on the frontiers.

Thibetans cannot get along without tea. It is said that they even sell their children for it to their grasping priests, who control the trade and hoard the bricks like gold in the monasteries. These tea bricks have circulated as currency at a fixed value in Mongolia and Thibet, but in the latter country they have recently become to some extent demonetized, owing to the introduction of rupees from India. Until lately a brick of tea was worth one rupee. The monks of the Batang monastery in Thibet, having hoarded great treasure in the shape of tea bricks, have found it impossible to dispose of them at par. Of course you know that Thibet is a province subject to China and a part of the empire. Chinese diplomatic officials make a practice of smuggling tea into Thibet in the guise of baggage, thus enriching themselves greatly. The Thibetans say: "They come into our country without trousers and they depart with a thousand loaded yaks." The Thibetan teapot is a churn, like an ordinary butter churn. They take a small portion from a brick, pound it in a mortar, make an infusion, strain it, and pour it into the churn, adding a little salt. A lump of butter is thrown in and the mixture is churned for a while. Then it is ready to drink. The result is described as resembling weak tea and milk with the sugar and tea left out. If they cannot get tea these people use oak bark, roast barley or peas, wild mulberry leaves or even chips of wood—anything to give the beverage color. After taking his tea the drinker puts a pinch of parched barley into his cup, works it up with the leaves and dregs that remain, and eats it. Tea leaves, mixed with parched barley so as to form boluses, are given to tired horses to brace them up.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

## IN NAPLES' BAY

*Thomas Buchanan Read . . . . . Poems*

My soul to-day  
Is far away ;  
Sailing the Vesuvian bay.  
My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote,

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and then crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,  
The mountains swim ;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands,  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles ;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;  
With dreamful eyes,  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,  
Where swells and fall  
The bay's deep breast at intervals,  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is heaven's own child,  
With earth and ocean reconciled ;  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail;  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never dies—  
O'erweiled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;  
Or, down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes,  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

## JUPITER AND TEN

James T. Fields

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,  
Mrs. Chub was very grand,  
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned  
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion  
In a very stately square,  
Mr. C. knows what it cost him,  
But that's not neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,  
Such a patron of the arts,  
And she gave such foreign orders,  
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,  
When she went away from home,  
Of a most prodigious painting  
Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,  
"One might never see again!"  
"What's the subject?" we inquired.  
"It is Jupiter and Ten!"

"Ten *what*?" we blandly asked her,  
For the knowledge we did lack.

"Ah! that I cannot tell you,  
But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters—  
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,  
Come and see our splendid painting,  
Our firm Jupiter and Ten."

When Mrs. Chub departed,  
Our brains began to rack,  
She could not be mistaken,  
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor  
To lay aside his pen,  
And give some information  
Touching "Jupiter and Ten."

And we pondered well the subject,  
And our Lemprière we turned,  
To find out who the Ten were;  
But we could not, though we burned!

But when we saw the picture—  
O, Mrs. Chub! O, fie! O!  
We perused the printed label,  
And 'twas Jupiter and Jo!

## TANTALUS—TEXAS

Joaquin Miller.....San Francisco Argonaut

"If I may trust your love," she cried,  
"And you would have me for a bride,  
Ride over yonder plain, and bring  
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;  
Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,  
O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word,  
His gallant steed he lightly spurred!  
He turned his face, and rode away  
Toward the grave of dying day,  
And vanished with its parting ray  
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on,  
Day came, and still he rode alone.  
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,  
Across that broad, unchanging plain,  
Till he the Mustang spring might gain,  
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught,  
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,  
His flask was filled, and then he turned.  
Once more his steed the maguey spurned,  
Once more the sky above him burned,  
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!  
His brain seemed boiling as he rode—  
Was it a dream, a drunken one,  
Or was he really riding on?  
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone  
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he  
cried,

"So often true, so often tried,  
Bear up a little longer yet?"  
His mouth was black with blood and  
sweat—

Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!  
On the Llano Estacado.

And still, within his breast, he held  
The precious flask so lately filled.  
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew  
If empty it should meet her view,  
Her scorn— But still his longing grew  
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,  
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.  
While upon cushioned couch you lie,  
Oh, think how hard it is to die,  
Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,  
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell,  
His day was done, he knew full well,  
And raising to his lips the flask,  
The end, the object of his task,  
Drank to her—more she could not ask.  
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,  
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,  
She danced—and never thought of him,  
The victim of a woman's whim,  
Lying, with face upturned and grim,  
On the Llano Estacado.

## WIT OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN\*

"By the silence that prevails," said Sheridan, on entering a room full of guests, "I conclude that Lauderdale has been making a joke."

A creditor whom Sheridan had perpetually avoided met him at last plump coming out of Pall Mall from St. James's Palace. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but Sheridan never lost his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that's a beautiful mare you are on."

"D'ye think so?"

"Yes, indeed. How does she trot? Let me see."

The creditor, flattered, told him he should see, and immediately put her into full trotting pace. The instant he trotted off Sheridan turned into Pall Mall again and was out of sight in the crowd in a moment.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of some friends, and occasioned some good-natured banter.

"Now, guess," said he, "how I came by these boots."

Many *probable* guesses were given by the company.

"No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor never will. I bought them, and *paid for them*."

Burke's melodramatic flinging of the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons was a complete failure, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan—"The gentleman has brought us the *knife*, but where is the *fork*?"

Palmer, the original Joseph Surface, whose real character was quite in keeping with the assumed one, had left Drury Lane theatre and started in opposition, but soon came to grief and was glad to get back. The first

time the returned actor met Sheridan after his escapade, it was with the air of a Joseph Surface. With a white pocket handkerchief in his hand, his eyes upturned, his hand upon his heart, he began, "Mr. Sheridan, if you could but know at this moment what I feel *here*."

"Stop, Jack," broke in the manager, "you forget that *I wrote it*."

"Why do we honor ambition and despise avarice, while they are both but the desire of possession?" inquired a friend of Sheridan.

"Because," answered he, "the one is natural, the other artificial; the one the sign of mental health, the other of mental decay; the one appetite, the other disease."

When the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, "The Duke of York and his brave *followers*."

Sheridan being at one time a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and raining; to which the old lady answered, on the contrary, it had cleared up.

"Yes," said Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."

When Sheridan was asked which performer he liked best in a certain piece, he replied: "The prompter; for I saw less and heard more of him than any one else."

"The right honorable gentleman," said Sheridan, replying to Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons, on the occasion of a great debate on a national question, "is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts."

\*From Bon-mots of Sydney Smith and R. B. Sheridan. Edited by Walter Jerrold.



## MUSICAL, ARTISTIC, AND DRAMATIC

### MODERN SCHOOLS OF ART

#### *The Critical Review*

The distinguishing features of the art of the various countries are so marked that at a glance we recognize a picture as being French, English, Dutch, German or Italian. As the painter is unconsciously the mirror of his time; the school of art to which he belongs reflects the sentiment of his nation. The English school of painting denotes a people of refined, literary and scientific pursuits, fond of the pleasures of a domestic life, alive to the beauties of the pastoral scene, ever faithful as friends and implacable as enemies.

An English picture tells its story as plainly as a book. The artists of this school are more theoretical than practical. While they admire the beautiful fields, green trees, the lovely sky and the shady brook, they paint them as seen through a colored glass; they are not representing nature but painting a picture. They are thoroughly artistic, however.

Artists of the French school, on the other hand, go to the opposite extreme. With them all study is based upon faithful representation of nature. Their training is severe. They are eminently practical and speculation is strongly discouraged. Their technic is of the most consummate skill, but the subject is of secondary importance. To them nature is always beautiful and they seek to represent it in the simplest and truest manner.

Dutch art is characterized by the sober, quiet, rich, but, harmonious tone. The works of his school tell of the heavy skies, the moist atmosphere of the watery low-lying land, and of an earnest, self-reliant but brave people. German painting reflects the high ideas and great achievements of the nation. The artists of this school revive the great scenes which have made of the Germans one of the greatest nations. This art is not over

realistic, but full of finest sentiment.

Spanish art, not at all bound by the traditions of its greatest masters, is free and joyous, bespeaking the brilliant skies and the lively temperament of the people. In it we hear the click of the castenet and the melodious tones of the guitar. Italian artists seem to have broken away from their great masters. Bright and energetic, they do not appear to contain themselves. They draw and paint admirably, but their pictures lack concentration—due, perhaps, to the fact that until recently the nation lacked unity.

American art of to-day is between infancy and manhood. Judging from the tremendous strides made during the past few years, it will not be long before there is a distinctly American school of art, in every way worthy of this great nation.

### IMPERSONALITY IN PAINTING

*Ferdinand Brunetiere .....Public Opinion*

Amiel has said somewhere that "a landscape is a condition of the soul," and this has been generally supposed to mean that in a landscape which a painter places on a canvas he describes himself. As we thus see, in "The Deluge" or "The Diogenes," the noble and austere soul of Poussin, or in his "Battles" the tragic and tormented soul of Salvator Rosa. But Amiel meant something else, and something less commonplace and more profound. He intended to say that independent of the poet or painter, a landscape has its ideal signification and its intrinsic value. He intended to say that for you as for me whatever the state of our souls, the view of the Bay of Naples will cause joy, and that the view of the North Sea, tumultuously breaking on the shore, will suggest horror. Far from being our "states of soul" which impose themselves on nature, it is the spectacles of nature which modify our

"states of the soul"; and you will find few Werthers at the Bay of Naples, and still fewer Polichinelles at Spitzberg. In other words, Amiel intended to say that between nature and man there are affinities, "correspondences," a hidden accordance between the sensible and intelligible, as a philosopher would say, which are the relatives or co-relatives of each other. Sadness or gayety, sorrow or pleasure, love or weariness of life, light pleasures, bitter regrets are facts as we are; there is no human sentiment which does not translate itself in some aspect of nature and become crystalized.

This is what Amiel meant, and, in subordinating ourselves to nature, we need not fear that art will lose anything, either in its diversity or in its "humanity." You find a proof of this impersonality in Dutch art. None have ever painted more conscientiously, with more probity, not to say with more devotion, than those who are called the little Dutch masters, as Metzu, Terburg, Pierre de Hoch, Van Ostrade. None have ever cared less for "documents," for self-revelation, for those things which betray the individual, his private life or personal tastes. And, finally, none have ever shown more sincere sympathy for man, for the most unimportant occupation which make the course of daily life the most humble; none have ever better loved truth and nature; that is, with a more temperate and, therefore, more profound love. They have given us excellent examples of impersonal, objective, naturalistic art—naturalistic in being objective, and objective because impersonal.

#### MASCAGNI'S L'AMICO FRITZ

Ashton R. Willard . . . . . *New England Magazine*

It was the first performance of "L'Amico Fritz." Musically, I do not think we felt very deeply the first hurried pages of the libretto, summarizing the previous incidents of the story. And no important moment in Mascagni's work was reached until Suzel, the heroine, in her Alsa-

tian dress with the characteristic bow upon her head, had made her way to the table of the convives and had timidly offered to Fritz her bunch of flowers from the fields. It was a very quiet song, with a strange, weird melody, and modern in the sense that it did not return upon itself or repeat a phrase or in any noticeable way conform to the traditional rules of composition—which even the unprofessional have come to recognize in their effects, if not in their causes. It was accepted by the audience as a distinct invitation to be judged—a sample of the new work put forth by Mascagni as a proof that he had not lost the cleverness of hand which had made of the "Cavalleria" such a resounding success. The people who sat in the shadows of the boxes rose while the song was proceeding, came to the front, and stood by the parapet, so that the auditorium was lined with tier after tier of critical, expectant faces. After it was finished the ladies smiled in approval, the men brought their hands together in a proper way, and from the heavens above descended a mighty uproar, an uproar so loud, so long and so continuous that Suzel walked to the door of Fritz's comfortable dining-room, opened it, disappeared, came back and drew in a young man who was not at all in Alsatian costume. He was in grey trousers of London cut, a black frock coat, and a necktie imported from the immediate neighborhood of Piccadilly. His hair was short and black, and stood up straight all over his head like the bristles of a hair brush. The young man was not entitled to be called handsome, for his features were not finely chiselled or over regular. But there was a serious and intense look about his eyes which gave decided dignity to so youthful a face, and suggested occasional withdrawals from the commonplace, possible absorption in great ideas, or moments of communion with muses and deities who do not show themselves to ordi-

nary men. He had also an unmistakable look of friendliness and good nature which drew one to him, made one glad that his success was what it was, and stimulated one to help swell the torrent of applause.

This was the beginning of Pietro Mascagni's second appearance before a Roman audience as a composer. He was brought upon the stage many times after this, about thirty times before midnight. But never once did he betray any vanity or inflate himself with any air of importance. The repeated bowing was varied by a vigorous shaking of the hands of Señorita Calvé, the Suzel, and Signor De Lucia, the Fritz, as if by this pantomime he wished to attribute to them the success and gracefully wave it away from himself. Often as he stood there his face took on the peculiar, embarrassed smile of an overgrown, bashful boy—as if he felt the absurdity of his position, standing and bowing in the midst of all this shouting and hand-clapping, and would be glad to get out of it.

The story proceeded for a brief moment placidly after the first outbreak of enthusiasm, until the dying away of the last notes which float up to the window from the gypsy Beppe's violin. Clearly Fritz, the confirmed bachelor, was silently and unconsciously softening under the influence of Suzel's presence, and melted quite visibly as he listened to the serenade by which the strolling Bohemian, whom he had once befriended, made his return known. Once the notes rose full and fell in a long cadence. It was an odd succession, strange, fantastic, irregular, like the gypsy life. There was no brilliant execution and there were no *tours de force*, except some harmonics and double notes at the last. It was a pity that the audience should break into the story and assert themselves at the end. But they did, and with a division of sentiment. A certain faction wished a repetition. Another division, clearly a minority, were determined that the

violin passage should not be repeated, and that the verdict upon it should be unfavorable. There was a tempest of cries of "bis" and "bene" and counter shouts of "basta." One was reminded of the arena and of the controversy of thumbs up and thumbs down. The leader of the "basta" forces finally drew all eyes upon himself. He was a short, full bearded man, in the back of the platea, who uttered the cry with a volume of tone which could have been heard above any tempest. The clock hands moved along five minutes and no one seemed to know what to do or what could be done. The neighbors of the excited man in the platea were seen to expostulate with him, and he was seen to turn upon them as if interfered with in the exercise of some super-sacred right. Finally Signor Ferrari, the conductor, waved his stick, the orchestra resumed its interrupted course, and the placid and tranquil story pushed out again like a little boat on troubled waters. Somehow, no one knew just how or why, the tumult ceased; and thereafter when the audience interrupted it was with undivided applause.

#### THE "EMOTIONAL" DRAMA

Clara Morris.....The Pittsburg Bulletin

Clara Morris addressed the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair with a speech which has attracted much attention for its good sense and piquancy of expression. She said in part: "Standing before this crowd of brainy, big-hearted women, living not for themselves but for the benefit of the whole race, I feel that I am enjoying the greatest honor of my life. Pleased and proud I am, but I am vexed—yes, I am vexed. You have all learned what happens when a red flag is flaunted in the face of a certain animal. Now, when a lady asks me to stand up here and make some remarks about the 'emotional drama' she is unconsciously waving in my face the brightest red flag there is to be had. Whenever I hear the

expression, 'emotional actress,' it always suggests to me a hysterical woman and a strong smell of ether. It has such a weak, whimpering, sobbing sound. Don't think I am venturing to find fault with the very branch of the drama in which I have served. No, it is that dreadful word 'emotional' as applied to plays and players. Why, every drama deals with the human emotions, though, to be sure, some of the old time playwrights treated their human emotions in a most inhuman way. For a long time the idea existed that an 'emotional' play was, of necessity, a tearful play. A synopsis of such a play might read something like this:

"Act I.—A tiny, tearful trickle.

"Act II.—A widening, weeping woe.

"Act III.—The flood—tears in torrents.

"Act IV.—Everything washed away

"Still, after a time, it came to be understood that there were other human emotions besides grief; and later still, it became understood that the deadliest grief, the bitterest anguish, might be quite tearless—dry, indeed. And so, at length, that one might be an emotional actress without becoming a human reservoir. Now, one thing is certain, namely, that this better conception of this class of acting we owe to women, just as to women's influence we owe these wonderful modern plays, in which we almost see the movements of the living brain, so closely is thought followed, and in which one almost feels the throbbing of the human heart, so plainly are its secrets set forth."

After speaking at length as to the introduction of women and unmanly traits in the drama, she continued:

"Many experiments were tried, but at last there came a night in France which was a great night of triumph. For that night a miracle was performed, and men gazed upon a fallen woman's soul. Camille Gauthier, queen of the Camillas, with livid face and anguished heart, apparently un-

conscious of lookers-on, laid bare the bitter mockery of her mirth, her secret shame, her love, her hope, her anguish and despair, until she took upon her shoulders her self-made cross and stumbled blindly to her grave. That night was an epoch in play-making."

#### WHY PLAYS ARE REJECTED

A. M. Palmer.....The Forum

There is a great difference between a readable play, interesting and well written, and even a fairly good acting play. It is almost impossible for a man unacquainted with the stage to write a play of the latter class. He may have excellent sense—his material may be good enough, he may have labored with great zeal on it, his friends may have applauded it, and its acceptance may seem very promising; but, when it reaches the very cautious persons who have to consider it as a thing in which money is to be invested, it is judged from an entirely different point of view. If even it affords them pleasure in the reading, that is not always a criterion of judgment by which to measure the effect it would have on an audience.

It is difficult to point out the faults most commonly prevailing in the works by amateur playwrights submitted to me. A prominent fault, however, is the absence of originality. The writers generally appear to have had in their heads reminiscences of old plays, and, unconsciously of course, to have reproduced them. It is safe to say in regard to at least sixty per cent. of all the amateur plays passing through my office, that my reader can point out the sources from which most of the situations and even some of the dialogue were obtained. The power of inventing reasonable and probable plots and of arriving at strong situations by logical means seems to be denied to most of these writers. A strong situation is nothing—or next to nothing—unless the circumstances which lead up to it are natural, harmonious and inevitable; but if, perchance, we find among the

plays under consideration an act or a scene with a situation in it strong in itself, all the antecedent events are so artificially contrived that the situation becomes weakened even to uselessness. Another fault is one arising from lack of knowledge as to the limitations of the stage on the part of the writers, resulting in characters and scenes impossible of portrayal. Young writers especially, ambitious to do something new and striking, are prone to reach out so far for their effects that they overstep all stage possibilities. They seem never to have known or else to have forgotten that all the greatest and truest plays in our language are simple and direct, with no straining after effect and no tortuous plots; and they almost invariably base their works on models very far beneath the great and the true in the literature of the English stage. In many cases the technical work on the play is very faulty. The divisions into scenes and acts are wholly without method or right knowledge. Some plays are too short properly to develop the story undertaken to be told, and others drag out through several unnecessary acts.

#### HISTORY IN TERRA COTTA

*Harper's Bazar*

Greek civilization never seemed to concern itself very much with women. Life in Greece was lived by men; and although we have the great goddesses and their like, there were few representations by which we might remake in our fancy the ways of life belonging to women in general until the unearthing of the little Tanagra figurines not many years ago from the Boeotian graves. The greater part of these little figures, of which the very largest is scarcely more than a foot in height (and most of them are much less), are figures of girls and women, although young boys and children also appear among them, moulded of terra cotta, only the fronts and sides finished elaborately, painted, after firing, with blue, green, red, yellow, rose,

black, and lavender, which tints, although generally badly worn away, are in some instances preserved.

Often they were broken, as if it had been done purposely at the burial rites; but the fragments have been put together, and they give us almost a history of the domestic life of the women and children of their day as individuals. Here is the woman at home, with her light shoes on, sometimes with red soles, with her long embroidered robe, with her bare arms and bracelets. Here she is in the street, with her over-garment falling about her in long folds of grace and color, her little mirror hanging under them with her fan in her hand, and her round low hat on her elaborately dressed hair—for here we see her with her hair combed high on her head in a mass, here secured beneath a handkerchief knotted over the forehead, here parted and curled and drawn back to fall down her shoulders in one loose twist. These show us how she painted her cheeks and darkened her eyes, and stained her hair with reddish dyes.

Here, in one of the figures, she tosses her head and coquets with her admirer; here she mopes in melancholy with her veil about her head; here she nurses Cupid on her knee; here she twirls her spindle and looks away and thinks of other things. Here are her children playing their little games, laughing, unconscious, perhaps with only one garment, harnessed to a go-cart as children play to-day, armed with hoop and top and ball, riding a goat, frightening others with a mask; here the child has grown a lad, and is on his way to school with his master; and here he is lost in the pleasure of his cock-fight. But he has a place in these figurines only as he is necessary to the portrayal of the family life of the women. And we find from the story these little figures tell that the women of Tanagra were much such women as ourselves, busy with their families, their loves, their work, their pleasures.



## JOHN DAVIS, BOUCANIER\*

High time, high time, good gentlemen, to sail the Spanish Main !  
 Three months we've watched for galleons and treasure bound for Spain !  
 Three months ! and not a vessel, neither barque nor brigantine !  
 No Cartagena plate-ship or De Dios have we seen !  
 Our sails sleep idle as the wind, our ships as gulls or waves ;  
 And shall inaction rot us like a gang of shackled slaves ?

Up, Boucaniers ! the land is wide and wider far the sea—  
 Somewhere between the dusk and dawn and dusk some hope must be ;  
 Some ship somewhere or city there beneath the Indian sky,  
 What matter whether east or west, or if men live or die,  
 Or fight or yield on ship or field !—the main for me and mine !—  
 To cram our ports against their ports and see the battle-line  
 Pour on their decks with naked necks the dirks between our teeth ;  
 And, sail or sink, our flag is there, we Boucaniers beneath !

And what availed your patron saints, Iago or Saint Marc,  
 Lanceros, Adelantados, against Ravenau's barque !  
 O butchers of good Jean Ribault, well might your cheeks turn pale  
 When Montebaro's brigantine shook to the breeze her sail !

Around the coasts where New Spain boasts the haughtiness of Old,  
 Her tyranny and bigotry and sordid greed for gold,  
 From east to west and north to south among the Carib Isles,  
 Swift as revenge the Frenchman swept across the foaming miles.  
 The spirit of Pierre-le-Grand and of his gallant crew,  
 Who took a galleon with a boat, be with me and with you !

Prime arquebus and sharpen blade, and let the guns look brave  
 As burnish of the sunlight's beam upon the sunlit wave !  
 And all be glad as when we had Granada in our hold,  
 And stabbed the city's sentinels and took the city's gold :

New Spain's good homes and churches, aye, will not forget too soon  
 The Boucanier, John Davis, who taught their Dons a tune,  
 Dutch serenades to frighten maids beneath the yellow moon.  
 What helped the Latin of their monks to curse what Satan blessed !  
 Bright pieces, broad-of-eight and plate we counted in our chest.  
 And now that we may double or may treble every piece,  
 Pipe up the anchor, boatswain ! and before the hawser cease  
 Let every sail salute the gale and every rope be taut,  
 The Devil take all care and—us, if jaundiced colors daunt !

The sea-gulls dip and dive and float, and swim and soar again,  
 Be merry, merry gentlemen, and drink "the Ships of Spain !"   
 High-hearted as the sea gulls soar, and as the case may go,  
 A round Dutch oath for wealth and health and—to Spain's overthrow.  
 Doff caps and follow ; though the prize be overfat or lean,  
 Kneel down and give her thanks who leads, Dame Fortune who is queen !  
 Upon our prow she guides us now against San Augustine.

\*From *Red Leaves and Roses*, by Madison Cawein (Putnam)

## APPLIED SCIENCE : INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

### THE CONQUEST OF WASTE

*Lord Playfair.....North American Review*

Many kinds of waste materials of certain manufactures are employed in new forms for other industries. Cotton and linen rags form the chief raw material for the paper maker. Even those which a beggar would disdain to touch are converted into the paper used to convey our sentiments of love and friendship.

Woolen rags are more slowly converted into final products than those of cotton and linen, because they are valuable for intermediate uses. Before they are run to earth they do duty for many forms of cheap clothing. In the United Kingdom, Batley, Dewsbury and Leeds are the grand markets for woolen rags, though the United States are running us in close competition. The greasy, frowsy cast-off clothes of Europe reappear in pilot cloths, Petershams, beavers, Talmas, Chesterfields and Mohairs, which modern dandies wear when they consult economy as well as their outward appearance. Shoddy and mungo, the resurrection raw material of greasy beggars, mixed with a varying amount of true wool, is supposed to constitute about one-third of the woolen manufactures. This raw material for adulteration is, however, only made from rags which have already served higher purposes before this tertiary use. When woolen rags still adhere together they first go through the hands of various artists, who are named "clobberers," "revivers" and "translators." When black coats are too far gone to be clobbered or revived, they are sent to various countries to be made into caps—France, Russia and Poland requiring them in large quantity. When old woolen rags have reached their fourth stage of degradation, so that they are unfit for the shoddy maker, they are still economically useful.

They are then mixed with other degraded waste, such as shavings of hoofs and horns, and the blood of slaughter houses, and are melted in an iron pot with wood ashes and scrap iron. This process produces the material out of which the beautiful dye Prussian blue is made.

As to perfumes, there are some which are really oils and others extracted from flowers. There are others which are made artificially, and curiously, most frequently, out of bad-smelling compounds. The fusel-oil, separated out in the distillation of spirits, has a peculiarly nasty and sickening odor. It is used, after treatment with acids and oxidizing agents, to make the oil of apples and the oil of pears. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac are little more than fusel-oil largely diluted. Oil of pineapples, on the other hand, is best made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and oil of vitriol. This oil is largely used for making pineapple ale. Many a fair forehead used to be damped with "Eau de Millefleurs" without knowing that its essential ingredient was got from the drainings of cow houses, though now it can be obtained cheaper from one of the constituents of gas tar. Out of the latter is got oil of bitter almonds, so largely used to perfume soap and confectionery.

Gas tar, formerly the most useless of waste substances, is now the raw material for producing beautiful dyes, some of our most valued medicines, a saccharine substance three hundred times sweeter than sugar, and the best disinfectants for the destruction of germs of disease. Tar has become so prolific in useful industries that it would take a long article to describe them. There are two substances in tar called naphthalene and anthracene. The former of these was a

waste material, which choked gas pipes and was particularly obnoxious in gas works. Every ounce of it is now of value for the preparation of dye stuffs, as is also anthracene, a body which distils over when the tar oils have got a boiling point above 300°. Perhaps the most important use is in the manufacture of alizarin, the coloring matter found in the root of the madder plant, so extensively used at one time in making Turkey reds and in calico printing. The discovery of its artificial preparation from the waste products of tar has destroyed a great agricultural industry which flourished in Turkey, Holland, Alsace, and other countries. Not only the red dye stuff alizarin, but also beautiful blue and purple dyes are made out of the same substances. There is another product called aniline, which exists naturally in coal tar, but can also be made in large quantities out of another substance called benzine, after it has been acted on by nitric acid and then by iron filings. Aniline has become a most productive source of coloring matter, and many of its derivations are familiarly known under the names of mauve, magenta, uraniline and other dyes. They are too numerous to describe, but there is scarcely a shade of color which cannot be obtained from some of the products of tar. Large manufactories are in existence, some of which contain forty or fifty trained chemists engaged in superintending operations, or in making researches for new coloring materials. The whole of the great industries of dyeing and calico printing has been revolutionized by the new coloring matters obtained from the old waste material—gas tar. By a very interesting series of transformations one of the constituents of coal tar has been changed into the coloring matter of indigo. Hitherto the cost of production of artificial indigo has been too great to allow it to take the place of natural indigo, the cultivation of which is one of the staple

industries of the East Indies. But its cultivators tremble lest they should find themselves in the position of the growers of madder by a cheap production of indigo blue from coal tar.

When Bishop Berkeley wrote his famous treatise on tar water, claiming it as a universal medicine, curing all diseases, he little dreamt that the time would arrive when beautiful medicinal preparations would be made out of it. Important narcotics and febrifuges have forced their way into medicine from this source, and are much valued by physicians. The most curious of the useful products of coal tar is saccharin, a substance so sweet that the sensation on the palate is disagreeable from its cloying persistency. A grain or two grains give the sweetness of one or two lumps of sugar, and it can be taken in food without producing the dyspeptic and gouty results which real sugar produces on some persons.

Of all living things rats seem to be among the most repulsive; and when dead what can be their use? But even they are the subjects of production in the industrial arts. In Paris there is a pound surrounded by walls into which all dead carcasses are thrown. A large colony of rats has been introduced from the catacombs. The rats are most useful in clearing the flesh from the bones, leaving a clean-polished skeleton fitted for the makers of phosphorus. At the base of the wall numerous shallow holes are scooped out just sufficient to contain the body of the rats but not their tails. Every three months a great *battue* takes place, during which the terrified rats run into the holes. Persons go round and catching the extending tails, pitch the rats into bags, and they are killed at leisure. Then begins the manufacture. The fur is valuable and finds a ready sale. The skins make a superior glove—the *gant de rat*—and are especially used for the thumbs of kid gloves, because the skin of the rat is strong

and elastic. The thigh-bones were formerly valued as tooth-picks for clubs, but are now out of fashion; while the tendons and bones are boiled up to make the gelatine wrappers for bon-bons.

Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected, and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woolen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye, which graces the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as a seidlitz powder, to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or used by her to flavor blanc manges for her friends. All this thrift is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste.

#### WONDERS OF ELECTRO-PLATING

*Pittsburg Dispatch*

For many years past electro-platers have sought to evolve an effective process of electro-deposition on a non-metallic base. This endeavor was at length attended with partial success, but the process was accompanied by so much danger, in consequence of the highly combustible nature of some of the agents employed, that manufacturers did not care to run the risk of setting their premises on fire. A modification of the processes has been discovered by which this danger is avoided, and the invention is now pronounced to be one of the most important that has been introduced in the electro-plate trade for many years. The object to be dealt with, whether it be a sprig of natural holly or ivy, a bit of

common hedge briar, a fern, geranium leaf, Marguerite daisy, a terra cotta group, is submitted to the process, which is the inventor's secret. It next receives a deposit of copper, which renders it perfectly docile and practically indestructible, and it is then ready to be silvered or gilded by the ordinary process of electro-plating. This invention comes from England, where it is being largely employed in ornamental work of various kinds. Some of the effects produced by it are said to be exquisitely beautiful. For instance, cracker, glove and trinket boxes, and drinking cups are twined around with sprays of ivy or holly, the veining of the leaves and the sharpness of the prickly edges of the holly being as perfect as they were in their natural state. To other articles lace is added in a similar manner, and while all the delicate gossamer appearance of the lace is preserved, its character is so changed that it has become metallic, and may be removed whenever the article which it embellishes requires cleaning. In the same way the ornamentation is applied to the backs of hair brushes, and an infinite variety of other articles, the materials used being natural leaves and flowers. Terra cotta ware can be treated by the same process, and when bronzed makes attractive ornaments, which cannot readily be broken.

#### LABORATORY DIAMONDS

*Samuel E. Tillman.....The Cosmopolitan*

The fond hope of the alchemists, the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, has nearly faded from the minds of men, but the assiduity of the chemists in their efforts to imitate artificially the beautiful products of nature was never greater. Since Lavoisier and his associates, in 1772, proved that the diamond is only a form of carbon, many efforts have been made to produce it artificially, by the transformation of some of the more common forms. These efforts have met with varying degrees of

success. Several experimenters have produced the black diamond, but only once before has the crystalized, transparent variety been produced. This was accomplished by Hannay, but his method involved physical arrangements difficult to meet, and has not been pursued. M. Moissan has now announced a new method for the artificial production of the diamond. It has long been thought that if the ordinary forms of carbon could be converted into a liquid or gas, that they then might be made to solidify as diamonds. But there is no way known of directly converting carbon into a liquid or gas. Moissan took advantage of the property possessed by melted iron of absorbing and diffusing carbon throughout its mass. He saturated the highly heated iron with carbon by infusing it into a quantity of purified sugar. By suddenly cooling the melted metal, he formed a solid crust over the still liquid interior. As the mass continued to cool, the interior gradually solidified, but it was prevented from expanding by the rigid exterior. The interior was thus compelled to solidify under enormous pressure. During the process of hardening, the carbon solidified, in part, as diamond, instead of graphite, as is usually the case in the cooling of melted iron. The quantity of diamonds thus produced was small, and the crystals themselves were small, but they were clear and transparent and seemed to possess all the beautiful properties of the natural gems. The experiment has already excited the curiosity and interest of many people, and the simplicity of the method will probably induce many to attempt the production of the precious stones. It is, however, safe to predict that much time and labor will yet have to be expended before marketable-sized jewels can be produced.

The scientific import of the discovery is, however, great and of immediate bearing. It is an important success in the efforts of scientific

men to reproduce the rarer of the natural mineral products. The diamond, ruby, quartz, feldspar, mica, pyroxene, hornblende, have all been in the laboratory. The experiments are very suggestive as to how the same materials were made in nature. Moissan's experiment throws strong light on the condition of the carbon in melted iron, a question of great practical import. Finally, the discovery suggests additional information as to the processes going on beyond our earth, which sometimes send meteorites to us laden with diamonds; within the earth, by which reservoirs may be filled with natural gas. The discovery widens the field for the transformation of matter and increases the possibility of interpreting the secrets of the mineral world.

#### CONTRARIETY IN INVENTIONS

*New York Sun*

There is apt to be a fine irreverence about the inventor which leads him to suspect that any old way of doing a thing is for that very reason not the best way. Often he observes some time-honored plan of working, audaciously makes up his mind to do the exact opposite, and hits upon success. Guns were loaded at the muzzle for ages, until one day a man of originality thought of loading them at the other end, the preferable end on many accounts besides that of manifest convenience. The same path was trodden by the Frenchman who first put the eye of a needle near its point instead of away from its point. He little knew that he was doing a great deal to make the sewing machine a possibility. One of the notions of the pioneer railway engineers in England was that the rails must be flanged so that the wheels of locomotives and carriages should not get off the track. But some of skeptical mind inquired: Why not leave the top of the rail flat, or nearly flat, and put the flange on the wheel, an easier thing to do? Accordingly the flange was taken from the rail to the wheel



and remains there to this day, to remind the traveler that an Eastern philosopher said long ago: "To him that is well shod it is as if the whole earth was covered with leather."

It is a good many years now since steam was first used for heating buildings, and as air when warmed ascends, what more natural than that steam coils should hug the floors just as the stoves before them had done? But in some of the largest factories in this country the coils are fastened, not to the floor, but to the ceiling, which proves to be a better place for them. As everybody knows who ever sat before an open fire, radiation is a pleasanter means of warmth than convection, than heat carried along by currents of air; floor space is incidentally saved, and the risk of gathering combustible rubbish about the coils is avoided. In the ages of simplicity which came down to Watt's time and the invention of the steam engine, when a kettle was to be heated the proper place for the fire was thought to be outside. But when big boilers came in, with pressing need that their contents be heated in the shortest time possible, it was found gainful to put the fire inside. Stephenson's locomotive, the Rocket, derived no small part of its efficiency from his knowledge to which side of the boiler to apply flame.

On somewhat the same principle Lord Dundonald, one of the early improvers of the steam engine, forced the hot-air currents under his boiler from above downward, against their natural tendency to move from below upward. In this way he made available much heat that otherwise would have been wasted. The steam engine, whether mounted on wheels or not, always keeps its fuel outside; furnace and cylinder are distinct. To-day the steam engine's primacy is challenged by a motor which uses its fuel inside, the furnace being no other than the cylinder, precisely as in the barrel of a gun. So much more work does a gas engine yield

than a steam engine, in comparison with the heat applied, that only the dearthness of heat as supplied by gas prevents the speedy superseding of steam for motive power. As gas engines grow steadily larger, their margin of economy becomes so decided that it begins to pay to make gas on purpose to burn in them.

In the reduction of bauxite, the refractory ore of aluminum, it is necessary to maintain an extreme temperature. The melting point of the mineral is high, and only so much of the heat as ranges above that temperature does work. In the Mining Department of the World's Fair is an exhibit showing how the modern metallurgist reduces aluminum with new economy. Instead of employing the old crucible method, and applying the fire from without, he encloses the ore in a non-conducting bed, and by means of a powerful electric current applies the heat from within. Electric furnaces of this type now produce bronze and other alloys at prices which steadily fall as their market enlarges. Not far from the mining exhibit at Chicago stands Machinery Hall. When its visitors see one of the largest steam engines driving machinery with a slack belt, they are wont to express surprise. Ordinary folks to-day think just what machinists thought a few years ago: that tightness is the effective and, indeed, the only feasible condition for belts. But in this case, as in a good many others, the rule of contraries has come, and with profit.

Architects, as well as engineers and metallurgists, have found it profitable to go into opposition where some ancient practices have been concerned. In latitudes of much fall of rain or snow, the form of roof which most obviously suggests itself is the common pitched roof, resembling an A, more or less broadened. Vexed by bursting rain conductors, by impromptu object lessons as to the force of avalanches, Northern architects take not A, but V, duly widened, for

their roof type. In Winter, ice and snow caught as in a basin cannot fall to the street. Icicles are banished, and in conductors carried through the heart of the building, and kept warm by the building, ice is gradually melted without damage.

#### ASBESTOS AND ITS USES

*Journal de la Chambre de Commerce*

The best asbestos comes from Siberia. Canadian asbestos is also a very superior quality. In olden times asbestos was spun and made into tablecloths, serviettes, etc., which were cleaned by being passed through the fire; and this material was also used by the ancients to wrap around corpses before placing them on the funeral pile, in order that the ashes might not be mixed with the wood. In the Vatican Library at Rome, an asbestos shroud can be seen which contains ashes and half-burnt bones, with which it was found in a sarcophagus. The ancients also made wicks for funeral lamps of the material. In modern times asbestos has been used for firemen's clothing and for fire-proof paper. More recently in America, its employment has greatly increased, and it is now used as a substitute for minium and caoutchouc in connection with the machinery in steamboats and locomotives.

Asbestos tissues, manufactured with pure amianthus yarn, are employed by the manufacturers of chemical products in filtering acids, and as wicks in certain heating apparatus. Asbestos mastic has an advantage over all known mastics, and resists the very highest temperature without injury. Asbestos colors are manufactured, which, in the case of metals, form an excellent preventive of oxidation and render wood and tissues absolutely incombustible. Bricks made of very light and porous asbestos are frequently placed in gas chimneys; the mineral reddens and throws out a great heat. About twelve years ago not more than three or four articles, at the most, were made of asbestos,

while at the present day the list contains more than a hundred, and its use is extending everywhere. One of the uses to which asbestos is now put is in connection with ceramics, the use of asbestos pottery is expected to become popular and to spread. With asbestos powder a species of earthenware is manufactured, possessing a grain of fineness hitherto unattained by any chinaware.

#### THE VIBROMETER: THE NEW EAR

*New York Telegram*

The vibrometer, which is claimed to make the deaf hear, is in shape and size very much like an ordinary banjo, with circular sounding board and extended string board. A small electric motor transmits by suitable mechanism a series of rapid taps or vibrations to the sounding board, and these are conveyed to the ear by tubes. The attachment by which vibration is produced can be adjusted to different leverages, so as to vary its intensity, and can be regulated at from 1 to 25 vibratory movements per second, a speed only used in very bad cases.

A special treatment is involved in the use of the strings of the instrument, which are vibrated by the revolution of a wheel studded with metallic picks. In applying these musical vibrations to the ear of the patient the tone selected must correspond in pitch to that caused by the diseased conditions of the ear. In other words, there is always a special note, the vibrations of which are more beneficial to the abnormal ear. It is a question of responsive vibration, illustrations of which all instrumentalists are familiar with. If there is no tinnitus or ringing noise to guide the practitioner, he finds whether the patient can hear a high or low sound, and a high rate of vibration is used in treatment.

The class of patients who are immediately benefited by the vibratory treatment are those in whom the mucous membrane lining the tympanic cavity and eustachian tubes is in a hypertrophic or morbidly enlarged condition.

## THE SKETCH BOOK : LIFE OF TO-DAY

### A QUID PRO QUO

*E. H. Graham-Dewey.....Brooklyn Life*

SCENE: Morning room of a fashionable uptown house. Seated, at a well-appointed breakfast table, are a man and a woman. They are both young and both married. In fact, they are married to each other. The young husband lazily skims the headlines of the morning papers, the young wife is glancing through a heap of three and four cornered notes and letters.

THE HUSBAND (breaking the silence): You have not told me yet, my dear, where you were all day yesterday?

THE WIFE (still reading): More coffee, darling?

THE HUSBAND: Thanks, no. Where were you yesterday?

THE WIFE: Mrs. Gaybody wants to know, for certain, this week, whether I can join them on that trip through the Mediterranean. From all accounts, the whole affair will be simply splendid.

THE HUSBAND: I don't see, my dear, how I can manage to get across this year.

THE WIFE: Oh, this is purely a doe party.

THE HUSBAND: What the deuce is a doe party?

THE WIFE: Don't be an idiot, dearest. It did not take long after we were married for me to find out what a *stag* party was.

THE HUSBAND: Well, never mind about that. I have asked you several times——

THE WIFE: But I do mind about the Mediterranean affair. I shall have to send word to Wilbea at once.

THE HUSBAND: Who is Wilbea?

THE WIFE: Mrs. Gaybody, my dearest friend on earth.

THE HUSBAND: I cannot say that I altogether approve of your dearest friend on earth.

THE WIFE: Why, I never heard of anything so preposterous! She is the best, the purest, the noblest creature I have ever met. I am sure I ought to know, for we are constantly together. Only yesterday——

THE HUSBAND: So it is she with whom you were all day. Now, darling, I don't wish to encroach on your leisure time in any way, but I should like to see those handkerchiefs you started to embroider just after our honeymoon.

THE WIFE: Do you expect me to be cooped up in the house all day, while you are enjoying yourself at the club? As Wilbea says——

THE HUSBAND: Never mind what your dearest friend says; I simply mentioned those handkerchiefs because I cannot forget how beautifully you embroider, and I want, as soon as they are finished, to show my friends that my little wife is as clever as she is handsome.

THE WIFE (considerably mollified): Well, darling, you shall have the handkerchiefs just as soon as I can finish them. I am full of engagements at present, but when I have a little more time to myself I will get right at them. (Suddenly)—Happy thought, dearest! I can take them with me on the Mediterranean trip, and finish them while I am gone. Perhaps I can do a dozen extra.

THE HUSBAND (sotto voce): I wish Vesuvius, Stromboli or some other volcano could fill up that confounded Mediterranean! (Aloud) You must promise me you will finish them before you ever think of going away.

THE WIFE (coaxingly): And if I promise my boy, will he promise me that I may—that he will be just as good and indulgent to me?

THE HUSBAND (gloomily): Well, I promise, (Remains in deep thought for a moment, then suddenly)—And, by the way, my dear, I take back what I said about your dearest friend, Mrs. Gaybody.

THE WIFE (highly delighted): Of course you do, you old goose; she is the dearest woman on earth.

THE HUSBAND: I know she is, my dear, and one most charming.

THE WIFE: Oh, everybody says that.

THE HUSBAND: I don't wonder at it. There seems to be a sort of subtle something about her that draws you right to her, as it were. I don't know how to explain it, my dear, but you know what I mean.

THE WIFE: Certainly. I took an immense liking to her from the first day I met her.

THE HUSBAND: I cannot understand why it is that her husband spends all his time abroad, away from her. Now, to my mind, she is a woman who would fill every requirement—a woman whose side a man would never want to leave.

THE WIFE (elevating her eyebrows): Yes?

THE HUSBAND: Yes. She is handsome, has a magnificent figure, dresses in perfect taste and is a brilliant conversationalist.

THE WIFE (thoughtfully): She certainly is attractive.

THE HUSBAND (enthusiastically): Attractive? Why, in a tête-à-tête—er—conversation, she can hold a man spellbound—do with him just as she pleases.

THE WIFE: What makes you think that?

THE HUSBAND: Think? Why, I know it.

THE WIFE: How do you know it?

THE HUSBAND: Because I—but didn't she ever tell you?

THE WIFE: Tell me what?

THE HUSBAND: Oh, nothing, my dear. I thought you knew all about it.

THE WIFE (with a peculiar glitter in her eye): Supposing you tell me all about it.

THE HUSBAND: It's nothing. I thought I had told you I met her one day on the Avenue, and we went to—er—dinner together.

THE WIFE (slowly): When was this?

THE HUSBAND: When? Let me see. Ahem! It was when you were away visiting your mother, while she was ill.

THE WIFE: Oh!

THE HUSBAND: Yes. I met her,

you know, in a casual way, and—well, we went to dinner at Del's, or somewhere, I have forgotten where it was, just at this moment.

THE WIFE: And was this tête-à-tête dinner ever repeated?

THE HUSBAND: Why—er—yes. She seemed to be quite lonely—on account of your being away, I suppose—and you had always spoken of her as your dearest friend, so I thought I m—

THE WIFE (in sudden outburst): And while I was away, nursing my poor sick mother, you were out dining that wretched, forward, designing woman!

THE HUSBAND (approaching): But, my dear—

THE WIFE: Don't dear me. Go away from me.

THE HUSBAND: But you have always spoken of her as being the—

THE WIFE: I always suspected her to be what I now know she is, but (bursting into tears) I never expected to find her out through my own husband.

THE HUSBAND: Now, my darling, you are making mountains out of molehills. If you ask her about it, she will tell you that—

THE WIFE (with dignity): Do you think I would ever lower myself by speaking to her about it? I shall never look upon her face again. Hereafter my doors are closed to her. (Exit in a flood of tears.)

THE HUSBAND (solus): Well, Heaven forgive me for being the greatest liar on earth! (Extracts a perfecto from his cigar case.) But I rather imagine I have knocked that Mediterranean doe party on the head. (Scratches a match on the sole of his slipper.) And I guess I'll get those handkerchiefs, some time. (Smokes.)

#### THE LAW OF THE PLAINS

*M Quad* ..... *New York Sunday Sun*

The outfit of twelve wagons had stopped at a point on the Rio Pecos River about seven miles above the town of Anton Chico. We had sup-

per and were smoking our pipes, and it was between sunset and dark when a young fellow about 20 years old came riding up from the direction of the Comanche country. He was dressed like a cowboy, and what few words he spoke were in good English. He rode up to a campfire around which five or six of us were sitting, and after a "Good evening" to all dismounted and let his gaze wander about. Teamster No. 5 was a Mexican half-breed known as Big Pete. He gave a start of surprise as the stranger rode up, and I heard him cursing and muttering to himself. By and by the boy fixed his gaze on Pete and kept it there for a long half minute. There was a sort of smile on his face which made one think of the look of a wolf who had pursued a victim for hours and hours and was finally near enough to seize it.

"Rifle, pistol or knife!" he asked of Pete in a low, even voice.

The big fellow looked around uneasily. He was no coward, as we all knew, but the sudden appearance of the boy had rattled him for a moment, we could all see that.

A full moon was coming up, and there would be light enough for fire-arms. He was a good shot, but that long, sharp knife was his favorite weapon. Besides, he was a giant compared to that slender but active looking youth.

"The knife, and I will give you one minute to say your prayers!" shouted Pete, as he sprang up.

"Very well. Just as you please!" quietly replied the young man, as he unbridled his horse and sent him away.

Not a word was spoken by any of the rest of us. We all rose up, but made no other move. Not a question was asked of either man. It was the law of the plains. One man had the right to demand satisfaction of another by rifle, revolver or knife. As to the cause of the quarrel, why should we ask or care? Pete removed his belt and jacket and som-

brero, and tied a handkerchief around his head. The stranger removed the belt in which he carried a couple of revolvers, threw aside his sombrero, and walked off to a distance of about fifty feet.

Pete followed. All the men in camp formed a circle about the pair. The moon made everything as plain as daylight. The horses and mules were all to the right of us. So far as all could see, every one stopped feeding and gazed steadfastly at the circle.

"Ready!"

It was the stranger who called out, and at the word both men moved into the centre of the ring and menaced each other. A fight to the death with knives is a horrible thing to look at, and yet there is a magnetism about it which forces you to stand and look till the end comes. Boxers move about—feint, advance, retreat, rush at each other, and grapple. So it is with men who fight with knives. Back and forth across the circle, round and round it, their knives now and then clashing together, and it was ten long minutes before blood was drawn. With the first drop came death. No man called out. No man in the circle moved out of his tracks. Some of the horses came nearer and whinnied softly, as if asking what it was all about, but this we remembered afterward. Big Pete was working to make his great strength bring him an advantage. If he could seize that boy's right arm with his left hand and hold it for five seconds the duel would be ended. Thrice he attempted it and thrice he failed. Suddenly the boy found the opening he had been seeking. So swiftly that none of us could follow him, he sprang forward under the uplifted right arm, there was the flash of a knife, and Big Pete uttered a groan and sank down.

"You are witnesses that it was a fair fight," said the stranger, as he stood over Pete and looked around the circle.



It was fair, but no man answered. He called his horse by a low whistle, slipped on the bridle, and half a minute later was cantering away to the east. Big Pete had wronged him. The law of the land would not give him satisfaction. The law of the plains had avenged him. A grave beside the Pecos—a guess or two as to the stranger's identity—that was all.

#### STREET-CAR SCENES

*Boston Transcript*

The Listener was the witness, the other day, of a very pretty scene on a street car. There was an old negro woman—a very black old woman, whose face, besides being black, was pock-marked. No doubt a superficial observer would have called her repulsive. But there was a sweet and kindly look in her eyes, and a benevolent expression about her black features, which, as you looked at her, gave you a glimpse of something beautiful.

At her side, with his sweet child face toward the window, knelt a little white boy—a handsomely dressed little chap, with blond curls and blue eyes. He asked the old black woman questions now and then, which she answered with a deep, grave, kind voice; and she called the little fellow "honey."

Presently this little Caucasian leaned over tenderly toward the old woman, put his arm lovingly around her neck, and laid his pink-and-white cheek against her black face. That obliterated every bit of repulsiveness the woman might have had with every person of sentiment in that car. To this little boy the old black face was entirely beautiful, because it was all love. The beauty that he saw was a good deal more than skin deep. \* \* \* The scene brought to mind all the romance of the old slave mamies and their nurselings—the old black women who tended and loved their tiny masters, and were loved by them tenderly in return, at least through the period of childhood.

Have you heard the singers of plantation melodies sing that song, "Mammy's Li'l Boy?" It is a true picture of the relation of love and devotion between the nurse and the child. The "li'l boy" is to be punished by his own white, neglecting mother for some delinquency, but "I'll run to my mammy," he says,

—She'll take me in her apron, and  
She'll hide me from my ma!

The mother, in these cases, abdicated the throne of her child's heart, surrendering her rights there to one of the humblest of human beings. Such a strange thing is motherhood; capable of such love as no other heart is capable of, and yet so often willing lightly to relinquish joys for despicable trifles. \* \* \* There was another street-car scene the same day which was more pathetic. A real mother this time, holding her little girl by the hand. It was a poor woman, evidently; but her hand which was not tightly clasping the hand of the child carried a somewhat bulky parcel, tied with white cord.

If you looked at the parcel closely enough, you could make out what it contained from certain projections in it here and there; and besides, on the paper in which it was wrapped there was the printed advertisement of a toy store. The child was voiceless, and her face mutely appealing. The mother seemed to have no way of communicating with her except by looks, shakes or nods of the head and various pitiful grimaces. The child looked about curiously, with the shifting, watchful eyes of a deaf mute.

After a little, the mother asked the way to the Horace Mann School. She was told that she was near it, and clasped the child's hand closer. Presently she left the car, carrying her parcel of toys out with great care, as if she thought it were in danger of breaking, which would be a calamity not to be thought of. She was taking her beloved child to the school for

deaf mutes, no doubt for a long separation, in order that, as Helen Keller expresses it, the world of light might be opened to her with the key of language. But she would get her back after awhile!

## HE WAS BLEEGED TER GO

New York Evening Post

As I was seated one day in Mr. B.'s study, reading the morning papers, while he was occupied with his correspondence, he was interrupted by the entrance of his coachman, and I overheard the following conversation:

"Marsa John, is yo' dar?"

"Yes, Jerry; do you want me?"

"Well, yes, sah. Yo' see, Marsa John, I dun want ax yo' sum'fun."

"Well, what is it, Jerry?"

"Marsa John, yo' see it's like dis, sah: I'se got a brudder as is ober ter Marsa Harison's, an dere's gwanter be a wedin' ober dar nex' Chuesday, an' I'se 'bleeged ter go."

"But, Jerry, I do not see how I can spare you. Master Charles is coming home and is going to bring some friends with him. I am sorry, but I cannot let you go just now. I will send a wedding gift to your brother, just to prove to him that I do not intend to be unkind; but I do not see how you can go."

"Marsa John, sah, I'se really 'bleeged ter go."

"Jerry, I cannot let you go, as I said just now."

"But, Marsa John, I'se 'bleeged ter go; dere's no use 'sputin', I's 'bleeged ter go. I doan' see how you doan' see how it is. Miss Clara she all fix fur it, an' her folks is fix fur it, an' de wedin' cake dun made, an' de fabors done gib out. Mr. Jonsing done promis' ter stan', an' Miss Lilly, fum Marsa Pine's, she gwanter stan', too, an' I doan' see how we can git on if I ain't dare. An' 'bout dat wedin' giff, Miss Clara's de one dat's gwanter git married; it ain't my brudder, but de wedin' is at he house. Now, doan' yo' see it?"

"Well, no, Jerry, I cannot say that

I do see why you have to be there. Is this Miss Clara your sister?"

"No, sah."

"Your niece?"

"No, sah."

"Your cousin!"

"No, sah."

"Then who *is* she?"

"Why, she's de bride, sah—de lady what's gwanter git married."

"But why in the world, if she is no relation to you, are you obliged to be there if she is not to marry your brother?"

"Why, bless yo' heart, Marsa John, ain't yo' dun study it out ofore dis? I dun tink yo' a mighty smart man, fo' sho' I did. Why, Marsa John, I'se 'bleeged ter go, 'cause I'se promis' ter marry Miss Clara, an' fur de lan' ob goodness, I doan' see how I gwanter git married to dat lady dar, Miss Clara, if I ain't dar; does yo'?"

"Well, Jerry, I confess I do not see how you can manage to be in two places at once. I suppose I shall have to let you go. Here are \$10 for you. Give Miss Clara my compliments. Remember, I shall certainly expect you back on Friday morning, for I will need you then and I cannot spare you longer."

"T'ank yo', Marsa John; t'ank yo' kinely, sah. I jus' bin studyin' how I gwanter pay de wedin' fee. I always knowed yo' was a gen'l'man, sah, an' was sho' as yo' could unnerstan' de case w'en yo' was tole; an' I knowed dat no gen'l'man in de Souf was eber gwine fur ter disappint a lady on her wedin' day by not lettin' de man git dar. I'se comin' back Friday mornin' sho', an' we'd be mighty pleased tar see yo' an' Marsa Charles an' he fren's at de wedin'. It's gwanter take place at six in de eb'nin'. Miss Clara, she's de sister ob de lady dat my brudder dun marry, an' dat's how de wedin' is dar. He de coachman fo' Marsa Harison, an' de wedin' is at he coach house. I tank yo' kinely fo' yo' good wishes. I knowed yo' had de smartness ter unnerstan' w'en yo' was talked to plain."

## PRATTLE : BITS OF CHILD VERSE

## THE CHINESE BABY

*Harper's Magazine*

There was a little baby  
 Who was born in Woo-Hoo  
 That was asked to choose a name  
 When they cut out its queue,  
 And the little baby laughed  
 And answered them "Ah Goo."

## THE LOST DOLL

*Charles Kingsley.....Child Life*

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
 As I played on the heath one day;  
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,

For her paint is all washed away,  
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,  
 And her hair's not the least bit curled;  
 Yet for old time's sake, she is still dears,  
 The prettiest doll in the world.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
 The prettiest doll in the world;  
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
 And her hair was so charmingly curled;  
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
 As I played on the heath one day;  
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
 But I never could find where she lay.

## BOOH !

*Eugene Field.....Read at the Congress of Authors.....Chicago News*

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap  
 And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's lap,  
 In this peculiar wise I hold my 'kerchief to my face,  
 And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;  
 Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,  
 And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh !"

Sometimes that rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,  
 And, really, when I first began, he stared and stared and stared;  
 And then his under lip came out and further out it came,  
 Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame"—  
 But now what does that same wee toddling, lisping baby do  
 But laugh and kick his little heels when I say "Booh !"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then  
 In shrill, despot treble bids me "do it all aden !"  
 And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,  
 It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for !  
 And it is, oh, such fun ! and I am sure that I shall rue  
 The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh !"

## SLEEPY SONG

*Charles Buxton Going.....Summer Fallow*

Slow, slow, breezes blow,  
 Birds in the nest are swinging;  
 Over the meadows the fireflies go,  
 Each with his tiny lantern aglow;  
 Down where the bullrush and cat-tails grow  
 The frogs and the crickets are singing.

Still, still, are hollow and hill;  
 The flags by the river are swaying  
 With drowsiest whispers; but round the mill  
 The swallows are silent; they had their fill  
 Of romping all day with the wind, until  
 They all grew tired of playing.

Rest, rest, birds in the nest!  
 Flowers in the meadow are dreaming,  
 Wee heads nodding on each wee breast;  
 And, one by one, the stars in the West  
 Are softly and quietly sinking to rest,  
 And the fairies homeward are streaming.

Sleep, sleep, quiet and deep;  
 Quieter, deeper is sinking  
 Over the level where white mists creep;  
 And the sound is so low of the river's sweep,  
 That you almost can hear the willows weep  
 And the thoughts the daisies are thinking.

## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

### A TIME OF UNREST

*Senator Hawley.....New York Independent*

We are coming to one of the most interesting stages of the world's history. We are on the threshold. We have started in. This is a time of unrest, when nothing goes without doubt. Nothing goes without investigation. Nothing goes without impertinent challenge and a charge to see whether it can be destroyed! No institution of church or state, no doctrine of government or religion is without its enemies. Your right to your house and your barn and your horse is questioned by the Socialists. Your right to vote, your right to your religious doctrines—in fact, every right you have is questioned. Even the very existence of a God is questioned. Everything but the base, coarse material forms of dirt and trees and water before your very eyes is questioned by some one; and the whole world is in a tumult worse than the world ever saw before by reason of mentalking about reorganizing all things. Now, among the great powers of this nation so far have been its staying powers, its conservative powers. No nation has such a history in that one regard as we have had during the last one hundred years. Back of all these waves of destruction and back of these wild winds stands a great steady force of what Tennyson calls saving common sense."

The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe.

What do they ask of us? Why, a union of all men under some socialistic form of labor organization, under which your wages shall be exactly prescribed, under which, practically, therefore, your style of living shall be despotically prescribed, under which, if you be a bright and quick workman you must do no more work in a day than a slow, stupid workman; for he is the one that must set the pace.

And they would have the Government do everything. They want the Government to take possession of 170,000 miles of railway, worth more than ten thousand millions of dollars and employing about 800,000 men; and that magnificent financial power and that vast physical power are to be organized under one great governmental cast-iron frame. Then we are to throw aside all the common-sense notions born of the necessities and the studies of five thousand years concerning a representative of value which helps us to exchange goods—that is to say, money. And while some are wild about one metal and some about another, a large mass of men are moving steadily toward a demand that the Government—which is some mysterious thing outside of ourselves with a kind of omnipotent power—shall print paper without limit, and every piece of it shall be called money and be called wealth. We are apparently asked to abolish labor and taxation and live by the help of the thing called Government. We are asked to become slaves. I would rather, I think, be the abject African slave of some thoughtful, good-hearted fellow of the slave-holding régime than to be the slave of a soulless corporation composed of 50,000 workmen led by socialistic demagogues, because I could make an impression upon the one good-hearted man by my entreaties; but what impression could I make upon an organization of men to which I could not appeal individually, on the ground of the necessities of my wife and children and myself?

I might have mentioned the wild proposition that is made that the Government shall take charge of all your savings, and that it shall take charge of the telegraph and the telephone service of the country. These things are propositions made in every Congress. And it is coming to be a

significant and threatening habit to rush to the Federal Congress for relief from every burden, and for the assumption of many tasks the States can more wisely perform. When the storm arises, it is not then that the sailor studies astronomy and navigation. He should have all that knowledge within him from previous study. So when we get into a social storm, some sudden concatenation of altogether unexpected circumstances, it is not then the lines that ought to be laid down are formulated. These things grow gradually by a growth as slow as that of the diamond, by the experience of ages and the concurrent judgment again and again of wise men and wise gatherings of men. Do not let us suppose, now that we are coming into an unprecedented agitation, that we have found out anything new, or that we shall invent upon the moment something that will settle the trouble. Let us fall back upon the experience of the world, upon the accumulated judgment, the syllabus, of what the world has thought and has done. Let us believe that during five thousand years of experience we have arrived at common sense concerning money, and that it cannot be created by a printing press; that you cannot make men rich by statute; that you cannot set back the tide and settle everything by Congressional act.

#### MODERN CRIMINALITY

Guillaume Ferrero.....*Revue de Revues*

There are two forms of criminality, atavic and evolutional. Atavic criminality is the return of certain individuals, whose physiological and psychological constitution is morbid, to such means of the struggle for existence as civilization has suppressed, such as murder, robbery, etc. Now the natural forces which formerly impelled men to battle in this sanguinary manner have not entirely ceased to act upon humanity; they still act, and excite men to certain antagonisms, which occupy the entire life of almost all humankind,

excepting only those who, possessing a superior moral sense, refuse to become entangled in self-interested struggles, even if this course of action costs them some trouble. But the means of the struggle have changed through the influence of civilization; these were formerly force and violence; they are to-day fraud and astuteness. No one can deny that an immense number of thefts are committed every day, of which the law takes no cognizance; that human cupidity finds means of satisfying itself, even if it does not employ the sword and poison, which sometimes makes one wonder, with horror, if all human progress is not menaced with failure.

This is the transformation of savage criminality among civilized people. It is to-day a normal condition of existence that this battle of astuteness has replaced the war of the muscles. For, as long as the present social conditions last, no human power will be able to prevent men from stealing from each other, just as it is impossible to keep men living in a state of barbarous anarchy from killing each other. From this point of view all modern humanity is imbued, to some extent, with evolutionary criminality. Those, however, who really form that criminality, which I call evolutional, are the men who, endowed with a greater talent or favored by a too prosperous fortune, push that battle of intrigue and deceit to a monstrous excess, which makes it too great a danger to all modern society. These, in reality, only employ to a great extent the means of enriching themselves that all the world uses on a small scale; but their action, on account of the excessive development which they give to the means of the struggle for existence, should be considered as abnormal and, therefore, punishable; while the same means, applied on a small scale, are entirely normal, and, although our moral sense feels them unworthy, remain unpunished;



for law would be powerless and even unjust to injure them. Those who make use of the means that society has given them, without annoying the social life more than others, are evidently only using their rights. But, for the great evolutionary criminals, it will not do to trust too much to the effects of punishment; they are the product of our customs and will always be found so long as our customs remain unchanged.

#### THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SEX

*Open Court*

It is a humiliating fact that no sooner do two persons of opposite sex begin to "show interest" in each other, and find mutual profit and delight in each other's society, than a thousand flying shafts of criticism and innuendo proceed to darken the air about them, poison the pure springs of intellectual joy and fellowship, and compel them to abandon all the inspiring influences of their intercourse, or submit it to what Carlyle would call "the terrible test of wedlock." Nor does it much matter how high or honorable the position and character of the friends in the case may be; so long as they are unmarried and dare to seek each other's society, the social world will be in threatening ebullition over them. And now, what occasions such a state of things among beings that were supposed to be made but "little lower than the angels"? Simply the sad fact that an unnatural form of society and education has come to regard boys and girls, men and women, as little more than surcharged batteries of love and matrimony, that are sure to flash sparks in some direction, right or wrong, if brought into any possible connection with each other. What makes the little twelve-year-old in short dresses and pinafores blush and look conscious when Tom offers to open the gate for her or help her over the brook?

Don't say, in explanation, "It's nature." It is not nature. It's the

French governess or the silly school-mate, who tells her that she's "Tom's girl," or even the anxious mamma, who warns her that she is "too big to play with the boys now." Let nature alone for guarding a girl's play with a boy, and she can brighten his campus or share his work desk forever if need be, without a passing danger to any of the fine trusts committed to her or him. Left to herself she would never force or violate the fixed and orderly voices of her soul, and if, perchance, some special Tom should awaken a new consciousness in her heart she'd know how to guard that, too, be sure, and all the better because she had not been led to look for or imagine it in every boy who glanced at her. The education, indeed, which leaves her thoughts entirely free from any concern about a boy, as a being to be either sought or shunned, is the one that saves her; and the unperverted mind that enables her to receive all the unfolding lessons of life as mighty truths or gracious laws in the eternal scheme of being, is one that can bring all needed knowledge into safe and orderly relation to her. It is the half truth, hissed into her ear by some coarse schoolmate, or mistaken guardian, perhaps, that poisons the spring and turns all the fair currents of her life awry. Nature itself is ever finer than any outside touch that can be put upon it. But, strange to say, good and wise men have so long ignored this simple fact and taken the opposite condition for granted, that they have largely induced the thing they deprecated. They have founded their schools and creeds upon the extraordinary principle that God has actually created a race of beings so bad that the two grand divisions of it must, to a large extent, be segregated from each other, warned against each other, steeped early in a thousand petty suspicions of evil, treachery, danger and disaster attending the intercourse with each other, till, to reward their pains, men and women

have widely achieved the things expected of them, so now all parties are more or less afraid of each other.

The consciousness of sex ever hangs like a nightmare over all their approaches to one another. The suspicion of coquetry or courtship, or the fear of such suspicion, undermines every interchange of kindness or sympathy, and a radical want of confidence in each other's motives, sincerity and trustworthiness kills all power of mutual helpfulness, and keeps the whole body of society in a continual ferment. And yet, years ago, the historian Lloyd told mankind that the civilizing, stimulating, and sustaining influence which comes from friendly and sympathetic intercourse between the sexes is one of the fundamental needs of humanity. Many a man, he declares, can scarcely do his best work or fulfill his mission in the world without it. Many a woman is unconscious of half her powers till the keen attrition of some masculine mind reveals them to her. Now they are blest, of course, who find this stimulus and companionship in married life, but just why they are "doomed who don't," or forced to forego all such uplifting influences in their earthly pilgrimage, is not so easy to determine. The grand touchstone which the present generation is to apply to the whole matter is the system of co-education.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF OUR RACE

*Frederic Harrison.....Fortnightly Review*

The conclusion of Dr. Pearson, in his recent work on *National Life and Character*, is that, as religion, the family, the world of adventure, and of exploit, grow gradually feebler and smaller, while the State grows stronger, and the pressure of numbers enforces a greater equality and fixity, we shall feel the consequences in reduced energy of character, in decay of poetic and artistic invention, in feebler vitality, with prolonged life, but with less hopefulness, less animal spirits, less power

of enjoyment—a dull, monotonous life of a kind less bright and refined than our own. The day cometh, "when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate."

It is a melancholy prospect for those to whom civilization in this nineteenth century offers everything desirable and good. But even thus, it may seem as a millennium to the masses whose lot is now so far more dull and hard. But is the forecast true at all? Yes! it is perfectly true, if things go on as they are going, if civilization loses one by one its old spiritual and moral traditions, and cannot replace them by better; if the rush of modern industrial "progress" grows fiercer, if no more healthy polity, no more definite religion, no more social morality can make itself dominant, there is no other issue possible but this. But this gloomy forecast assumes that religion is practically dead without an heir; that aspiration, enthusiasm, genius, imagination, have grown atrophied and sterile. It is true that philosophic observers can no longer see any real future for theological and metaphysical creeds. It may well be, that celestial religions of every kind are exhausted. But religion is not dead or dying; and this earth offers it an inexhaustible field.

Human and terrestrial religion will inspire far surer hopes, and purer and steadier enthusiasm, than ever did superhuman and celestial religion in any of its countless modes. The prospect of Humanity at length covering this glorious planet with happy, cultured, loyal and loving children, subduing the earth and enjoying it, waging noble and successful war against the hostile cosmic forces, ransacking the infinite seas of knowledge, and figuring that knowledge in æsthetic forms eternally new and bright—this is a vision which is equal to sustain any imagination and any

energy. Cæsar and Alexander had no such worlds to conquer as they who shall extirpate infectious and hereditary disease, and make the jungles of India and the lowlands of Africa as habitable by man as the plains of Europe. He who will domesticate some more wild animals, and economize the fuel, the food, and the clothing of mankind will be a new Prometheus, Cadmus and Hercules.

No hero of old could ever equal the feats of those who, at the risk of their own lives, shall make cholera, leprosy, and the plague mere historical curiosities. And as to poetry and art, grace and charm of life, no theme was ever presented to the imagination of man so rich, so splendid, so inexhaustible, as the theme of the kingdom of man controlling a new and transformed earth.

This grand hope has been finely put by Mr. Huxley in his masterly "Romanes Lecture," 1893. He is no optimist indeed; nor is he pessimist. He has something more than resignation to counsel, as we face the inevitable pressure of our physical conditions. He sees that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, much less in bowing before it, but in combating it. And he is not without hope that humanity will succeed. "Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacity and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence, for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something to curb the instincts of savagery in civilized men."

This is the strong, true ethics of evolution. And can any prospect of

the future be more inspiring? As we conceive the kingdom of man securing its foundations century after century—making the vast wastes and jungles of the planet wholesome and pleasant to man—restoring and cherishing the forests and flora, protecting and wisely breeding the useful fauna, perhaps exterminating the poisonous and noxious—preserving the *phocidæ cetacea*, many of the pachyderms and the rodents which are now delivered over to wanton "sport"—systematically annihilating all preventible disease, till our zymotic diseases become scandalous, making all labor, through the efforts of science and humanity, a pleasant exercise—making our towns beautiful, healthful and organic—restoring the charm of family, until the test of civilization comes to be the perfection of the home—making war impossible—making education common and equal in all citizens—the more advanced nations becoming the elder brethren and guides of the backward nations—until we shall reach the day when all nations of the earth have one and the same religion, and that religion has no other basis but science, and no other aim but to make man's life on earth noble and happy—when we conceive all this we may regard the civilization of man as hardly yet begun, and the thousand centuries of the past as but the prologue to man's real career.

#### ARE CHINESE UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS

*Harper's Weekly*

The Chinese are an undesirable immigration from a political, social, and economical standpoint. We have permitted and encouraged immigration in the past because of the belief that each immigrant had a money value, in that his labor, as applied to the development of the natural resources of the country, produced some new value, which enriched the community and increased the wealth of the nation. The Chinese immigrants are actuated by different purposes from those of

other aliens. They have no intention of remaining here longer than is necessary to acquire a sum of money sufficient to maintain them in their own land. All expect to return there some day, taking with them the profit of their labor here. They bring no families with them, and do not become permanent residents, but are mere birds of passage, whose labor earnings represent no increase of wealth in the State. They establish no domestic relations here, found no homes, and in no wise increase or promote the growth of the community in which they reside, and are, for these reasons, to be considered as different from the other immigrants, and their coming should be regulated by different laws from those applying to other alien races who come here. The latter come, with few exceptions, with no intention of returning to their native land. Their earnings are retained here, they marry, families are established, homes are builded; and many other citizens find, in time, employment in satisfying the wants thus created. Farms are subdivided, and small settlements established; towns spring up, and the country experiences the benefit of their growth and development.

The Chinaman does none of these things. He comes a bachelor and remains one, animated only by the desire of living as cheaply as possible, spending as little as possible, and returning to his native land with his earnings. He lives in hovels that a white man could not exist in. He acquires no vested rights in realty, and on his departure the country is poorer by the amount he takes with him. If we had had in California a number of white laborers equal to the number of our Chinese, we would have retained here many millions of dollars which have been sent to China, and we would have a far greater measure of prosperity than now.

Is it a good policy to encourage the immigration of a class of laborers coming with the purpose of the Chi-

nese? During the past few years the commissioners of immigration on the Atlantic side have returned to Europe many laborers who were in the habit annually of coming over to the United States in the Summer to labor as stone-cutters and toilers generally, and who returned to their native land in the Fall, there to enjoy the fruits of the Summer's work; and public sentiment in the East approved of the action of the department.

The only difference between this class of European laborers and the Chinese is that the Chinaman labors during the Winter, and thus increases the amount he finally withdraws.

The resident laborers of the country, the men who bear the burdens of maintaining the government, and who are relied on to defend it when attacked, are entitled to protection against this class of labor, no matter whence it comes; and the government that fails to so protect its citizens is guilty of negligence and indifference to the necessities of its people. Another objection to the Chinese is founded on their attitude toward our government. It cannot be in accord with good public policy to permit a foreign people in large numbers to reside in our midst, as the Chinese do, and yet recognize allegiance not to our government, but to the government of their native land. Nearly all of the Chinese in the United States come from one province of China, and are members of one or the other of the Six Chinese Companies, so called, who control the movements and the affairs of their members. The Chinese here live to themselves; they adopt none of the customs or habits of our people, but retain the dress, manners and mode of life of their native land. They acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Emperor of China over them and their affairs in the United States. In fact, they established a little Chinese Empire in our midst, and recognize allegiance to the laws of the mother country rather than to our laws.

## FACTS AND FIGURES OF INTEREST

Crucifixion is the method of sacrifice adopted in the Benin country on the west coast of Africa. . . Forest fires in this country destroy every year \$12,000,000 worth of timber. . . In New York last year 7,221,000 cans of milk and 55,000 cans of condensed milk were consumed. . . The salaries paid to persons in the United States civil service amount to \$90,000,000 annually. This amount pays the wages of 180,000 persons, the average being \$500 a year. . . It has been estimated that a bell of common size whose sound would penetrate to a distance of three to five miles on shore, would, if submerged in the sea, be heard for sixty miles. . . If a man weighing 140 pounds were put under a hydraulic press and squeezed flat the result would be 105 pounds of water and thirty-five of dry residue.

Amber blazes like a torch when light is applied, and great quantities have been consumed in the unbroken worship of thirteen centuries at Mecca, the sacred city of Moslem. . . The largest single loan of money made in New York last year was for \$1,325,000. . . A novel bet was made recently by a Cuban who was a constant visitor to one of the cafés on the Paris boulevards—the wager being for one thousand francs—that the head carver would not cut and make two thousand complete sandwiches in twenty-four hours. The carver won the bet easily, accomplishing the feat in nineteen hours and forty minutes, demolishing twenty-two hams in the operation. This huge mass of sandwiches was divided among the principal hospitals of Paris and the environs. . . The carrying capacity of the cables between Australia and Europe is from 72,000 to 100,000 words a day. The actual traffic is about 5,000 words a day. . . On the hill-side of an islet, off the Grand Canary, several hundred feet above the level of the sea, is

erected probably the largest advertisement in the world. It is as follows: "Grand Canary Engineering Company." Each letter is 30 feet long and fifteen feet wide, and each bar of the letter is 3 feet 3 inches broad. It is about 250 yards long.

The tallest giant in recent days has been the Austrian, Winkelmeyer, measuring 8 feet nine inches. . . The oldest tree on earth is said to be the Bo tree in the sacred city of Amarapooora, Burmah. It was planted in the year 288 B. C. . . Ell, it seems, which answered to our present yard, comes from ulna, the bone of the forearm that terminates in the "funny-bone," and as a measure of length was taken from the length of the arm of King Henry I. . . There is no other work in the world of which so many copies are printed annually as of the Chinese almanac. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanac is printed at Peking, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for beginning any undertaking, for taking medicine, for marrying or for burying.

There are 266 different religious sects in England. . . The catch of seals has fallen this year from two or three hundred thousand to 30,000. . . One passenger in a hundred and eighty millions is killed on the railways in England; one in a million and twenty-nine thousand is injured. . . The white pine supply of this country stands in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This timber reserve is fast diminishing, the out-put for the last lumbering season, amounting to 9,000,000,000 feet, or nearly one-half the lumber-cut of the entire country. To produce this requires an army of 135,000 men, or about fifteen men to each million feet.



## SUPERSTITIOUS, UNUSUAL, AND WEIRD

### BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS

*Georgia A. Peck.....Once a Week*

The flowery month of May is held especially unlucky to a bridal pair. Death or misfortune is supposed to follow within a year from the time of a May marriage. The bride should get on the best of terms with the weather bureau, as the quality of weather furnished upon her wedding day is supposed to typify the condition of the marriage skies. "Happy the bride the sun shines on" is the all-important saw on the wedding day. Let the tiring-maids be sure that the bridal toilet includes—

Something white and something blue,

Something borrowed, something new—

even if the latter essential be an unsoiled bridal gown. The superstitious bride will be careful to throw away every pin used in her wedding attire, to avert the ill-luck that would attend their subsequent use. On the other hand, let the unmarried friends of the bride scramble eagerly for these cast-away pins, for they may base their hopes of a speedy marriage for themselves upon the possession of one of these pointed souvenirs. Fragments of the bridal bouquet are held to be equally desirable.

A prudent young woman will decline to serve for the third time as bridesmaid, out of respect to the ancient warning: "Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride." The bridal veil should not be omitted. Its wearing is the survival of a Roman custom, and betokens modesty on the part of the bride. The wearing of a white satin bridal robe is held to be unlucky, notwithstanding the prevalence of the custom. Fashion has asserted her sway over prejudice in this matter, and still more decidedly in regard to the time-honored superstition which forbade the best man to bring ill fortune upon a bridal couple by wearing a black coat. Possibly English superstition may hold that the

wearing of a pink shirt by this dignitary casts a rosy glow over the future of the happy pair. On that point, authority is silent. At all events, no wedding guest should appear at the bridal robed in black. The best man must be a relative of the groom, and by no means stumble on his way to the altar. The wedding ring is supposed to bring sorrow if it contains a diamond or any stone to break the golden circle. The loss of the wedding ring is held to be especially ominous, and many wives have a superstitious dread of removing the ring from the finger on which it is placed at the marriage. The bridegroom must remove his gloves before the bride takes off her own, to receive the ring. The postponement of a wedding is considered most unlucky, some believers in this superstition even going so far as to hold a marriage and a funeral service on the same day in a household rather than to do violence to this tradition.

The practice of throwing rice after a bridal couple is very ancient, and as originally done it symbolized fertility. The custom of throwing old slippers after the happy pair has come down from antiquity. It is especially prevalent in Somersetshire, where it is generally supposed to be a sort of invocation to the goddess Fortune, who, by virtue of this rite, confers favors and good fortune. It is probable that this playful pelting of the newly-married pair dates back to an old savage custom when marriage by capture was in force. It was then held to be a matter of especial "good form" for the friends of the bride to offer violent opposition to her capture by the bridegroom. Among the Arab tribes of Upper Egypt the unfortunate bridegroom underwent the ordeal of whipping at the marriage feast. His lot was rendered the more unenviable by the requirement that he receive the

drubbing—which was often unmercifully administered by the relatives of the bride—"with an expression of enjoyment." In Turkey the bridegroom is chased by the guests, who pelt him with their slippers. Our own custom of throwing old slippers—or latterly, sweet roses—after the bride and groom is really the last relic of a show of opposition to the capture of the bride.

A VISITOR FROM THE DEAD

Walter Besant.....London Queen

The story of the appearance of the soul after death to the surviving friend, and the supernatural marking of the wrist, has been told in many ways, but in none more circumstantial than that of Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford. It is in the *Belle Assemblée* of August, 1806. This is the history: Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford were both orphans, and both brought up by the same guardian. They were as much attached to each other as if they had been brother and sister. They were at first educated as deists, but, being afterward disturbed in this belief, they gave each other a solemn promise that the one who died first should, if possible, appear to the other and declare the truth about religion. Years passed. The girl married Sir Marcus Beresford, and had two children—daughters. One morning she appeared at breakfast, her wrist tied up with a black ribbon. She was much agitated, and begged her husband to refrain from inquiring into the meaning of her agitation, or of the ribbon round her wrist. On that same day a letter arrived announcing the death of Lord Tyrone. Shortly afterward a son was born; then her husband died. She retired from society, seeing no one except the family of a certain clergyman. Then, to the surprise of the world, she married this man's son, a youth many years her junior. The marriage turned out miserably, and she had to separate from him. But she had a child by him, and one day, shortly after the birth of this child,

her second husband's father called to inquire after her health. He then told her that she was wrong about her age; that he had looked up the matter in the register, and that she was that very day 47 years of age, though she had imagined herself to be 48. "You have brought me my death warrant," she cried. "I have but very few hours, if any, to live." She then told her story. Lord Tyrone had appeared to her on that night mentioned above. He had informed her that revealed religion was true. When she said that she should regard this as a dream, he gave her certain tokens by which she should know that it was no dream; he twisted the curtain in a very remarkable manner; he wrote some words in her pocket-book; he told her that she would be the mother of a boy; that her husband would die before long; that she would marry again and be unhappy, and that she would die before completing her 47th year. Also, as a final proof, he touched her wrist, and instantly the nerves and sinews shrank, and so remained all her life, though she never allowed any one to see her wrist. All his prophecies had come true except the last—and saying this she lay back and died.

SUPERSTITION AND DISEASE

F. G. Oswald.....Globe-Democrat

Fear is the most prolific mother of superstitions, and next to the awe of the specter-world the dread of disease has produced the strangest aberrations of the human mind. The ancient Phœnicians roasted their children alive to propitiate the demon of an epidemic, and more than four thousand years ago a faith-cure doctor of Northern India (mentioned in Sir William Jones' Asiatic researches) persuaded his patients to memorize a formula of mystic jargon and repeat it in some lonely spot in the wilderness, hour after hour, till the ailment yielded. A strict fast had to be observed during the first two days of the cure, and the success of the inventor proved that then, as now, over-eating

could be considered a chief cause of disease. Fasting was probably also the essential factor of the grievous pilgrimages undertaken in quest of health, and often aggravated by such conditions as the rule which required the patient to walk with weighted shoes (a sort of counter irritant), to abstain from conversation with his fellow-travelers, and, moreover, to prepay the charges of the prescribing Brahmin. Still, there may have been no difficulty about getting customers on such terms at a time when persons troubled with toothache paid a liberal price for the loan of a sacred baboon and the privilege to carry the obstreperous brute on their shoulders and enjoy the benefit of its animal warmth and other mystic influences. Sculptures on the Egyptian obelisks and on the ruins of Nineveh represent patients saddled with a poultice of that sort, and looking piously resigned to their fate, but, withal, as woe-begotten as Sinbad in the clutches of the Old Man of the Sea. The Oracle of Delphi now and then consented to deal in medical revelation at the rate of a talent—about \$1,200—a prescription, and Menecrates, who managed to cure a childhood complaint of Alexander the Great, went so far as to maintain that under the inspiration of the health-dispensing deity he had to be considered a supernatural being and worshipped accordingly, but King Philip of Macedon got even with him by paying his fee in the form of a pot full of incense that used to be burned on the altars of the gods. For nearly 600 years all the nations of Christendom firmly believed in the crazy hocuspocus of the "King's Evil Cure," and even skeptical sovereigns considered it the wisest plan to humor the spirit of the times and set apart special days of every month for "touching" scores of scrofula patients. Charles II. on one occasion touched 300 persons; Louis XIV. of France on Easter Sunday, 1,686, more than 1,500, the great plurality of which, the court chronicler assures

us, were restored to health within twenty days.

Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages" record the success of the most extravagant absurdities prescribed for such disorders as the sweating sickness and St. Vitus' dance, but the crucial test for the sincerity of the patient's faith was the ordeal of the Flagellants, who roamed from town to town lacerating themselves with barbed scourges, and mixing their scant meals with gall and wormwood, all in the hope of averting the spread of the epidemic known as the "Black Death." The victims of the dancing mania in their lucid intervals swallowed substances which no sane person should be supposed to mistake for remedies, and performed the most astonishing penances, such as crawling for miles on all fours and exposing themselves all day to the rage of a freezing storm.

Such delusions are, however, by no means the exclusive product of the dark ages. Only recently the Vienna Press reported the case of a Servian grass widow, who ate handfuls of St. John's beetles ("lady bugs") in the hope of regaining the affections of her absent husband; and the Russian peasants try to cure epilepsy by collecting the largest possible number of patients and making them sit in a circle in a solitary dell of the woods, mumbling prayers in chorus, under the impression that their united appeal would be more apt to propitiate the wrath of heaven. To prevent their thoughts from straying to worldly objects the patients are covered with shrouds that make it difficult for them to breathe, so much so, indeed, that the Winter is, on the whole, the most popular season for the transaction of the ceremony. That intelligent persons of the nineteenth century can waste their time on such mummeries would seem incredible if it were not a notorious fact that Fedor Selivanoff, the founder of the sect of the Skopzis, or self mutilators, gained hundreds of converts among the educated classes

of his countrymen, and during a year's confinement in the city prison of Smolensk, persuaded not only a number of his fellow prisoners but his jailor and several of his relatives to submit to the monstrous rite of initiation, which the high priest of the fanatics performed at midnight, after pronouncing the "sacred formula," translated by the French historian of the sect: "*Marche pendant la nuit vers l'Orient, jusque il feta jour; jamais la paresse ne f' incammodera*;" "walk eastward through the darkness of the night till you see the morning dawn; sloth henceforth has no power to trouble you." In spite of the severest proscriptive edicts the new creed continued to gain ground, and in Bucharest alone is now known to have a membership of nearly 15,000 persons.

After the establishment of such facts it seems less inconceivable that Bulgarian rustics still try to cure consumption by opening a grave and driving a stake through the heart of the alleged vampire, and ascribe almost every unexplained epidemic to the machinations of Hebrew sorcerers.

#### MYSTERY OF STRANGE SOUNDS

*New York Evening Post*

Of strange sounds which probably depend on meteorological or other natural causes, one of the most remarkable has long been known as "the guns of Burrisaul;" but although its causes have long been debated, no accurate explanation has been given, so far as we are aware, that is thoroughly satisfactory. The Sunderbunds—as the delta of the Ganges in native dialect is called—is covered with a vast and luxuriant jungle of marshy vegetation. One of the stations is named Burrisaul. From here, in the rainy season, have long been heard mysterious sounds resembling the discharge of artillery, and therefore popularly named "the guns of Burrisaul." Only heard in the rainy season, and from the southward, they have been heard 100 miles off; yet on the coast itself they appear still far-

ther south. The sounds resemble the booming of cannon. Mussulman and Hindoo superstitions have each associated the sounds with their religious traditions. Others have thought the sounds were produced by the breaking of the sea on an island in the Bay of Bengal. But where?

A much humbler, yet ancient, instance of great local interest used to exist, we believe, at Baddeley, in the New Forest, in the shape of a groaning tree. Whether it still lives and groans we are uncertain, but it is said to have uttered mysterious and lugubrious sounds at certain times, probably dependent on wind or weather, but full of omen and import to past generations. Indeed, in the various mysteries which, despite fin de siècle acuteness, still surround us, eerie noises have always played a most conspicuous part, whether out of doors or within ancient houses. Some of the most thrilling of inexplicable ghost stories turn, not on anything which has appalled the eyes, but has "distilled horror" through the ears.

It is, we believe, in East Angia that the shrieks heard from time to time round certain pits have long been a tradition in which a female phantom has part. Some years ago an old and fine house, a few miles from London, some centuries old, was rendered uninhabitable, as the story goes (and various experiments were made by incredulous and strong minded visitors), from the unearthly uproar, the medley of groans, curses and oaths of bygone fashion, which made anything but "music to the lonely ear," when in a certain room the lights were extinguished. If kept burning all night nothing was heard.

The "drummer of Tedworth's" phantom sounds are so well known from Aubrey and more modern describers as only to need allusion, but we may here say that, according to a popular periodical some few years back, similar sounds had recently, comparatively speaking, been heard in the locality, and by "practical" people.

Returning again to those which hover on the border line between the natural and inexplicable, there is the wild strain as of weird music, which has been heard aboard ships when getting within the circle of a Mozambique cyclone. One of the same kind, formerly mysterious and thrilling enough, has been resolved into a natural one. Early travelers through the primeval forests of Brazil—still among the few unexplored places of the globe—were astonished and awed to hear the distant resonant sound of a bell pealing from the depths of the woods, which certainly had no building and for ages had known no human footstep. Many a legend was woven round the strange sound. Ultimately it was discovered to be the note of the bell bird. There are, however, few mysterious sounds which have as satisfactorily been explained as this. For instance, there is the legend of the sounds heard at times on the plains of Marathon, the clash of weapons, the snorting of horses, the "shouting of the slayers and screeching of the slain," which recall to memory the famous battle that lives so much more vividly than many modern ones in the history of the world. Of course there are many instances of sounds which, at first mysterious, become so really from the distance over which they traveled, but these are not of this class.

One of the most interesting examples rests on the authority of the late Sir Edmund Head, who remembered when a boy, going to church on the famous "Waterloo Sunday," June 18, 1815, at Hythe, in Kent. His father and he, on arriving at the church at 11 a. m., found to their surprise the congregation outside listening intently to the faint sound as of distant cannon coming from the east. Afterward it was ascertained that, Napoleon having, on the (for him) unfortunate advice of his artillery officers who pleaded the state of the ground, waited until eleven to commence his fire, the first French gun was fired as

the Nivelles church clock struck eleven. Nor was Hythe the only place where the French cannon was heard in England.

Here, however, is fact dependent on the by no means remarkable axiom that sound, under certain conditions, travels enormous distances. But the sounds of which we speak for the most part have puzzled all who have attempted to explain them, and lie, indeed, in that vague region which is inexplicable. Such is the sound of the "Airlie drum," such are the wailings of the banshee in some parts of Ireland. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the phantom sound of horse hoofs and heels sweeping around various ancient houses ere the death of a member of the family. Plenty of these traditions exist. So, too, there are many instances which the students of ghost stories could catalogue of noises, some as of groans, screams and whisperings; others as of heavy bodies falling, rattling of door handles by an unseen hand (among the most eerie of all), and tramping up and down stairs, which have long been traditions in many old houses—and sometimes new ones.

There is a very curious and well authenticated story of one of the Earls of Chesterfield in the seventeenth century, who, with several companions, being either hare hunting or hawking, heard from a hedge in one of the fields the most dreadful groans proceeding, but the hedge being searched nothing was found. Similar instances might be given. There was long a tradition in the Tower—which for a place so full for centuries of tragedy is singularly scanty in such productions—that the groans of Guy Fawkes, questioned "before torture, during torture and after torture," were at times heard in the chamber where the rack was used long after his execution. Despite ridicule and investigation, some of them remain only explicable on the ground that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.



## SAYINGS OF THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS

Teacher—I'm glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lessons. Little boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.—Good News.

A parson who had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city, asked time for prayer and consideration. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. "How is it, Josiah?" said the neighbor, "is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the boy, judiciously, "paw is still praying for light, but most of the things is packed."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa? Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy. Tommy—Did you make the enemy run? Pa—You're right I did. Tommy—Did they catch you, pa?—Buffalo Quips.

Karlchen (in the garden)—Auntie, look out of the window a bit, will you? Aunt—What is it you want? Karlchen—Oh! auntie, just put your head out; here's Heinrich won't believe that you squint with both eyes.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod-liver oil without crying we get five cents each." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys more oil with it."—*Young Folks' Journal*.

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy.—*New York Recorder*.

Mamma (with some show of indignation)—I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed. Charlie (who is very fond of Bible stories)—Well, the Lord called Sam-

uel three times, and He didn't get mad about it, did He? — *Brooklyn Life*.

Bob (trying to grow a moustache)—I say, Tom, does it show at all? Tommy (seriously)—Well, yes, a little; but never mind, I don't think any one will notice it.—*Washington News*.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In the dime museum: Visitor—And is the bearded lady your mother? Infant Phenomenon—Nixy; she's my fadder!—*Chicago Record*.

Teacher—Heat makes things grow larger while cold causes them to grow smaller. Johnny (eight years old)—Is that why the days are shorter in Winter?—*American Hebrew*.

"Now, my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"—*Liverpool Mail*.

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No, you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me!"—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

## STORIES AND SKETCHES OF ANIMAL LIFE

### GIVING THE TIGER A BATH

*The Million*

When Pezon, the lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge and water bucket. The moujik watched him closely, and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket, and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step on the previous day into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door the creature raised its head, and turned his green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket. At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might enrage the great beast, and hasten its attack on the defenceless Cossack. So Pezon stood, awaiting developments ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootjack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled

over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main. All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.

### HOW ANIMALS COUNT

*Boston Journal*

A Russian physician has been making some curious experiments to find out how far animals can count.

He declares that the crow can count up to ten, and is thereby superior in arithmetic to certain Polynesian tribes of men who cannot get beyond five or six.

The doctor had a dog which was accustomed to bury the bones it found, each one in a separate place in the garden. One day, wishing to test the animal's power of counting, the master gave it no less than twenty-six bones, which were all buried one after another in special hiding places. The next day the dog was given no more bones, and so was forced to dig up the old ones. Without any hesitation he uncovered ten and then came to a stop. After whining and running about as if in a state of great perplexity, a new idea seemed to enter the canine brain and again the dog began to dig up the hidden bones, and this time he added nine to the total before his memory again failed him. Then there was a second period of whining and perplexity, after which the seven remaining bones were found with some difficulty. The doctor concluded from this that twenty-six was too large a number for the dog to

take in all at once, and that he had been obliged to remember the bones as it were in three shorter series.

The cat, it would seem, is even less of an arithmetician than the dog, not being able to count as far as ten. Before giving his cat its regular piece of meat the doctor would put it under the animal's nose and then withdraw it five times in succession, and it was only the sixth time that he would give the cat the morsel. This number was repeated every day until the cat grew perfectly accustomed to waiting five times, but would spring forward of its own accord at the sixth presentation. Having thus demonstrated that pussy was able to remember up to six the doctor tried to seven, but without success. As soon as he attempted to perform the experiment with higher numbers the cat became confused and would jump forward for the meat at the wrong time. The number six, therefore, seems to be the limit of the cat's power of counting.

Not less interesting were similar experiments with horses. In the village of Pekoe the doctor found a peasant's horse which was used for plowing and which had acquired the habit of counting the furrows and stopping for a rest regularly at the twentieth. So confident was the plowman of the accuracy of his horse's calculations that at the end of the day he used to estimate the amount of work done, not by counting the furrows himself, but by simply remembering the number of times his horse had stopped to rest. In another village the doctor found a horse which was able to count the mile posts along the way, and which had been trained by its master to stop for feed whenever they had covered twenty-five verstes. One day they tried the horse over a road where three false mile posts had been put up in between the real ones, and, sure enough, the horse, deceived by this trick, stopped for his oats at the end of twenty-two verstes instead of going the usual twenty-five. The same

horse was accustomed to being fed every day at the stroke of noon. The doctor observed that whenever the clock struck any hour the horse would stop and prick up his ears as if counting. If he heard twelve he would trot off contentedly to be fed, but if there were fewer strokes than twelve he would go on working resignedly. The experiment was made of striking twelve strokes at the wrong time, whereupon the horse started for his oats, in spite of the fact that he had been fed only an hour before. This shows that little knowledge may be bad for horses as well as men.

#### YAK-HUNTING IN THIBET

*Sir Robert Harvey..... Pall Mall Budget*

Perhaps the most exciting experience I have had during eleven years' big game shooting was in Western Thibet two years ago. During the Summer Indian officers frequently spend their leave yak-shooting in the mountains to the north of the Sutlej; but it is seldom a wild yak with long winter coat has ever been obtained, owing to two great difficulties—the objection of the Thibetan Government in allowing foreigners to enter their country, and to the rigors of the Thibetan climate in Winter. With a view to overcoming these obstacles I started from Cashmere in March, 1890, and, after following the trade route to Ladak, we proceeded up the Sind Valley. At the foot of the Zogila Pass we camped one night in what is called the rest-house—a hole dug in the ground and roofed over with logs and snow. We found it close quarters, for there were about eighty of my followers and four dogs crowded together in a hole barely large enough for the convenient accommodation of a dozen men. We lay packed together like sardines, with the temperature 4° below zero. Progress up the pass was excessively difficult, the snow was deep, and a perpetual gale was blowing. After a week of this we crossed the Indus, by the Kulsi Bridge, at an elevation of 9,000 feet. Three weeks

more of dreary tramping through the deep snow brought us to Leh, where we had to rest a week; then we jogged on again in the direction of the Chang-la range, which is 18,000 feet above sea-level, and after a few more days we reached the Pang-kong Lake. As we crossed the frozen salt lake, which drains the neighboring mountains, we could see by the cracks and fissures that the ice was many feet thick.

We were now well into the Yak country, and the shikarees were busy every day examining the snow-covered nullahs and ridges in search of spoor.

One day, while surveying the country with my glasses, I made out a herd of yak on a distant snow-covered plain. I counted nine cows and three bulls. It being too late then to go after them, we pitched our camp for the night on the mountain side. We were at an altitude of 17,000 feet; the cold was intense, and, owing to the rarity of the air, I suffered from headache, and was unable to sleep. The next morning early found us following up the yak tracks, which, by-the-by, are almost as big as camel tracks; but when at length we sighted the game we found the herd was in too exposed a position for stalking, and as the wind was strong and variable, there was nothing but to lie in the snow and wait until the herd changed position.

I wrapped myself in my fur pustin and lay beside my shikaree for several hours, until, indeed, we both grew so numbed that we could scarcely keep our gun-barrels clear of the snow. In the afternoon the three bulls moved off to a ridge on our left. Crawling down the edge of a deep snowdrift, we finally managed to get within a hundred yards of them. I had a good shot at one bull. At the sound of my gun they galloped past in front of me, and I managed to bring down two out of the three. The smallest one escaped, and stood some time, about three hundred yards off, watching us. To my keen delight I found I had secured two remarkably fine specimens. They both stood between fourteen

and fifteen hands high at the shoulder. The hair of their much-prized Winter coat was beautifully long and shaggy, and their tails were perhaps the finest I have ever seen. My pleasure was complete, for I knew that there were but few such skins of Winter yak in existence. I felt that the day's success had amply repaid me for all the risks and bitter hardships of the journey. As the sun had gone down, and it was bitterly cold, we had to leave the skinning until the following day; and after tying handkerchiefs and bits of paper to the horns, to frighten off the wolves, we trudged back to camp. The following day the weather was so violent that half a dozen shikarees occupied nearly twelve hours in skinning the bulls, and when at last the two skins were rolled up and brought into camp it was found that they had been frozen into two solid masses. It took us four days to thaw them.

#### ANIMAL AND PLANT PARTNERS

*The Chicago News*

The principle of partnership, which makes so great a figure in the commercial world, is found in operation in both the plant and animal kingdoms under the name of symbiosis. In fact, what Prof. Weiss has well described as "partnerships" sometimes exist between plants and animals for their mutual benefit and defense. There is a group of plants in the tropics called "ant-loving" or myrmecophilous plants, which allow swarms of ants to feed upon the nectar secreted on the surface of their leaves and to dwell in their hollow stems. The return which the plants receive for this hospitality is protection against another species of ants which are fond of eating their leaves. Other plants suffer greatly from the ravages of the leaf-eaters, but the latter are driven off from the myrmecophilous plants by their ant friends.

In a recent address on this subject Prof. Weiss pointed out many instances of similar relations both between plants and animals and between

different plants. The minute green bodies found on the fresh-water polyp have been shown to be vegetable cells which furnish sugar for the animal, while the latter in turn provides them with nourishment. The threads of fungus which flourish upon the roots of oaks and beeches surrounded by decaying leaf-mould turn the latter into nourishment for the trees and the seedlings of the trees are unable to grow amid such surroundings without the aid of the fungi. One of the most interesting of these partnerships has been discovered by Prof. Marshall Ward among the organisms of the "ginger-beer plant." Two such organisms are principally concerned in the fermentation of ginger beer, a yeast and a bacterium. The yeast produces a waste product which, if allowed to accumulate, would arrest the process of fermentation; but this product is precisely what the bacterium needs for food, and thus it is absorbed by the one partner as fast as it is produced by the other, and the result is that the fermentation goes on for the benefit of both, and finally for the delectation of a third, all-devouring partner—man. Still another instance of this sort of combination for mutual benefit would appear to be furnished by those strange members of the vegetable kingdom known as "carnivorous plants." Some of these plants are aquatic and feed upon young fish. They possess a peculiar peptonic power which enables them to digest their animal food. Recently it has been shown that this digestive ability is due to the presence of their sap of certain micro-organisms which flourish upon the food that the carnivorous plants devour. In view of such facts as these, we must learn not to be too hasty in assuming that parasitical growths exist only at the expense of the plants or animals on which they are found. A little investigation may show, as in the case of the oaks and the fungi, that what we behold is not a battle for life between the two

parties concerned, but, on the other hand, a friendly union of their interests in the broader struggle for existence in which all living things on this great earth are constantly engaged.

#### MISNOMERS IN ANIMAL LIFE

*London Sports Afield*

Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being also among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost its power of flight. It differs from the rest of the family only in this particular and in being almost voiceless. Among the recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler. "As thick as the hair on a dog's back" expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on its back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous, Mother Nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no Winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer. "As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long. "As cunning as a fox" would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamtschatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid, because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs. The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on but under



water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would certainly mistake it for a fish. Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is found only in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely. "As awkward as a crab" does not apply in the South Sea islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

#### THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT

*S. C. Carrington.....California Magazine*

The white or pink-splashed elephants are very rare, and in 1,352 years, between A.D. 515 and 1867, only twenty-four were captured, making about one in every fifty-six years. The last one captured was in 1885, and was conducted to the court of the King of Siam by His Royal Highness Somdetch Chowf Mahamalah Bamrahp Parapako, mid much parade. His Majesty accepted and made the fortunate finder, with his mother and son, all poor natives, a present of a sum of money. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bangkok were honored with an audience by His Majesty, and also given a number of valuable presents.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin; he was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life, and presented with large sums of money, the king himself giving him one thousand dollars. As soon as the capture was made, a special courier was dispatched to the king, and a posse of nobles with gifts and robes started immediately for the scene of action. The ropes which the

captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk embroidered mosquito net was provided at night. To remove it to the capital, a boat was built expressly for this purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented and bedecked as were the king's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner; and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the king and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers was appointed, and a large retinue of nobles to attend to the wants of his elephant majesty.

The priest of the king was appointed to see to the elephant's spiritual needs, and eminent physicians ministered to his physical requirements. Gold and silver dishes were supplied to feed him from, and every want was attended to as became one of the royal family. The city devoted three days to festivities, and the rich mandarins made it presents of great value and rarity.

When a white elephant died the ceremonies were the same as those of a king or queen. The body lay in state for several days, and then it was placed upon a funeral pyre and cremated. This pyre often cost thousands of dollars, being made of the choicest sandal, sassafras, and other valuable woods. After the body had been thoroughly cremated, it was allowed to remain three days more; then the ashes were collected, placed in costly urns, and buried in the royal cemetery, a magnificent mausoleum being erected over the spot.

## THE GENIUS OF FRANCIS S. SALTUS

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One of the most wonderful writers in the whole history of American literature, one whose marvellous powers surpassed belief and defied expression, was Francis S. Saltus. It is one of the sarcasms of literary justice that he is so little known to-day. It takes two or three generations of perspective to properly appreciate a genius; perhaps posterity may give to Saltus the crown his superb work deserves. W. M. Reedy gives this memorial sketch in the St. Louis Sunday Mirror:

Four years ago, on June 25, 1889, a poet died, and on this anniversary his friends are gathered by a rose-laden grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near Tarrytown on the Hudson, to do honor to the memory of the singer. His name was Francis Saltus Saltus, and the songs he sung are among the rarest of any sung in these latter days. They are attuned to the pulsing of every heart that throbs for great things. They voice the doubt, the despair, the hope, the faith, the passion of the time. They contain sublimities in blasphemy and the tenderness of love for a God who is felt rather than believed in. The bizzarrerie of Baudelaire is not more brilliantly reproduced than the exquisite piety of Newman. Christ and Caligula, Mary and Messalina, De Sade and De Sales all appealed to him, and in different moods he gave forth his feelings with a vigor which suffered nothing through compression in the most delicate forms of verse. He wrought as would Angelo in the dimensions of Cellini. He created in the bamboo and lacquer work of verse the effects of its most imposing forms.

He was an artist with a poet's soul, and he swung from the white-dashed darkness of Dore to the daintiness of Watteau. It is difficult to say what he believed, but it may be said that he felt everything. He dared to utter

thoughts that others dread to harbor, thoughts that the sanctified drive out by prayer. Those who have read him treasure him most rarely.

He was not a poet only. He was a musician and scholar, a Mezzofanti in languages. He lisped in numbers and he was as beautiful as Byron, with that bard's dark, Lara-like beauty tinged with the Bohemianism of the Quartier Latin as it was when Gautier, Hugo, Gerard de Nerval and De Musset were of the Bohemians. He had the Bohemian disposition modified by the absence of necessitousness, for wealth was his; but for all that Henri Murger was never more *en rapport* with the life of the quartier than this youth with a bank account. No peasant's offspring was more democratic than this youth who traced his ancestry back to a Roman counsel. He was an American born, but he pursued the ideal in all things evil and good, and was chiefly concerned about escape from the actualities and materialisms of life. He needed not to work, and he worked like a slave for no reward but the satisfaction of his own tastes.

His poems, plays, operas, sketches and jokes might never have seen the light of day, so far as he cared. He wrought for his own delight, and those who have participated therein have to thank his father, Francis H. Saltus, for the pleasure. Were it given to every poet to have such an editor as he, happy would be all poets' memories, for here we have love coöperating with a flawless literary taste to give the best presentation of the subject's genius.

He knew Lutetia as others know their birthplace. It was all sacred ground to him. At sixteen, when at the Ribot Institute, he wrote for the commencement and for prizes several French poems, and the chief prize was bestowed upon him by the com-

mittee, of which Theophile Gautier was one. From that time he and Gautier were friends, and the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," "the Byron of France," was delighted with his young friend who set his poems to music. When Gautier died, in October, 1872, and when all literary Paris gathered around his grave, his young friend, without any warning, recited a French poem of his own in honor of the dead, which elicited then and there an outburst of admiration from Victor Hugo, who, from that time forward till his death, expressed in the most enthusiastic way his appreciation of the young American's genius. His letters and a sonnet to Saltus testify to the sincerity of his admiration for the productions of Saltus in the French language.

Longfellow was his warm personal friend, and at their last interview, the author of "Evangeline" read, in Italian, his sonnet to the old bridge at Florence. While Mr. Saltus, Sr., engaged the older poet in conversation, the younger wrote, in the language of Petrarch, an impromptu reply that for grace and delicacy is the equal of the one which drew it forth. The venerable poet declared the production of the impromptu the most remarkable feat he had ever witnessed. Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, himself an exquisite in verse, was a great admirer of Saltus, and Sir Edwin Arnold wrote of him as the "Great American poet." His first work, "Honey and Gall," containing poems written prior to his eighteenth year, was published in 1873. When Longfellow knew the facts he declared that with the exception of the *outré* poems, it was all excellent work, that it was the clarion work of genius. But his work does not need these endorsements. The ordinary reader takes up his books for a few minutes and says: "Here is a poet!" He speaks for himself.

He was, in truth, an Admirable Crichton. At the age of nine he spoke five languages, and was a mar-

vel at the piano. Later in life he spoke and wrote in twenty-three languages, and had, besides, an acquaintance with many dialects. He has written fifty poems in twenty-three languages, and they are to be published in a volume, the edition being limited to ten copies, in hand-painted lettering with similarly executed top and tail pieces and vignettes. Never had poet such a tribute as this. The cost of the edition will be two thousand dollars per volume, and the ten great libraries of the world will receive them with the compliments of the most royal of editors—his father.

This marvelous man had a faculty for all the humanities. He wrote two grand operas, "Joan D'Arc" and "Marie Stuart," music and libretto. Several comic operas he also composed, and over one thousand other musical morceaux, some of his arias being of the highest quality of music. In music, as in verse, he was unique. His tendency was toward Orientalism, and the expression of a wierd melancholy. At one time all Paris knew his waltzes through their performance at the Tivoli Gardens by Metra's orchestra, over which now and then the composer himself wielded the baton. He played and sang with feeling, and an improvisation was so felicitous as to almost discredit the claim that his music and words were impromptu. He wrote the "Memoirs of Donizetti," in two volumes of four hundred pages each, in English, German, French and Italian. The book is to be published shortly. He wrote monographs on Bellini, Petralia, Mercandite, Rossini and Ronconi, a volume on the "Kings of Song," one on the "Schools of Music," "Strange Musical Stories," "Comic Musical Sketches," "The Planet Phones," sonnets on comic plots of opera, two volumes on miscellaneous musical matters.

One of such universal taste could but have been a student. His writings show that he must have done nothing but devour books when he

was not writing them. He had a memory that was the wonder of his friends, and it rarely failed when submitted to the crucial test of dates comparatively obscure. History was his favorite study, and this with literature, art and music made up his life. He detested mathematics and the exact sciences, save such as astronomy, which appealed to him only in its poetic quality—its impression upon his imagination. He was versed in Bible lore and with the lore correlated thereto, the tales of Talmud, the lore of the East bearing relation to the Bible somewhat as the folk tales of to-day are related to modern literature.

The dead cities of the world were alive to him through his reading, and he wrote of them somewhat as Ebers writes of Egypt or Schlieman wrote of Troy, with an astonishing familiarity with social customs and even the inner religious rites. He was, in addition to his other accomplishments, a clever artist, who, with colored pencils, reproduced the scenes he visited in a most pleasing manner. He had a Thackeray faculty for caricature and a rapidity in producing likenesses of his friends that added to the awe in which he was held by those who knew him. He wrote humorous skits to the number of forty thousand, turning them out in all languages at the rate of a hundred a day on envelopes, cards, scraps of paper, anything that came first to hand.

He wrote crazy histories of the United States, England, France, Germany, Rome and Greece, a comic Robinson Crusoe, a comic cook-book, theatrical criticisms, correspondence, travels, everything almost, but philosophies and geometries. It is with a sense of unreality that one turns from his awful sacrileges in verse to some of his religious poems in which he expresses all the love and sadness of Christian creeds. There are odes to the Virgin that might be sung in Carmelite Convents, poems on the

Passion that are imbued with the deepest religious feeling.

Saltus was a worker. His poetic works consist of "Honey and Gall," "Shadows and Ideals," "Dreams After Sunset," "Flasks and Flagons," already published, and these ready for publication: "Songs of Childhood," "Songs of Zion," "Songs of Shudder," a volume of serious verse, two of humorous poetry, one of comic poetry, one of sonnets, two of French and two of Italian, poetry, and one each of Spanish and German poetry, with volumes of humorous poetry on theatrical and musical works something like the Ingoldsby versions of some of Shakespeare's plays. And in addition to all this, there were destroyed by fire in New York in 1886 manuscripts of poetry sufficient to make four volumes of two hundred and fifty pages each.

He twice visited every portion of the globe that appealed to his fancy, from the Arctic Circle to Australia, and he embodied his impressions of all lands in poems that are most strangely infused with the spirit and color of other lands. He was cosmopolite if ever there was one, but it seems that all he saw only rendered him more and more dissatisfied. Reality disenchanted him. He lived in beautiful or terrific dreams and revelled in mighty memories of the world in greater and grander times. He longed for the more spacious days of Greece, of Rome, of France. History cast on him a hasheesh spell. He knew but one Love and Death cheated him of that. He died at thirty-nine, his work a vast, strange protest against the disappointment life had been to him.

There are but a few who now know this strange, sad singer, this wonderful worker, this dainty, dismal, dreadful dreamer. But he is coming into his kingdom, and all who think and feel will bow allegiance to him and repudiate the Perkin Warbecks who are now laying claim to the throne of American song.

## OLD NEWSPAPER ANECDOTES\*

When Benjamin Franklin came to Philadelphia in 1723, he was first employed by one Keimer, an eccentric genius, as a pressman, for he was then printing an elegy of his own composition, on the death of Aifquila Rose—and as he had but one small font of type and used no copy but composed the elegy in the press, he could not employ him in the composition. Keimer was a visionary, whose mind was frequently elevated above the little concerns of life, and consequently was very subject to mistakes which he seldom took the pains to correct. Franklin had frequently reasoned with him upon the importance of accuracy in his profession, but in vain. His fertile head soon furnished him with an opportunity to second his argument by proof. They soon after undertook an impression of a primer that had been lately published in New England. Franklin overlooked the piece; and when his master had set the following couplet:

When the last trumpet soundeth,  
We shall not all die,  
But we shall all be changed  
In the twinkling of an eye,

He privately removed the letter "c," and it was printed off:

When the last trumpet soundeth  
We shall not all die,  
But we shall all be hanged  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Herald of Freedom, June 23, 1790.

The following paragraphs will show how completely the sense is altered by the omission of a single letter of the word in *Italics*.

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable (s)laughter."

"Robert Jones was yesterday brought before the sitting magistrate on a charge of having spoken (t)reason at the Barleymow public-house."

"In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on the Serpentine River, measures will be taken to put a (s)top to it."

"When Miss Leverage, late of Covent Garden Theatre, visited the 'Hecla,' she was politely drawn up the ship's side by means of a (c)hair."

"A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer a charge of having (b)eaten a hackney-coachman for having demanded more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small (b)ox out of the Bath mail; the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket."—Salem (Mass.), Register, 1827.

A few years since a young gentleman at the University in Cambridge asked of a collegian the loan of his *Virgil*. The inelegant pronunciation of the word *Virgil* was burlesqued by the young collegian in the following story, with which his invention readily supplied him: "Lately (says he) I set out on a voyage to Wersailles, with one Captain Winal, in a British wessel called the Wiper; but we soon met with a violent storm, which drove us into a port in Wirginia; where one Captain Waughn, a wery wicious man, invited us aboard his wessel, and gave us some weal and wenison, with some winegar, which made me wery sick; so I did womit like wengeance; (and added, reaching out the book) you may have my *Virgil*, and welcome." This humor had the desired effect; the young gentleman saw the absurdity of doing such violence to the letter V, and has ever since spoken like other people.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette, April 26, 1791.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every

\*Selected, for Current Literature, by F. M. H.



speaker with cries of "Hear, hear!" He took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the times, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all.

The works of John Paul Richter are almost unintelligible to any but Germans, and even to some of them. A worthy German, just before Richter's death, edited a complete edition of his works, in which one particular passage fairly puzzled him. Determined to have it explained at the source, he went to John Paul himself. Paul's reply was very German and characteristic: "My good friend," said he, "when I wrote that passage God and I knew what it meant; it is possible that God knows it still; but as for me, I have totally forgotten."—*Essex (Mass.) Register*, Oct. 9, 1826.

At a large dinner at Holland House, Sydney Smith met a French savant, who took it upon himself to annoy the best disposed of the company by a variety of freethinking speculations. "Very good soup this!" slyly struck in Smith. "Oui, monsieur, c'est excellente!" "Pray, sir!" was the retort, which for time and place was worth a library of argument, "do you believe in a cook?"

It is doubtless that Dean Swift, though a great favorite among the ladies, was (no doubt for good and substantial reasons) nevertheless a bachelor. His opinion of the married state seemed to be not very much exalted. On one occasion he had been called upon to marry a couple,

and commenced as follows: "Man, that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," etc. "My dear sir," interrupted the bridegroom, "you are reading the burial service, instead of the matrimonial." "Never mind, friend," whispered the Dean, "you had better be buried than married."—*Salem Observer*, 1834.

Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in Queen street. Otway coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door, "Here lives John Dryden, he is a wit." Dryden knew his writing, and next day chalked on Otway's door, "Here lives Tom Otway, he is opposite."

Some people were assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking its shell. "Why are you doing that?" said Sydney Smith. "Oh, to please the turtle." "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us;" on the other side, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."—*Salem Mercury*, June 26, 1787.

During the great trial of Warren Hastings Sheridan was making one of his speeches, when, having observed Gibbon among the audience, he took occasion to refer to the "luminous author of the 'Decline and Fall!'" A friend afterwards reproached him for flattering Gibbon. "Why, what did I say of him?" asked Sheridan. "You called him the luminous author of the 'Decline and Fall!'" "Luminous! Oh, of course, I meant voluminous."

## IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

## PLANTATION LOVE SONG

*Harper's Bazar*

Oh, my Rose ain't white,	An' de hummin'-bird,hums
An' my Rose ain't red,	All de long day throo.
An' my Rose don't grow	An' dey sip at de white,
On de vine on de shed.	An' dey tas'e at de red,
But she lives in de cabin	An' dey fly in an' out
Whar de roses twines	O' de vines roun' de shed.
An' she wrings our 'er clo'es	While I comes along
In de shade o' de vines.	An' I gethers some buds,
An' de red leaves fall,	An' I mecks some remarks.
An' de white rose sheds,	About renchin' an' suds.
Tell dey kiver all the groun'	But de birds an' de bees
Whar my brown Rosetreads.	An' de rest of us knows
An' de butterfly comes,	Dat we all hangin' roun'
An' de bumble-bee, too,	Des ter look at my Rose.

## MY NEW ENGLAND PLAY

*Burt Arnold.....Frank Leslie's Monthly*

I'd been told there was a fortune in a good New England play,  
 And I thought I'd try to write one that might prove to be *au fait*;  
 But as I was born in Gotham on a fashionable row,  
 I knew nothing of the farmers who used threshing flail and hoe.  
 So I packed a little gripsack and to Yankeedom made way,  
 To investigate the ruralists within the land of hay;  
 There I hunted for a stopping place in several country towns,  
 Until finally I found one at Miss Cinthy Patience Brown's.

Then began experiences that provoked my city ire;  
 For Miss Cinthy set her cap for me, "I wuz sao like Josiah;"  
 And that comely individual, I subsequently learned,  
 Was a lover in her early days for whom she'd always yearned.  
 With her aptitude for nosing while I roved about the farm,  
 She discovered 'mongst the notes I'd made a cause for great alarm;  
 Then with arm akimbo waited, with my note-book for a fan,  
 On the doorstep where she hailed me with, "I wantee see yeou man!"

"I shud liketer knaow what this stuff means thet's writ daown in this hyur?  
 Shameless critter, yeou! An' me tew think thet yeou wuz like Josiah!"  
 So Miss Cinthy ranted till her face assumed an ashen hue,  
 And she shook her corkscrew ringlets as she eyed me through and through.

"My good lady," I ventured, "those are notes that I jot down each day  
 As material to be used in the writing of a play;  
 But what right you have to read them o'er I cannot plainly see,  
 And I thank you to return them, please—that book belongs to me."

"Whut! retarn this evidence ergin yeou fer er libel suit?  
 I guess not, young man; 'Squire Jenkins' court can settle eour dispute;  
 Ef yeou'd liketer marry me, thaough, I'll fergive the things yeou've writ  
 An' I'll p'int ye aout some characters ter help ye aout er bit."  
 It was thus my airy castle crumbled—faded far away,  
 For I left the yokel "deestric" on the first train out that day;  
 No more characters I'll study while within their homes I stay,  
 And Miss Brown is welcome to those notes for my New England play.

## A LAND 'SCAPE

*Kirt Kane.....Courier Journal*

'Twuz a purty day in Augus' w'en us chil'en runned away,  
 An' went a fishin', to de lake—us went to spen' de day.  
 Us carried butter'd swee' bread an' yaller yam pertaters,  
 An' some hooks to ketch de fishes, an' a hoe to fight de 'gaters.  
 (Us felt good, us did.)

Ole Auntie Sue, her tuck an' said ef we wuz bent on gwine,  
 To took ire ugly selves 'long an' leab her hook an' line.  
 So that w'en the ebenin' breezes made the gentle sun turn cole  
 She'd put on that yaller bonnet—in ire d'rection take a stroll.  
 (Us didn't pertickler keer.)

De luck us had was 'mazin,' for we koch a dozen Jacks.  
 An' us seed about two dozen ho'ny alligators' backs.  
 Soon a cloud bergin'd to sprung up in de border ob de wes'.  
 Den us climb'd und'neath the lake bank whar de shelter war de bes'.  
 (Us got wet den.)

Soon a big mouf 'gater koch my best attention by de froat.  
 He war comin' right teward us bellern wusser den a goat.  
 I bergin'd a rappin', tappin', an' a bowin' mos' perlite  
 W'en I seed Aunt Susan comin' down de hill wid all her might.  
 (Us wuz skeered, us wuz.)

But dat 'gater kep' a comin' makin' fur ire shelta place,  
 But you bet he roundbouted w'en he seed Aunt Susan's face.  
 Dat face was jes' so curis an' her had jus' sech a figer,  
 As would skeer a hungry 'gater from a tender little nigger.  
 (Us didn't said nothin' a tall.)

## A PRAIRIE HEROINE

*Doane Robinson.....Century*

She were sech a white 'n' soft 'n' fluffy  
 Little thing, so kind of shy 'n' skeary,  
 Thet when she settled down into our  
 stuffy  
 Old school-house to teach the kids last  
 Spring,  
 I could n' liken her to any other thing,  
 Only jest to one of them ther' leary  
 Little week-old chickens. Hed n' no sand.  
 Very fust day clim' on the desk 'n' hollered  
 Like a pup ki-ote, 'cause a jerby mouse  
 Come a-gallivantin' round about the house,  
 'N' fainted dead away when a flannel-  
 collared

Blow-snake poked his head up through a  
 crack  
 In the shaky floor, 'n' could n' wriggle  
 back.  
 So when ther' rolled a flood of prairie fire

Thet teched high-water mark, 'n', swellin  
 higher,  
 Washed through the bloomin' plain a  
 dreary, black  
 Death 'n' destruction-littered racin' track,—  
 Thout warnin' caught the school house in  
 its hand,  
 Tossed it about, 'n' swept it from the land—  
 We knowed the little ma'am 'u'd lose her  
 head,  
 'N' dase n't even hope the hull school was  
 n't dead.

We can't be blamed for feelin' purty gay  
 Thet evenin' when a worrit neighbor found  
 her  
 Out on the plowin' more 'n a mile away—  
 A little scorched by teasin' flames in play,  
 But with our nestlin's huddled safe around  
 her.

## SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS

## SOUND FROM LIGHT

*Showing the Unity of Nature.....Boston Transcript*

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. According to Milling, a beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wood or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every material gives sound in some colors, and utters no sound in others.

## PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ASTRONOMER

*Prince Kropothin.....Nineteenth Century*

Since the spectroscope, formerly used but to study and reveal the chemical composition of the celestial bodies, has become an instrument for measuring their unseen movements and for

penetrating into the secrets of their history, and since photography has been taken as a necessary auxiliary by astronomers, a new chapter of astrophysics has been opened. The proper movements of the stars have acquired a new meaning; the faint masses of nebulous matter, scattered round and amidst the stars, have become animated indications of the genesis of solar systems; and the great problems relative to the life of the stellar worlds—their origin, their growth, their decay, and their rejuvenescence—have come again to the front, supported by renewed hopes as to the proximity of their ultimate solution.

It is not possible to examine the splendid photographs, made by Mr. Roberts, of the nebula in Andromeda, and to see this whirlpool of luminous matter, divided into dark and bright rings surrounding a large undefined central mass, without perceiving in it a gigantic solar system in the way of formation, and without concluding in favor of a similar origin, on a much smaller scale, of our own solar system.

Again, in another part of the sky—the Pleiades—the photographs of the Brothers Henry show at once that this cluster of suns is not an occasional gathering. Streaks of nebulous matter, revealed by photography, connect together the stars of the group, and on examining the whole, one cannot refrain from concluding that the stars are simply spots upon which the diffuse nebulous matter has agglomerated and condensed to make new suns. The same is also seen in the photograph of the nebula in Orion—the more so as the spectroscope reveals the unity of composition of both the stars and the nebula which surround them and link them together.

Still more interesting results have been obtained by H. C. Russell with his photographs of nebula in the con-

stellation of Argus. His earlier photographs, obtained by a three-hours' exposure, have been referred to with admiration by Willam Huggins. But when the photographic film was exposed for eight hours to the faint light of the nebula, new facts were revealed. The photograph not only shows that the nebulous matter extends far beyond the limits assigned to it by Herschel during his memorable observations at the Cape, while confirming at the same time the great accuracy of the description of what he did see; it also proves that the nebula has lived since 1837, and has altered considerably its aspect during the last fifty years. At the very same place where Herschel saw one of its brightest and most conspicuous parts, we have now a dark oval space, upon which no trace of luminous matter can be detected. The matter either has been drawn elsewhere, or is luminous no more; may be, it is passing through some stage preparatory to the appearance of a new star!

We are thus convinced that these accumulations of matter, however gigantic their dimensions, are living at a much more rapid speed than we were prepared to admit. Changes occur in them, even within the short limits of one man's life; and as the new star in Auriga, rapidly passing through a series of transformations, reveals to us the secrets of the birth of new suns, so also we may hope that the study of the modifications of the nebulae will initiate us into the secrets of the earlier stages of development of the stellar worlds. In the movements of those remote agglomerations we learn to feel the continuous life of Nature, its continuous change, its continuous evolution.

When the great photographic map of the whole sky is ready, many a change in the stellar worlds and nebulae which escapes now our attention will be recorded for ever. The preparatory work is already completed; the instruments are chosen, and the uniformity of methods is

secured. The sky is apportioned between the eighteen observatories which will perform the whole of this immense work, each of them having to make from 1,000 to 1,500 separate photographs in order to map all stars down to the sixteenth magnitude; and the first specimens already published satisfy the most severe exigencies of the astronomers. Many new facts are sure to be revealed by this grand survey of the sky, because even now, when a simple preliminary exploration is being made, we can already mention some discoveries due to photography. Thus, when the amateur astronomer, Dr. Anderson (equipped with but a small pocket telescope and the little Atlas of the sky by Klein), discovered on the 31st of January the new star in Auriga, it appeared that the newcomer had already been photographed without astronomers being aware of the fact. Professor Pickering found its portrait on photographs taken on three different occasions since the 1st of December, and the indefatigable Heidelberg astronomer, Max Wolf, also had it on his photographs since the 8th of the same month. The appearance of the new star thus would have been recorded, even if nobody had remarked its appearance. Another photographic discovery is due to the same Max Wolf. Having photographed one part of the sky on two consecutive nights in December, he sent his negatives to Dr. Berberich, who at once noticed that two minute spots had changed their positions in the twenty-four hours. One of them proved to be a new addition to the list of minor planets, the other was a previously known small planet of the same group.

#### UNSOLVED ELECTRIC PROBLEMS

*Prof. William Crookes..... Nature*

We have happily outgrown the preposterous notion that research in any department of science is mere waste of time. It is now generally admitted that pure science, irrespective of practical applications, benefits both



the investigator himself and greatly enriches the community. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. Between the frog's leg quivering on Galvani's work-table and the successful telegraph or telephone there exists a direct filiation. Without the one we could not have the other.

We know little as yet concerning the mighty agency of electricity. Substantials tell us it is a kind of matter. Others view it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, reject both these views. Prof. Lodge considers it a form, or rather a mode of manifestation, of the ether. Prof. Nikola Tesla demurs to the view of Prof. Lodge, but thinks that nothing stands in the way of our calling electricity ether associated with matter, or bound ether. Higher authorities cannot even yet agree whether we have one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty is to persevere in experiment and observation. If we never learn what electricity is, if, like life or like matter, it should remain an unknown quantity, we shall assuredly discover more about its attributes and its functions.

The light which the study of electricity throws upon a variety of chemical phenomena—witnessed alike in our little laboratories, and in the vast laboratories of the earth and sun—cannot be overlooked. The old electrochemical theory of Berzelius is superseded, and a new and wider theory is opening out. The facts of electrolysis are by no means either completely detected or co-ordinated. They point to the great probability that electricity is atomic, that an electrical atom is as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. The electrical attraction between two chemical atoms being a trillion times greater than gravitational attraction is probably the force with which chemistry is most deeply concerned.

It has been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which fills all space there are locked up ten

thousand foot-tons of energy which have hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man is a task which awaits the electrician of the future. The latest researches give well-founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power is not hopelessly inaccessible. Up to the present time we have been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations, from extreme red on the one side to ultra-violet on the other—say from three ten-millionths of a millimetre to eight ten-millionths.

Within this comparatively limited range of ethereal vibrations, and the equally narrow range of sound vibrations, we have been hitherto limited to receive and communicate all the knowledge which we share with other rational beings. Whether vibrations of the ether, slower than those which affect us as light, may not be constantly at work around us, we have until lately never seriously inquired. But the researches of Lodge in England, and Hertz in Germany, give us an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays, from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here is unfolded to us a new and astonishing universe—one which it is hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence.

Experimentalists are reducing the wave-lengths of the electrical rays. With every diminution in size of the apparatus the wave-lengths get shorter, and could we construct Leyden jars of molecular dimensions the rays might fall within the narrow limits of visibility. We do not yet know how the molecule could be got to act as a Leyden jar; yet it is not improbable that the discontinuous phosphorescent light emitted from certain of the rare earths, when excited by a high-tension current in a high vacuum, is really an artificial production of these electrical rays, sufficiently short to affect our organs of sight. If such a light could be produced more easily

and more regularly, it would be far more economical than light from a flame or from the arc, as very little of the energy in play is expended in the form of heat rays. Of such production of light, nature supplies us with examples in the glow-worm and fireflies. Their light, though sufficiently energetic to be seen at a considerable distance, is accompanied by no liberation of heat capable of detection even by our most delicate instruments.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency, Prof. Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction through the glass of a lamp energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. He has even lighted a room by producing in it such a condition that an illuminating appliance may be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. He has produced the required condition by creating in the room a powerful electrostatic field alternating very rapidly. He suspends two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between the sheets it remains always luminous.

The extent to which this method of illumination may be practically available, experiments alone can decide. In any case, our insight into the possibilities of static electricity has been extended, and the ordinary electric machine will cease to be a mere toy.

Alternating currents have at the best a rather doubtful reputation. But it follows from Tesla's researches that as the rapidity of the alternation increases they become not more dangerous but less so. It further appears that a true flame can now be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process. To this end we require improved methods for producing excessively frequent alternations and enormous potentials. Shall

we be able to obtain these by tapping the ether? If so, we may view the prospective exhaustion of our coal-fields with indifference; we shall at once solve the smoke question, and thus dissolve all possible coal rings.

Electricity seems destined to annex the whole field, not merely of optics, but probably also of thermotics. Rays of light will not pass through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through a dense fog. But electrical rays of a foot or two wave length of which we have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which for them will be transparent.

Another tempting field for research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaits exploration. I allude to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science indorses the assertion that electricity is life; nor can we even venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity has an important influence upon vital phenomena, and is in turn set in action by the living being—animal or vegetable. We have electric fishes—one of them the prototype of the torpedo of modern warfare. There is the electric slug which used to be met with in gardens and roads about Hornsey Rise; there is also an electric centipede. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician has before him an almost infinite field of inquiry.

The slower vibrations to which I have referred reveal the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables or any of our present costly appliances. It is vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. Progress, as Dean Swift observed, may be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation are the wonders thereof.

#### MEDICAL VALUE OF HYPNOTISM

Ernest Hart.....Popular Science Monthly

So far as I can see, the balance is in favor of the faith curer of the chapel and the grotto. The results

at least are proportionately as numerous, and they are more rapid. Numerically there are, I incline to think, more faith cures at Lourdes than there are "suggestion cures" in the Salpêtrière or the Charité. So far as hypnotism is good for anything as a curative agent, its sphere is limited, by Charcot, Féré, Babinski, and all the most trustworthy medical observers at Paris, to the relief of functional disorder and symptoms in hysterical patients. The Nancy school put their pretensions higher; but any one who will analyze for himself, or who will study Babinski's able analysis of the Nancy reputed cases of cure, will easily satisfy himself that such claims are not valid. As to the use of "suggestion" as an anæsthetic substitute of chloroform for operation purposes, that "suggestion" dates back now beyond the ages of Esdaile and of Elliotson. It has been given up and fallen into disuse because of its unreliability and limited application. It is now sagely proposed to use hypnotism for "tooth-drawing," for the treatment of drunkards and of school children. The proposition is self-condemned. To enable a dentist to draw a tooth painlessly the average man or woman is, by a series of sittings, to be reduced to the state of a trained automaton; but, happily, only a very small proportion can be. The criminal courts have seen enough of hypnotic dentists. As to the "suggestion" cure of drunkards, or the "suggestion" treatment of backward or naughty children, systematic and intelligent suggestion is what every clergyman, every doctor and every schoolmaster tries to carry out in such cases, and often does successfully—and in a better form than the degrading shape of hypnotism.

#### THE ACCURACY OF ANTHROPOMETRY

*Methods of Identification* ..... *London Sun*

We English are slow to adopt improvements, but in hardly anything does our national prejudice show itself more strongly than in our aver-

sion to follow the example of most other civilized countries in the scientific and rational system for the recognition and registration of criminals. While in France the Bertillon system of anthropometric measurement has been in force and officially recognized for the last ten years, Scotland Yard still hugs its antiquated methods, and we have Mr. Monro only in 1890 loftily dismissing the Bertillon system as "a scientific fad of no practical use." We have begun to open our eyes, however, during the last three years. The British Association at Edinburgh urged the Government to institute inquiries into the working of the French system; the Home Secretary has declared in favor of placing the matter on a rational basis; and both Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster lately paid a long visit to the Bureau of Identification at the Palais de Justice, with the other departments of which it works in harmony.

Here everything goes like clock-work, and to such perfection has the work been brought that three operators and three clerks can deal with the 100 to 150 prisoners condemned to more than a few days' imprisonment, who are sent every day for measurement, each prisoner taking about seven minutes. Measurements by means of caliper compasses and various instruments are taken of the length and width of each person's head, the length of the middle finger, the left foot and the forearm, the height, stretch of arms, height of trunk, and length of right ear, the basis of the system being that certain bone measurements never alter, and that no two persons' measurements will exactly coincide.

These measurements are classified according to large, small, and medium, and divided and subdivided until 60,000 photographs with cards of respective measurements attached can be sorted into groups of ten each. So sure is the method that prisoners cease to give aliases, and some idea

of its infallibility may be gathered from the fact that in 1892 only three failures were recorded. Among many wonderful cases of detection by this means may be mentioned that of Ravachol the dynamiter. But assurance can be made doubly sure, for every individual who possesses ten fingers—or even one—is a marked man or woman.

The system of identification by finger-marks has been carefully and scientifically developed by Mr. Francis Galton at his South Kensington laboratory. Here the individual who strays in out of curiosity or a desire to offer himself up at the shrine of science is measured as in Paris. Tests for sight, hearing, sense of color and lung capacity are then applied, and finally he registers his own index. The ten fingers are dabbed on an ink slab, their impression rolled off on a card, and he is registered for all time. For the seemingly meaningless lines and ridges on the fingers are different in each person, and resolve themselves into definite patterns of rings, arches and whorls; these are again qualified and subdivided, and no duplicate combination occurs in two ten digits. Rarely does nature's index ever alter. Sir William Herschell's forefinger in 1890 bears exactly the same markings as in 1868, and out of 2,000 cases Mr. Galton has only discovered one where there has been radical change.

It is to the interest of society that crime should be tracked to the right quarter, and as speedily as possible. But the official description of—Face long, hair and eyes brown, straight nose—leaves something to be desired in the way of exactness, and a photograph cannot be relied on with absolute certainty. Moreover, it is obviously impossible to make a recognition out of several thousands of photographs. I knew of a man who was rushed to the station as Jack the Ripper on the ground of height, a certain resemblance, and the fact that he carried a black bag. Fortunately

he was able to prove that he was a law-abiding citizen. To prevent such cases of mistaken identity, and in the interest of the innocent, it is manifestly of the utmost importance that our murderers, burglars and pick-pockets should be indexed on some systematic plan, and that each man, by his own person, should be his own accuser and condemner. There is certainly an urgent need for a reform in the direction of the adoption of some scientific system for the identification of criminals in England, said Sir Charles Russell, and the results shown by Bertillonage in Paris warrant its general adoption.

#### DOES ELECTRICITY KILL?

*D'Arsonval's Theory..... St. Louis Chronicle*

M. d'Arsonval, one of the most distinguished scientific men in France, a man with regard to whose honor and consummate ability there is no question, has just asserted that the electric shock of the New York penal laws does not kill. He insists that the current simply brings about apparent death, and that the person subjected to it may be revived by artificial respiration. In other words the criminals who have been subjected to death by electricity in New York have not been killed by electricity but by the knives of the surgeons who made the autopsy upon them. D'Arsonval holds that a person struck by an electric shock should be treated exactly as one drowned, and the formula which he has given to electricians has called back to life a number of men since its publication. He severely stigmatizes the putting of criminals to death by electricity as a complicated, barbarous, and unreliable proceeding, and he dares American doctors to practice artificial respiration upon the criminal after his so-called "death." D'Arsonval maintains that the use of dynamic electricity produces in man a kind of anæsthesia, under cover of which he is mangled alive, and must be so in order to become a corpse.

## TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS

OSCAR WILDE'S  
WATER-CRESS  
SANDWICH

Recently Oscar Wilde entered a certain restaurant in the Haymarket, and, according to a writer in *The Gentleman*, was heard to ask for a water-cress sandwich.

In due course the watercress sandwich was brought to him; no slight diaphanous thing, such as would naturally find favor with the "amateur of beautiful things, and the dilettante of things delightful," but a stout, wholesome slab of food for the hungry.

This Mr. Wilde ate with assumed disgust, but evident relish, and in paying the waiter, addressed him.

"Tell the cook with my compliments—the compliments of Mr. Oscar Wilde—that these are the very worst sandwiches in the whole world, and that when I ask for a sandwich of watercresses I do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it. Do you understand?"

CONVICTED  
BY MACHINERY

A remarkable case where science was called to the aid of justice in a criminal trial is thus recorded in *The Electrical Journal*: The murder had been one of unwonted atrocity, and the prisoner appeared absolutely indifferent. In fact, it was impossible for the keenest eye to detect any change in his countenance or attitude during the examination of the witnesses who gave the most damaging testimony against him. The prosecuting attorney, however, noticed that he never once relaxed his hold on the arms of the chair in which he sat, but seemed to support himself by the pressure which he brought to bear on them.

Knowing that under intense mental excitement, no matter how outwardly calm an individual may be, the hands will involuntarily contract and relax according to the intensity of the emotion and the susceptibility of the

person, the counsel saw here a chance of securing evidence of great value.

He called an electrician to his aid, and during the absence of the prisoner from the courtroom the arms of the chair were split in half, and in each was placed a hard carbon plate, which served as a variable resistance. Wires were run from metal placed on either side of the carbon through the legs of the chair and under the floor to a telephone receiver and battery placed in an adjoining closet. The arms were again upholstered and the chair replaced. Every increase in pressure on the arms of the chair now affected the carbon, which, acting as a transmitter, caused sounds to issue from the mouth of the receiver. On the resumption of the trial a court official was placed in the closet, and by a series of signals arranged beforehand signified the feelings of the prisoner as they were betrayed through the muscles of his hands.

The main points against the prisoner were thus determined. They were presently formulated and read to him in privacy, and he was so overcome that he made full confession.

BEEF, LEMONS  
AND CHEESE

Apropos of Napoleonic gossip the *London Figaro* reviews the story of a great naval function which took place during the reign of the last Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. Several American vessels were present, and they were drawn up in line to salute the Emperor's yacht as it passed. The French sailors, of course, manned the yards of their ships and shouted, "Vive l'Impératrice!"

The American Admiral knew that it was impossible to teach these words to his men in the time left to him, so he ordered his crew to shout "Beef, lemons and cheese!"

The imperial yacht came on, and as it passed the fleet there was a



mighty roar of "Beef, lemons and cheese."

And the Empress said she had never received such an ovation before.

LOVE MAKING  
WITH A BIBLE

Walter Besant, the clever English novelist who is now visiting this country, has this pleasant bit of romance in his *Voice of the Flying Day*:

The physician was young; so was the patient. The case was strange; none of the symptoms corresponded with any known disease. The physician came every day, and the more he came, the worse grew the patient. Presently the physician began to suspect that the trouble was mental—of the heart, perhaps—and at last he charged the patient with the thing. "I believe," he said, "that there is nothing in the world the matter with you, but that you are in love," and with blushes and tears, the patient pleaded guilty to the charge. "And does the man know?"

"Alas!" she replied, "he does not even suspect."

"Can you tell him?"

"Never!"

And then the physician pleaded with the patient that she should tell him who it was, that a physician is a father confessor, and that it might relieve her to confess all to him.

"Since you have asked me," she said with confusion, "come to-morrow; then, perhaps, if I can, I will tell you."

And when the morrow came, the patient put into his hand a little slip of paper, on which was written only: "II. Sam. xii. 7." And for fear that you will not know where your Bible is, to look it up, I will tell you the words of the text: 'And Nathan said to David, thou art the man.'

GILBERT'S RETORT  
INCISIVE

Maurice Barrymore tells this story: When Bancroft, the London manager, bought the play "The Colonel," from Burnand, editor of *Punch*, he gave a supper, at which Burnand was the guest of honor, sitting at Bancroft's

right. At the other end of the table sat W. S. Gilbert and Joe Comyns Carr. The supper was given, it was soon made apparent, to star and feature Burnand.

At frequent intervals Bancroft would break out into almost hysterical laughter at some remark of Burnand's, and the "filling in," the nobodies who sat about the table, presuming Bancroft's cue sufficient indication for them to know how to pay for their supper, were soon all in uproarious laughter at everything Burnand said, even when he repeated jokes from *Punch*.

Gilbert felt his nose very much out of joint, and yet could not think of a witticism to draw the fire of laughter. But he thought of this. Turning to Carr he said: "Joe, whatever I say, you laugh at it."

Carr understood. Timing himself when the next roar from the other end of the table was subsiding, Gilbert whispered to Carr, "Pass the mustard." Carr nearly fell in a fit of laughter, and Gilbert looked shyly conscious. It distracted Burnand, who came back with a horribly weak joke, which passed with only half a laugh from the chorus, who were anxious to hear what Gilbert was saying to convulse Carr.

Gilbert leaped over to his companion and whispered: "It's been a beastly day, Joe." Carr's merriment seemed to threaten apoplexy, and Burnand was visibly put out.

Bancroft called down the table: "I say, Carr, what's Gilbert getting off to you that's so deuced funny?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Carr, wiping his eyes, with the manner of a man who had something too good to give away.

Burnand returned again to the charge, and fired off something which his anxiety to be funny made dismal. Gilbert noted the failure, and whispered to Carr, "Can you reach the salt?" Carr pushed back his chair and held his sides in an agony of merriment.

Burnand was done for. He tried another joke and went to pieces, while Gilbert and Carr repeated their business. Burnard lost his temper, and exclaimed, "I say, Gilbert, what's all that you're telling to Carr. Some of those funny things you send me for Punch—that don't get in?"

It was a fatal opening. Gilbert answered instantly: "I don't know who sends the funny things to Punch; but I know they don't get in."

STUDYING A  
TOMBSTONE  
INSCRIPTION In a certain community, says the Rochester Herald, a lawyer died who was a most popular and worthy man; and among other virtues inscribed upon his tombstone was this: "A lawyer and an honest man."

Some years afterward a Farmers' Alliance Convention was held in the town, and one of the delegates, of a sentimental turn, visited the "silent city," and, in rambling among the tombs, was struck with the inscription: "A lawyer and an honest man."

He was lost in thought, and when run upon by a fellow-hayseed, who, noticing his abstraction, asked if he had found the grave of a dear friend or relative, said:

"No, but I am wondering why they came to bury these two fellows in the same grave."

STEALING AT A  
DISCOUNT The prosecuting attorney in the Circuit Court of an Illinois county some years ago was a lawyer whose early education had been defective, but who was shrewd and "long headed."

At one time, says the Youth's Companion, he had procured the indictment of a well-known scamp for theft. The amount alleged to have been stolen was five dollars, and at that time the penalty for stealing five dollars or more was imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. For stealing less than that was confinement in the county jail without labor.

The evidence proved beyond dispute the stealing of a five-dollar bill

of the State Bank of Illinois, but the prisoner's counsel brought several business men to swear that it was not worth its face in gold; but all agreed it would pass for five dollars.

Over this the prisoner's counsel quibbled for two hours, while the prosecuting attorney listened in patience.

When his turn came he rose quietly, and in his nasal drawl said:

"Gentlemen, I hope the learned counsel won't get offended if I don't talk but just one minute. All I've got to say is this: the prisoner don't pretend to deny that he stole our money, and all he asks of you is just to give him the privilege of stealin' it at a discount!"

He sat down, and the jury sent the thief to the penitentiary without leaving the box.

PADEREWSKI'S  
MUSICAL CRITICISM Edgar Saltus tells this story of Paderewski in *Once a Week*: Whether by bribe, by flattery or by both, history does not aver; but by some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to his sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, as mothers will be, and as for the daughter, she had aspirations. She had been taught to play, she thought she played well, and, to make a long story short, she ardently desired Paderewski's opinion of her prowess. She came then, saw the piano and attempted its conquest. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother flushed with pleasure.

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist. "Tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands together.

"I think she must be very charitable."

"Charitable! Charitable!"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated. "Charitable. Surely she lets not her left hand know what her right hand doth."

## THE HORRORS OF WAR: TOLD BY A SOLDIER\*

In bivouac. Outside the tent it is indeed a mild, splendid Summer night; the heavens, so great and so indifferent, full of shining stars. The men are lying on the earth, exhausted by their long fatiguing marches. Only for us, staff officers, have one or two tents been pitched. In mine there are three field-beds. My two comrades are asleep. I am sitting at the table, on which are the empty grog glasses and a lighted candle.

I have just been out for an instant. The stars are shining as indifferently as ever. On the ground a few shadows are gliding—those of stragglers. Many, many men are left behind on the road; these have now slipped in here drawn on by the light of our watch fires. But not all; some are still lying in some far-off ditch or cornfield. What a heat it was during this forced march! The sun flamed as if it would boil your brains; add to that the heavy knapsack and the heavy musket on their galled shoulders; and yet no one murmured. But a few fell out and could not get up again. Two or three succumbed to sunstroke and fell dead at once. Their bodies were put on an ambulance wagon.

This June night, however illuminated by moon and stars, and however warm it may be, is still disenchanted. There are no nightingales or chirping crickets to be heard, no scents of rose and jasmine to be breathed. All the sweet sounds are drowned by the noise of snorting or neighing horses, by the men's voices and the tramp of the sentries' tread; all sweet scents overpowered by the smell of harness and other barrack odors. Still all that is nothing; for now you do not hear the raven's croaking over their feast, you do not smell gunpowder, blood, corruption. All that is coming—*ad majorem patriæ gloriam*. It is worth

noting how blind men are. In looking at the funeral piles which have been lighted "for the greater glory of God" in old times, they break out into curses over such blind, cruel, senseless fanaticism, but are full of admiration for the corpse-strewn battlefields of the present day. The torture chambers of the dark middle ages excite their horror, but they feel pride over their own arsenals.

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Up on a hill, amid a group of generals and high officers, with a field-glass at his eye—that is the situation in a war which produces the greatest æsthetic effect. The gentlemen who paint battle pieces and make illustrations for the journals know this too. Generals on a hill reconnoitering with their glasses are represented again and again; and just as often a leader pressing forward at the head of his troops on a horse, as white and light-stepping as possible, stretching his arm toward a point in the background all in smoke, and, turning the head toward those rushing on after him, plainly shouting, "Follow me, lads!"

From my station on this hill one sees really a piece of battle poetry. The picture is magnificent, and sufficiently distant to have the effect of a real picture, without the details, the horrors and disgusts of the reality; no gushing blood, no death-rattles, nothing but elevated and magnificent effects of line and color. Those far-extended ranks of the army corps winding on, that unbounded procession of infantry regiments, divisions of cavalry and batteries of artillery; then the ammunition train, the requisitioned country wagons, the pack horses, and, bringing up the rear, the baggage. The picture comes out still more imposing if, in the wide country

\* From "Lay Down Your Arms," by Bertha Von Tilling. Longmans & Co.

stretched out beneath the hill, you can see, not merely the movements of *one*, but the meeting of two armies. Then how the flashing sword-blades, the waving flags, the horses rearing up like foaming waves, mingle with each other, while among them clouds of smoke arise, forming themselves in places into thick veils which hide all the picture, and when they lift show groups of fighters. Then, as accompaniment, the noise of shots rolling through the mountains, every stroke of which thunders the word Death! Death! Death! through the air.

Yes, that sort of thing may well inspire battle lays. And for the composition, too, of those contributions to the history of the period which are to be published after the conclusion of the campaign, the station on the hill-top offers favorable opportunities. There, at any rate, the narrative can be made out with some exactness. The X Division met the enemy at N., drove him back, reached the main bulk of the army; strong forces of the enemy showed themselves on the left flank—and so on, and so on. But one who is not on the hill, peering through his field-glass, one who is himself taking part in the action, he can never, never relate the progress of the battle in a way worthy of belief. He sees, feels and thinks of only what is close to him. All the rest of his narrative is from intuition, for which he avails himself of the old formulas.

\* \* \* \* \*

The village is ours—no, it is the enemy's—now ours again—and yet once more the enemy's; but it is no longer a village, but a smoking mass of the ruins of houses.

The inhabitants (was it not really their village?) had left it previously, and were away—luckily for them—for the fighting in an inhabited place is something really fearful; for then the bullets from friend and foe fall into the midst of the rooms and kill women and children. One family, however, had remained behind in the

place which yesterday we took, lost, re-took, lost again—namely, an old married couple and their daughter.

The husband is serving in our regiment. He told me the story as we were nearing the village. "There, Colonel, in that house with the red roof, is living my wife, with her old parents, and her new-born child. They have not been able to get away, poor creatures. For God's sake, Colonel, order me there!" Poor devil, he got there just in time to see the mother and child die; a shell had exploded under their bed. What has happened to the old folks I do not know. They are probably buried under the ruins; the house was one of the first set on fire by the cannonade. Fighting in the open country is terrible enough, but fighting among human dwellings is ten times more cruel. Crashing timber, bursting flames, stifling smoke; cattle run mad with fear; every wall a fortress or barricade, every window a shot-hole. I saw a breastwork there which was formed of corpses. The defender had heaped up all the slain that were lying near, in order, from that rampart, to fire over on to their assailants. I shall surely never forget that wall in all my life. A man, who formed one of its bricks, penned in among the other corpse-bricks, was still alive, and was moving his arm.

"Still alive"—that is a condition, occurring in war with a thousand differences, which conceals sufferings incalculable. If there were any angel of mercy hovering over the battle-fields he would have enough to do in giving the poor creatures—men and beasts—who are "still alive" their coup de grâce.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day we had a little cavalry skirmish in the open field. A Prussian cavalry regiment came forward at a trot, deployed into line, and then, with the horses well in hand and their sabres above their heads, rode down on us at a hard gallop.

We did not wait for their attack, but galloped out against the enemy. No shots were exchanged. When a few paces from each other both ranks burst out into a thundering "hurrah" (shouting intoxicates); the Indians and Zulus know that even better than we do; and so we rushed on each other, horse to horse, knee to knee; the sabres whistled in the air and came down on the men's heads. Soon all were huddled together too close to use their weapons; then they struggled breast to breast, and the horses, getting wild and frightened, snorted and plunged, reared up, and struck about them. I, too, was on the ground once, and saw—no very pleasant sight—a horse's hoof striking out within a hair's breadth of my temples.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another street fight in the little town of Saar. To the noise of the battle-cries and the shots is joined the crashing of timber and the falling of walls. A shell burst in one of the houses, and the pressure of the air, caused by its explosion, was so powerful that several soldiers were wounded by the ruins of the house which were borne along the air. A window flew over my head with the window-sash still in it. The chimney-stack tumbled down, the plaster crumbled into dust and filled the air with a stifling cloud that stung one's eyes. From one lane to another (how the hoofs rang on the jagged pavements) the fight wound on, and reached the market-place. In the middle of the square stands a high pillar of the Virgin. The Mother of God holds her child in one arm and stretches the other out in blessing. Here the fight was prolonged—man to man. They were hacking at me, I was laying about me on all sides.

Whether I hit one or more of them I know not; in such moments one does not retain much perception. Still two cases are photographed on my soul, and I fear that the market-place at Saar will remain always burned

into my memory. A Prussian dragoon, strong as Goliath, tore one of our officers (a pretty, dandified lieutenant—how many girls are perhaps mad after him) out of his saddle, and split his skull at the feet of the Virgin's pillar. The gentle saint looked on unmoved. Another of the enemy's dragoons—a Goliath, too—seized, just before me almost, my right-hand man, and bent him backwards in his saddle so powerfully that he broke his back—I heard it crack. To this also the Madonna gave her stony blessing.

\* \* \* \* \*

From a height to-day the field-glass of the staff officer commanded once more a scene rich in changes. There was, for instance, the collapse of a bridge as a train of wagons was moving across it. Did the latter contain wounded? I do not know. I could not ascertain. I only saw that the whole train—wagons, horses and men—sank into the deep and rushing stream and there disappeared. The event was a "fortunate" one, since the train of wagons belonged to the "blacks." In the game now being played I designate "us" as the white side. The bridge did not collapse by accident; the whites, knowing that their adversaries had to cross it, had sawn through the pillars—a dexterous stroke that.

A second prospect, on the other hand, which one might view from the same height, represented one of the follies of the wise. Our Khevenhüller Regiment was directed into a morass, from which it could not extricate itself, and they were all, except a few, shot down. The wounded fell into the morass, and there had to sink and be smothered, their mouth, nose, and eyes filled with mud, so that they could not even utter a cry. Oh, yes! it must be admitted to have been an error of the man who commanded the troops to go there; but "to err is human," and the loss is not a great one—might represent a pawn taken—a speedy, lucky move of castle or



queen, and all is right again. The mud, it is true, remains in the mouth and eyes of the fallen, but that is a very secondary consideration. What is reprehensible is the technical error; that has to be wiped out by some later fortunate combination, and then the leader implicated in it may still be decorated with grand orders.

\* \* \* \* \*

An artillery division is sticking fast in a part of the road which is steep and soaked with rain. The guns are sinking deeper than their wheels in the morass. It is only with the most extreme exertion, dripping with sweat, and animated by the most unmerciful flogging, that the horses can get forward. One, however, dead beat before, can do no more. Thumping him does no good; he is quite willing, but he cannot. He literally *can* not. Cannot that man see this, whose blows are raining down on the poor beast's head? If the cruel brute had been the driver of a wagon in the service of some builder, any peace officer, even I myself, would have had him arrested.

But this gunner, who got his death-laden carriage forward anyhow, is only doing his duty. The horse, however, cannot know this. The tortured, well-meaning, noble creature, who has exerted himself to the utmost limit of his vital power, what must he think in his inmost heart of such hard-heartedness and such want of sense? Think, as animals do think, not in words and conceptions, but in feelings, and feelings which are all the more lively for wanting expression. There is but *one* expression for it, the shriek of pain; and he did shriek, that poor horse, till at last he sank down, a shriek so long drawn and so resounding that it still rings in my ear, that it haunted me in my dream the next night. I thought that I was—how can I ever tell you the story? Dreams are so senseless that language conformable to sense is hardly adapted to their reproduction—that I was the sense of pain in such an artillery horse—no,

not one, but in 100,000, for in my dream I had quickly summed up the number of horses slaughtered in one campaign, and thus this pain multiplied its effect a hundred-thousand fold.

The men always know at least why their lives are exposed to danger. They know whither they are going, and what for; but we poor unfortunates know nothing—all around us is night and horror. The men seem to go with pleasure to meet their foes, but we are surrounded by foes—our own masters rain blows on us, they leave us lying helpless, and all that we have to suffer besides—for we, too, suffer from fever—oh, that thirst! the thirst of us, poor bleeding, maltreated 100,000 horses!

\* \* \* \* \*

What is all I have seen to-day? If I shut my eyes, what has passed before them comes with terrible distinctness into my memory. "Nothing but pain and pictures of horror," you will say. Why, then, do other men bring such fresh, such joyful images away with them from war? Ah, yes! These others close their eyes to the pain and horror. They say nothing about them. If they write, or if they narrate, they give themselves no trouble to paint their experiences after nature; but they occupy themselves in imitating descriptions which they have read, and in bringing out those impressions which are considered heroic.

If they occasionally tell also of scenes of destruction, which contain in themselves the bitterest pain and the bitterest terror, nothing of either is to be discovered in their tone. On the contrary, the more terrible the more indifferent are they, the more horrible the more easy. Disapprobation, anger, excitement? Nothing of all this. Well, perhaps, instead of this, a slight breath of sentimental pity, a few sighs of compassion. But their heads are soon in the air again. "The heart to God, and the hand against the foe." Hurra, tra-ra-ra!

## SOCIETY VERSE: IN A LIGHTER VEIN

### THE SHEPHERD'S WEALTH

*Norman Gale.....Pall Mall Gazette*

My master calls a mile away,  
And down the breeze his shouting comes;  
But let him rave,  
The miser knave,  
I mind him as the bee that hums!  
Let fifty cry to twenty-three—  
Clarinda's on the meads with me!  
Her lips do know a sweeter tune,  
Her ev'ry action is a voice;  
And in her eyes,  
There dearly lies  
Bright commendation of my choice.  
Here's game no shepherd lad would miss—  
Clarinda's pout may grow a kiss!  
Shout, Farmer, shout! A lusty roar!  
'Twill stir the country-side, I vow!  
But who would part  
From such a heart  
Where Cupid slyly ran but now?  
Go, place; go, pence. I ask as wealth  
To press Clarinda's lips by stealth?

### HER NEGATIVE

*Godey's*

She told me: "No." I asked again  
By words of mouth, by facile pen.  
Persuading oft, I urged my cause,  
By all the sweet unwritten laws  
That govern Cupid's court, and then  
Went over every word again,  
To find, alas, as other men  
Have found, persuading, vain, because  
She told me: "No."  
Grown desperate, I spoke again:  
"Am I," I said, "like other men,  
Whose words to you are tinselled gauze?  
Are all my hopes to be as straws?"  
Her eyes grew soft, and smiling then,  
She told me: "No."

### ON THE STAIRS

*Cap and Gown*

We were seated after dancing  
On the stairs.  
He, before I could forbid it,  
Stole a rose ere yet I missed it,  
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,  
Unawares.

We were resting after dancing,  
On the stairs.  
I had said that he should rue it  
And a lecture I intended,  
Which I think he apprehended;  
Yet he kissed me ere I knew it,  
Unawares.

We were silent, after dancing,  
On the stairs.  
I had stormed with angry feeling,  
But he spoke love, never heeding;  
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,  
All my depth of love revealing  
Unawares.

### WHAT MARVELS LOVE CAN DO

*The Idler*

Behold what marvels Love can do!  
He makes one mantle serve for two,  
Makes two fond mortals to believe  
In charms which none else can perceive,  
For, having stolen half their brains,  
But half their common sense remains,  
So, to repair the mischief done,  
He joins the two, and makes them one.

### WE SAT AT CARDS

*The Wasp*

We sat at cards. How sweet she looked!  
Her thoughts all bent on winning,  
She said, 'twas plain as any book,  
I peeped, nor thought it sinning,  
And saw she held of hearts the ace,  
A sign of triumph in the race,  
While I had only diamonds.

Alone we sat. How fair her face!  
Her cheeks twin roses yearning  
To be but plucked. The crimson ace,  
Forsaken heart still burning,  
Unheeded lay. The game was done,  
Oh, strange and strange! We both had won,  
And she, she held a diamond.

### TO PHYLLIS

*Albert Payson Terhune.....Columbian Spectator*

I said your beauty shamed the rose's blush;  
You thought the simile was trite, untrue;  
But oh, I saw each rose for pleasure flush  
To hear itself compared, dear heart, to you!

## IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

### THE DAKOTA POP-BALLS

*The Chicago Tribune*

There is a famous product of the prairies of the Dakotas that should be shown in Chicago this Summer. I refer to that nothing-else-on-earth-like-it—the pop-weed. It is of rank growth, but little less than marvelous in its way. It has a stalk like a cabbage plant, with a large round top the size of a Hubbard squash and about the same color. There are thousands of acres of it on the Indian reservations. In the vicinity of alkali beds it grows to a prodigious size. When the terrific northwest winds blow late in the Fall the pop-balls become detached from the stalk and roll for miles over the prairies, until they reach uneven country or other obstructions, where they accumulate and pile up like houses of snow. Behind these banks of weeds the wild buffalo found shelter in midwinter from the fierce blizzards. If the pop-weed ball comes forcibly in contact with any hard object while rolling, it explodes with a tremendous report, a cloud of fine powder passes on through the air, and thousands of sharp fine needles are thrown out in every direction. These needles are the seeds of the pop-weed and are what produce the mischief with stock, for they are very penetrating. A "critter" will run from a rolling pop-weed like a jack rabbit from a coyote. The Indians tell strange and interesting stories about the weed. It is said that the young braves of the tribe, for discipline and to prepare themselves to endure great torture, would fight with these pop-balls as schoolboys do with snowballs.

"The battle of the pop-weed" is held once a year, and is witnessed by the whole tribe with great pomp and parade. To the young braves the occasion is what the Fourth of July is to the white American youth. There

are the noise and smoke of battle to perfection, and the fine, sharp needles cause intense pain. The greatest exhibitions of bravery are rewarded by promotion in the tribe, and presentations of handsome beadwork are made by the young braves' best squaws or maidens. The needles from the largest pop-weeds are very long, and when baked in hot ashes become very hard and strong and make good arrows. Certain it is, that with the passing away of our buffalo and Indians, the Dakotas are more anxious to be rid of pop-balls.

### FINEST GARDEN IN THE WORLD

*London Tit-Bits*

Every year upwards of a million and a half of people visit the Royal Gardens at Kew, in London. One hundred thousand have been admitted on a Bank Holiday; 50,000 on a Sunday. But very few of the thousands who roam about its 270 acres and huge glass houses realize the splendid work done there, and its importance to the British Empire. For 120 years Kew has taken the lead in the discovery and utilization of "economic" plants, with a view to the extension of trade, the development of our colonies, and the creation of new industries. "Economic" plants, by the way, are those whose fruit, seed, fibre, sap, etc., may be turned to account. Kew has no equal, for no rival garden has half so large a sphere of usefulness. It is the centre of a hundred similar gardens in various parts of the empire, many of whose directors it has trained. All are engaged in the same work, which is something much more magnificent than growing lovely flowers to delight the eyes of visitors, or for profit. An illustration:

A tanner informs the Director of Kew that the supply of "gambier," an extract from the leaves and shoots of a Malayan climber, is not equal to the

demand; the price has doubled two or three times; no substitute has been discovered. Then Kew goes to work. The Director communicates with the Colonial Office, which instructs the consul at Singapore to send seeds and particulars of the culture of "gambier" to Kew. This is done. The seeds are sown, and plants dispatched to such botanical centres as possess a suitable climate. Full particulars of growing and preparing for the market are published in the Kew Bulletin, or elsewhere. Planters and natives are put in the way of cultivating *Uncaria Gambier*, and so the output is or will be increased, to the great benefit of the trades interested and the public. Again: A trader, say on the West Coast of Africa, is shown by the natives a sample of rubber new to him. It may be valuable or worthless. He does not know the plant from which it is extracted. He obtains specimen leaves and inflorescence, and sends them, with a sample of the rubber, to Kew. There the plant is identified with almost unerring certainty. The rubber is sent to a manufacturer to be tested. Eventually, particulars of the plant, the manner of obtaining the rubber, and its capabilities and market value, are published. Thus the trader learns whether the article is worth exporting. If it prove valuable, other traders are apprised of a commodity worth seeking.

This systematic identification, testing and propagation are going on daily. A dozen "economic" plants may be receiving attention at one time. Kew introduced to India the chincona, from which quinine is obtained. It is constantly studying new fibrous plants, an idea of the value of which may be gathered from the price of pineapple-leaf fibre—£60 the ton. Guttas, gums, indigo, jute, coffee, cacao, and other products too numerous to mention, plant diseases, insect pests, adulterants, etc., are taken in hand with a view to extension or remedy. Whenever something new

is discovered an attempt is made to propagate it for cultivation in our colonies. Should the demand for the staple product of a colony fall off, Kew is able to suggest and supply another, indirectly or otherwise.

The services rendered by Kew in connection with coffee have been of the greatest value. The coffee-tree is a native of Abyssinia and tropical Africa. Kew has assisted to spread it over the tropical world. It has inquired into its adulteration, which is carried on to such an extent that 96,000,000 pounds of bogus coffee are said to be sold every year in the United States alone. In the Kew Museum are specimens of sham coffee-berries made of rice-flour, glucose and water, worked into a paste and shaped in a mould. Kew has endeavored to check adulteration by increasing the output of the genuine article.

The Royal Gardens are an advanced technical school. Each gardener is admitted for a two years' course, but it is necessary that he should have had experience elsewhere. He sees every kind of cultivation carried on in the establishment, attends lectures, and obtains instruction in scientific subjects connected with his profession. Kew men are in great request; the best receive valuable appointments as opportunity offers, and are to be found in every part of the world. Nearly all of them are in constant correspondence with their *alma mater*; the authorities foster it in every way. Four periodical publications are issued from or prepared at Kew. The "Botanical Magazine" has been prepared there since 1841. The "Kew Bulletin" has been issued monthly since 1887. The "Kew Annual Report" is, as its name implies, published yearly. The first number of a new publication, a private enterprise, has just been issued. It is the "Journal of the Kew Guild," an association of past and present Kew men. The Kew roll of martyrs is not insignificant. Not long ago two promising young fellows went to the Niger to found

and superintend botanical gardens for the Royal Niger Company. The climate killed both in a short time.

A brief history of the gardens may be of interest. In the reign of Charles II., Lord Capel had at Kew, somewhere near the present chief entrance, a garden containing an orangery and the finest fruit trees and flowers in England. He grew everything obtainable at that time. The garden was famous. In 1730, Frederick, Prince of Wales, obtained a long lease of the house and ground from the Capel family. To his widow Kew owes much of its present glory. She gave it its definite scientific form. It was then described as "that garden where every tree that has been seen in Europe is at hand." George III. showed great interest in the gardens after his mother's death. During his reign the botanical, exploration, and horticultural activity at Kew had no parallel—and has not since been surpassed. No fewer than 6,746 rare exotic plants were introduced. At that time a common fuschia, now worth 6d., fetched £5. Sir Joseph Banks, who voyaged with Captain Cook, became unofficial Director. He sent out collectors all over the world. A botanist connected with Kew accompanied Captain Cook on his third voyage. The same man, David Nelson, sailed to the South Seas in the ill-fated "Bounty" when that vessel went to introduce the bread-fruit to the West Indies, an idea which probably originated at Kew.

#### WONDERS OF THE COCOA-NUT PALM

*Frank Harrison's Magazine*

The cocoa-nut palm supplies nearly all the wants of man. Its wood is used for building purposes—both houses and boats—for ornamental purposes, when polished, it makes elaborate furniture; the leaves thatch roofs and feed cattle; its fibres make rope, brooms, brushes, mats, and even paper. The kernel of the nut forms the staple food of the natives in many parts of India, and the liquid

portion, known as cocoa-nut milk, serves them for drink. It also yields wine, sugar, oil, wax, resin, astringent matters, and food for cattle. The shell is converted into cups and many other useful domestic utensils; the outside husk is converted into clothing, coir, ropes, cables, and matting. The oil is largely used in cookery, as well as for making candles, and marine soap, which will produce a lather in salt water. In the course of purification it also produces glycerine, and it is in general use throughout India for burning in lamps. Even its roots are chewed in the Summer, as is the areca nut. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a single thing necessary for man's well-being that the cocoa-nut tree does not provide. It has been estimated that there are 280,000,000 of these trees in full bearing in the world. The bamboo is not considered a tree, but it is a plant which is put to a very great number of uses by the Chinese, who look upon it almost as a universal provider.

#### ORIGIN OF GRAINS AND FRUITS

*San Francisco Chronicle*

The grains and fruits used as food by man originated in different latitudes, and first existed in a wild state, some being indigenous to the tropics and some to the temperate zones. As they became improved and differentiated they were distributed in different countries according to their utility and the spread of agriculture. It was but natural that the first gradual changes from a wild to a cultivated state should have taken place in general in warm countries where the climate and the advanced state of civilization conspired to effect their amelioration. For instance, the grape is indigenous to America, and had existed here in a wild state long ages before the continent was discovered by Columbus, but it was first put to practical use in Egypt and Central Asia, to which localities its origin is sometimes attributed throughout the western world. A similar remark



may be made of rye, one of the less valued cereals, which is a native of the temperate zones, and spread thence toward the South. It is supposed to have been unknown in India, Egypt and ancient Palestine, and, though it was more or less used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, it was from the north of Europe that they received it.

Nearly all the grains now in use are of unknown antiquity. Wheat was cultivated in all latitudes as far back in the past as we have authentic knowledge. Barley is thought to have originated in the Caucasus, but it was known and used everywhere in the most ancient times. Oats, like rye, was unknown in ancient India and Egypt and among the Hebrews. The Greeks and Romans received it from the north of Europe. Had there been an early civilization on this continent the wild oats found here and there would probably have developed into the useful cereal now considered absolutely essential for the proper nourishment of horses. This continent is credited with having given Indian corn to the old world, but this useful cereal was doubtless known in India and China many hundred years before the discovery of America. Cotton was used for making garments in India at a date so remote that it cannot even be guessed at. The fact is mentioned by Aristotle. The first seeds were brought to this country in 1621. In 1666 the culture is mentioned in the records of South Carolina. In 1736 the culture was general along the eastern coast of Maryland, and in 1776 we hear of it as far north as Cape May. The use of flax for making clothing is nearly as ancient as that of cotton, and perhaps more so, plants of soft and flexible fiber having been without doubt among the first vegetable productions of the ancient world and their practical value discovered soon after the invention of weaving.

The orange is thought by some to have been first known in Burmah,

whence it was disseminated throughout the far East, in which connection it is curious to note that the Greeks and Romans, to whom this fruit was unknown, placed the islands of the Hesperides, where grew the golden apples, in the far West. The peach is accredited to Persia. The name itself is said to be a corruption of the Latin word for "Persian," the word "malum" (fruit) being understood. The origin of the pear is uncertain, but it is supposed to have been improved, like the apple, from some wild shrubs, specimens of which are still occasionally found in the west of France. The plum has a similar origin. Were our civilization as old as that of Asia and Africa the wild plum found in numerous localities on this continent would, after thousands of years of culture, have developed into numberless varieties. The apricot comes from Persia. The nectarine, which partakes of the nature of the plum and the peach, is of comparatively recent origin, and came first, doubtless, from a union of the two.

The cherry in its improved condition is of Persian descent and is another fruit that might have been improved from our wild varieties had our civilization been contemporary with that which preceded Egypt and Babylon in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Peaches, plums and cherries were all known to the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The apple, the most useful and satisfactory of all the fruits of the temperate zones, has been known from time immemorial. It originated from some of the hardy wild species that are found sometimes almost as far north as the Arctic circle. It is a fruit that likes the cold, and is found in the greatest perfection in parts of New England, New York and Michigan, where the Winters are severe. As it approaches the equator it loses its fineness of taste, while still preserving its beauty. The following tribute to American apples is from the British Encyclopædia: "The most

esteemed of all American apples is the Newtown Pippin, a globular, juicy, generous, highly aromatic fruit. Other American varieties of note are Williams' Family, Astrakhan, Gravestein, and for Winter use the Baldwin, Spitzenbergen and Roxbury Russet." The praise is perhaps extravagant, but it must be borne in mind that English apples are generally very poor, and almost any American apple seems good in London in Winter by contrast. It is a notable fact that, owing to care in the culture, and in part to a preference for this climate, all the fruits mentioned in this list are found of better quality in Europe and America than in the localities where they are thought to have originated. The oranges of India, Burmah and Cochinchina are absolutely tasteless, and those of Malaga scarcely better. The best grown in Spain come from the region of Valencia, where they have been introduced at a comparatively recent date. So of the cherries, apricots and peaches, which have attained a perfection in Europe and America of which the ancient Persians never dreamed. All these fruits appear to increase in size and improve in flavor in latitudes where the Winter is sufficiently severe to check the growth of the tree and give it a needed rest.

It could not be expected, for these reasons alleged, that America, inhabited until a recent date by savage tribes only, should furnish to the world products that require thousands of years of care and culture to give them their perfect development. The potato, however, is an invaluable boon conferred by the new world on the old. It has been generally supposed that it was first introduced into England and Ireland by Hawkins and Raleigh in the seventeenth century, but according to Humboldt it had been cultivated all over South and in a considerable part of North America ages before the discovery of the western continent by Columbus. It was found in Chili and Peru and the seeds

sent to Spain and Italy by the monks, as some writers assert, nearly a hundred years before Hawkins and Raleigh crossed the Atlantic. The tomato is also of South American origin, and, though it plays a much less important part in alimentation, it is an article of food that Americans would not willingly part with. As to the fruits in common use, though America has done much to improve them, there is not one of which it can with any show of real evidence reasonably claim to be the place of origin.

#### HOW A RUBBER FOREST LOOKS

*Harper's Young People*

According to recent accounts of the reckless manner in which forests of rubber trees are destroyed, India-rubber will soon be much more scarce and costly than it now is, and when that happens it is probable that somebody will invent a substitute. At present, however, it is interesting to know what a recent traveler says of the India-rubber forests of Nicaragua: "A forest of them may be detected without the eye of an expert, for they are scarred and dying from the wounds of the machete, the big knife used by the natives. The ordinary specimen of Nicaragua is from fifty to one hundred feet high, and is about two feet in diameter. The bark is white and the leaves oval, with a slight inclination downwards. The cuts are made about two feet apart, and usually extend from the ground to the first branch, channels being scored in the sides to lead the juice into a bag. The average yield of a tree is from five to seven gallons of a milky fluid. This is mixed with the juice of the 'wisth,' which hastens congelation. After this operation the crude rubber is baled up and shipped north to be refined and further prepared for commerce. Another tree very similar to the rubber, and often mistaken for it, is the cow-tree. This yields a liquid very much like milk in taste and appearance, which more than once was drunk in coffee by the engineers."

## HISTORIC, STATISTIC, AND GENERAL

### MACHINERY OF THE HUMAN BODY

*Popular Science Monthly*

In the human body there are about 263 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet. An exchange adds that the amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or fully one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,792,000 times per year, 2,575,440,000 in three-score-and-ten, and at each beat two and one-half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 659 pounds per hour, and seven and three-quarters tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 14,400 per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of the lungs exceeds twenty thousand square inches, an area nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square. The average weight of the brain in an adult male is three pounds eight ounces, of a female two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications probably exceed ten million in number. The skin is composed of three layers and varies from one-quarter to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of forty thousand pounds. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory

pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain pipe one-quarter of an inch long, making an aggregate length for the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

### THE COST OF NATIONAL EDUCATION

*McKeesport (Pa.) Times*

The United States of America leads the world in the expenditure of money for the maintenance of schools. An interesting compilation has just been published which makes public some facts not generally known.

Italy expends every year \$96,000,000 for her soldiers and less than \$4,000,000 for her schools. In Spain it costs \$100,000,000 to maintain the army and only \$1,500,000 to educate the children, but then it is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the nations in the kulturkampf of the world, yet she expends \$185,000,000 on her army, while \$10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of \$151,000,000 and supports her schools with \$21,000,000. The United States expends \$115,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only \$54,000,000.

### A GUN OF REMARKABLE POWER

*The Boston Herald*

The French have again carried off the palm for the highest development to date of the power of ordnance. A gun has recently been completed at the marine foundry at Ruelle, France, which, upon trial, has given the most extraordinary ballistic results. It is of 6.3 inches caliber, its chief peculiarity being its remarkable length, which is 90 calibers, or 47 feet 3 inches. To this great length is mainly attributed the marvelous initial

velocity imparted to the projectile, for it enables the slow-burning powder used to be utilized to the greatest extent, practically none of its impelling force being wasted. The initial velocity reached the phenomenal figure of 3,983 feet per second, which surpasses all previous records. The previous records of greatest note were 3,675 feet per second, made by a 3.9-inch Canet gun, 80 calibers long, and 3,281 feet, made by a 5.9-inch Armstrong gun, also of 80 calibers. The results just obtained are chiefly valuable as indicating the possibilities of the future in gun construction. Such a great length, even for a gun of 6.3 inches caliber, is impracticable for use on board ship, under present conditions, but it does not necessarily follow that it may not be used with advantage on shore, especially in seacoast defenses, where such high initial velocities would be greatly desirable for the purpose of piercing the armor of hostile war vessels, provided, of course, that a projectile could be found of such hardness as to pass through the armor.

#### THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER EVER PRINTED

*St. Louis Republic*

The largest paper ever published was the Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, which was issued in New York City on July 4, 1859. It was a 28,000 edition and was sold at 50 cents per copy. The size of the page of this mastodonic sheet was 70 by 100 inches, or almost 49 square feet. It was an eight-page paper, thirteen columns to the page, or a total of 104 columns, each forty-eight inches in length. It was illustrated with good portraits of President Buchanan, Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, N. P. Banks, E. H. Chapin, Horace Greeley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Alexander Von Humboldt, James G. Bennett, and several others. The paper contained thirty-six poems entire, one of them having as many as sixty-four eight-line verses. Among other articles of special note was the

celebrated "Moon Hoax," taken from a copy of the New York Sun published in 1835. It required forty persons ten hours per day for eight weeks to "get out" this mammoth paper.

#### INVENTIONS THAT MADE FORTUNES

*Rene Bache..... New Orleans Times-Democrat*

Small ideas are sometimes worth fortunes. The Patent Office records are full of trifling suggestions that have won riches for lucky thinkers. More than half of them have been hit upon by accident. Most thoughts are blank in the lottery of the human mind, but now and then out pops a prize. Catch it on the fly and you needn't do any more work.

For example, take a little metal paper fastener, used to keep the pages of documents or manuscripts together. Though but a trifle, it made wealth for J. W. McGill, who invented it in 1867. The rubber pencil tip was devised by a Philadelphia man, Hymen L. Lipman, in 1858. It earned \$100,000 for him. It was in the same year that George A. Mitchell got a patent for the metallic shoe tip. His application for exclusive rights covered shoe tips of silver and all other metals, but copper was preferred. From that time on every bootmaker who sold shoes with copper toes had to pay a royalty, which enriched the originator of the idea. An immense amount of money was made by William D. Ewart, out of an improved attachment for machine harvesters called a "drive chain."

An improved pattern of thumb latch was produced by Philos, Eli and John A. Blake, of New Haven. Thirty thousand were sold during the first year, and the brothers reaped a small fortune. It is reckoned that \$1,500,000 has been made out of the simple device of metal plate, for protecting the heels and soles of shoes and boots. No less than 143,000,000 of them were manufactured in 1887. The notion of utilizing the feathers of chickens, turkeys, geese and other domestic fowls as a substitute for

whalebone in women's corsets has been worth more than a fairly productive silver mine to its inventor. The quills are woven into strips of what is called "feather bone." A man named Canfield first conceived the notion of making armpit dress shields seamless with a sheet of cloth-covered rubber. It brought him an income of many thousands a year.

Heaton, who hit upon the notion of a metal fastening for buttons, doing away with sewing, got a fortune by it. A wooden screw proved a mint for Thomas S. Sloan in 1846. The man who invented wooden pegs for shoes was B. F. Sturtevant. The idea brought him millions of dollars. He lived near Boston, and went crazy later on. The barb wire fence was worth more than \$1,000,000 in royalties to its originator. Formerly many eggs got broken on their way to market by rail. A countryman conceived the plan of packing them in trays of pasteboard, with a separate compartment in which each egg might stand upright. The happy thought was worth a fortune, and such trays are now universally used. An ingenious Chinaman of San Francisco, named Cheang-Wang-Wo, made quite a pile of money out of a gusset for reinforcing the pockets of overalls. A miner was equally lucky with an eyelet, to be sewn at the mouth of the coat or trousers pocket, so as to resist the strain caused by carrying heavy tools or pieces of ore.

There was a fortune in the inverted glass bell hung over a gas jet to prevent the ceiling from being blackened. Big money has been made out of a pen for shading in different colors, and a "darning weaver," for repairing stockings, has likewise been immensely profitable. The ball and socket glove fastener was patented in this country by a Frenchman named Raymond, whose idea has proved golden. Rogers got an independence for life out of his screw wire nail. A common needle threader has brought an income of \$10,000 a year to its in-

ventor. Patents for gold, silver and copper tinsel yarns for upholstery have fetched a profit of \$375,000. Paul E. Wirt's fountain pen has made him rich. A peculiar crook in the wire of a recently patented hook and eye is producing hundreds of dollars a day. The roller skate earned a cool million for the person who caught the idea as it floated in his brain and put it into tangible shape.

A self-made millionaire was quoted a while ago as saying that one of the best ways for a young man to make money quickly was to rack his brains until he found something the public wanted, and to supply it. Common sense may be more useful to the inventor than a mechanical education. In using bath brick for cleaning knives, housewives formerly found that the most troublesome part of the job was scraping the powder from the brick. One day it occurred to somebody to sell the brick ready powdered in neat packages, and he got a fortune by it. Everybody knows how troublesome it is to pick coins off a smooth counter. A way to get over this difficulty suggested itself to a thoughtful person, who promptly devised a rubber mat, with rubber bristles standing all over it. From this the coin can be picked up as easily as if they stood on edge. Henceforth this thoughtful person will not be compelled to toil for his livelihood.

Few inventions pay better than patented toys. The "return ball," with a rubber string, earned an income of \$50,000 a year for the individual who struck the notion. Two playthings that go by clockwork—the walking alligator and the "dancing nigger"—have each won a large fortune. The "pigs in clover" were worth thousands of dollars a week while their popularity lasted. Those odd little fireworks called "Pharaoh's serpents," which excited attention as a novelty some years ago, put \$50,000 into the pocket of their originator. The idea was suggested by certain chemical experiments. That ingen-



ious plaything known as the "Wheel of Life" netted \$100,000.

Thus far no woman's invention has been greatly profitable to its originator. The most successful patent granted to a person of the gentler sex up to date is the ice cream freezer, now universally in use. It was the idea of Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, who died in Washington three years ago at the advanced age of ninety-five. She was the widow of a professor in the Smithsonian Institute. Rights of the freezer were taken out in 1843. Up to that time ice cream had always been made by stirring it with a spoon. Mrs. Johnson might have secured a great fortune for the device, but she sold it for \$1,500. Another Washington woman, Mrs. A. H. Woodall, not long ago invented an attachment to the type-writing machine by which the "carriage" is made to glide back automatically to the beginning of the line as quickly as the last line is finished, thus saving much time. She is said to have sold it to a type-writer company.

Children have taken out a number of profitable patents. The youngest inventor on record is Donald Murray Murphy, of St. John, Canada, who at the age of six years obtained from the United States exclusive rights in a sounding toy. Mabel Howard, of Washington, at eleven years, invented an ingenious game for her invalid brother and got a patent for it. Albert G. Smith, of Richwood, Ill., at twelve years invented and patented a rowing apparatus. When only seventeen years old Benjamin F. Hamilton, of Boston, took out patents on a number of devices for electric and elevated railways. A dispute over a contract, which he desired to escape from on the ground of his minority, made an interesting case not long ago before the Commissioner of Patents. Samuel Kerr, eighteen years old, has patented a self-feeding pen. Other boys have invented useful devices for electric signaling, telephoning and cigarette making. George C. Pyle,

of Wilmington, Del., at the age of eighteen patented a machine which turns out sixty horse-shoes a minute. He sold it for a sum sufficient to lift the mortgage off his father's home.

Formerly inventions were nearly always made at hap-hazard. People hit upon them accidentally. Now the discovery of new ideas in mechanics is a profession. The inventor is a skilled man, employed by a firm of manufacturers with the understanding that all his inventions shall belong to them. The Westinghouse Company, for example, picks up trained electricians all over the world, sets them to work, and gives them every convenience for producing new industrial applications of electricity. These salaried inventors are excellently paid. Electricity is the great field for invention now. Twenty thousand electrical patents have been granted since 1880.

The patented devices utilized in shoemaking are more numerous and more valuable than those employed in any other industry or art. This country turns out 1,000,000 sewing machines every year, and these do the work of 12,000,000 women. Mr. Platt, speaking in the United States Senate in 1883, said that two-thirds of the wealth of the United States was due to patented inventions. Few known fortunes exceed that of Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the machine harvester, who died worth \$20,000,000. The Westinghouse air-brake has earned millions of dollars. Bell, the telephone man, is a multi-millionaire.

Not so many cranks besiege the Patent Office now as formerly. The attorneys through whom they make their applications try to shut them off. No other inventors value their ideas so highly as they do. The perpetual motion lunatic is always snooping around the great building at Ninth and F streets, though he is sat upon with steady determination. If the words "perpetual motion" are mentioned in his papers his money is sent back to him and his appeal is

firmly declined. To get around this difficulty, he usually calls his machine a "motor." The final resort for getting rid of him is to demand a working model as a condition necessary before his claim can be considered. That stumps him every time.

The flying-machine cranks likewise bloom perennial. Some of them would navigate the air after the manner of birds, with folding wings and gigantic tail feathers. Others rely on balloons with propellers. Others yet depend on revolving fans both to lift them in the air and to give an impulse in any desired direction. A promising device is a kite of vast area with a fishtail for steering and a basket suspended beneath; another is an air tricycle to be paddled with the feet.

#### MAKING BIBLES BY THE MILLION

A. S. Hunt.....*Manual of Bible Society*

The Scriptures have been printed in 354 languages and dialects, either wholly or in part. The American Bible Society has aided in the translation, printing or distribution of the Scriptures in the following ninety-five languages and dialects:

Hebrew, Greek, English, Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, French, Spanish, Hebrew-Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Hebrew-German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Latin, modern Greek, Albanian, Roumanian, Servian, Bulgarian, Slavonic, Russian, and Reval-Esthonian, Turkish, Osmani-Turkish, Greco-Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, ancient Armenian, modern Armenian, Koordish, Azerbaijan, Arabic, ancient Syriac, modern Syriac, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi, Telugu, Canarese, Tamil, Marathi, Pahari, Kumaoni, Gurmukhi, Siamese, Loas, Mongolian, Burmese, Chinese (classical), Easy Wenli, Chinese (Mandarin), the Foochow, Swatow, Shanghai, Soochow, Canton, Ningpo, and Amoy colloquials, Japanese, Japanese (Kunten) and Corean, Hawaiian, Ebon (Marshall Islands), Gilbert Islands, Kusaien, Ponape,

Mortlock, and Ruk, Dakota, Muskegee (Creek), Choctaw, Cherokee, Mohawk, Seneca, Ojibwa, Delaware and Nez Perces, Zulu, Benga, Grebo, Mpongwo, Dikele, Tonga, Umbundu, Sheetswa, Creolese, Arrawack, Aymara.

Previous to April 1, 1892, the British and Foreign Bible Society had issued 131,844,796 and the American Bible Society 55,531,906 Bibles, Testaments, and portions. Other societies have issued not far from 50,000,000, while private publishers have increased these issues by scores of millions besides. At the present day the Scriptures are circulated among nearly all the nations. There are few countries where legal impediments to their circulation now exist.

#### A CENSUS OF MICROBES IN DUST

*New York Medical Record*

Dr. Manfredi has made an elaborate investigation of the dust of the streets of Naples. The number of microbes of all kinds he found on the average to be 761,521,000 per gramme. In those portions of the city under the best hygienic conditions, the average number of microbes was only 10,000,000 per gramme. In the busiest thoroughfares the average rose to 1,000,000,000, and in some of the dirtiest streets it rose to 5,000,000,000 per gramme. In this boundless ocean of life he found a large number of the pathogenic organisms, and the unhealthfulness of the street was in proportion to the number of microbes in the dust. He tested carefully the infective power of the dust, and obtained positive results in seventy-three per cent of the experiments. Of forty-two cases in which he communicated disease to guinea-pigs by inoculating them with the dust of Naples, he found the microbe of pus in eight, the bacillus of malignant œdema in four, the bacillus of tetanus in two, the tubercle bacillus in three, besides several others which had the power of inducing septicæmia in the guinea-pigs on which they were tried.

## LULLABIES IN ALL LANDS \*

It is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous to every soil. There are mothers and babies in all lands; and therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby. From China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is ever one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection towards her who gave him birth; and although we shall probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery amongst the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant:

Snail, snail, come out and be fed,  
Put out your horns and then your head,  
And thy mamma will give thee mutton,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following bucolic verse:

Sleep, my baby, sleep,  
Sleep a slumber hale,  
Sweetly rest till morning light,  
My little farmer boy, so bright.

And the little Zulu goes to:

Hush thee, my baby,  
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone;  
There she will dig the little garden patch,  
And water she'll fetch from the river.

A Latin cradle-song is composed in the person of the Virgin Mary, and was in bygone days believed to have been actually sung by her. I give the first verse:

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,  
King divine,  
Sleep, my Child, in sleep's recline,  
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,  
Heaven's King,  
All glittering  
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Bret Harte says that the American lullabies are the same as ours, with the exception of one or two Dutch ones, which have become favorites. There is, however, one, peculiar to Detroit:

Hush, my baby, sleep my sweet,  
Father's trying to sell his wheat.  
Hush, little baby, don't you cry,  
You'll be an alderman by-and-by.

This is, I believe, the only instance where civic honors are held out in a slumber song.

Some of the Greek lullabies are charming, although they do not very readily lend themselves to translation into English. There is something very wholesome and very pretty about this:

O slumber! washed on Saturday,  
On Sunday dressed in clean array,  
On Monday morn to school away,  
As sweet as apple, bright and gay.  
Sleep the mighty all has flown,  
To Alexandria she has gone;  
Nani, thou canary bright,  
Who my brain bewilders quite.

The Scotch have a simple, but very characteristic little ditty, "He-ba-laliloo," which is not very difficult to trace to the French "Hé bas!" ilà le loup," which in turn brings our thoughts to bear upon a universal nursery story favorite, namely, "Little Red Riding Hood."

Ba-loo, ba-loo, my wee thing,  
Oh, softly close thy blinkin' e'e,  
Thy daddy now is far awa',  
A sailor laddie o'er the sea.

Hibernian mothers sing thus:

Hush, baby dear, weep not awhile,  
And o'er thee shall bright treasures smile,  
As did thy royal sires once own  
In the green land of Conn and Owen.

Denmark is a country which, through our well-beloved Princess, is so nearly connected with our own, that I make no apology for giving two of its lullabies amongst ours. Strange to say, the Danish mothers are the only ones whose slumber

\*Laura Alex. Smith, in Gentleman's Magazine.

songs contain any element of castigation about them:

Sleep, sleep, little mouse!  
The field your father ploughs;  
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,  
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

Here is a verse of a somewhat lengthy old Danish lullaby:

Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still;  
As sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood,  
As the flowers in the meadow.  
God the Father has said, "Angels stand  
On watch when the little ones are in bed."

A nursery cry from Yorkshire:

Rabbit pie! rabbit pie!  
Come, my ladies, come and buy,  
Else your babies they will cry.

This is a favorite old lullaby in the north of England, one which is, perhaps, still heard occasionally. The last word is pronounced *bee*.

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,  
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,  
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.

You shall have a new bonnet,  
With blue ribbons to tie on it,  
With a hush-a-bye, and a lull-a-baby,  
Why so like to Tommy's daddy.

All over England babies are crooned to sleep to these verses; sometimes the mother substitutes a tune of her own in lieu of the recognized one:

Plump little baby clouds,  
Dimpled and soft,  
Rock in their air cradles,  
Swinging aloft.

Snowy cloud mothers  
With broad bosoms white,  
Watch o'er the baby clouds  
Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds  
Dreaming of fears,  
Rock in their air cradles,  
Dropping soft tears.

Great brooding mother clouds  
Watching o'er all.  
Let their warm mother tears  
Tenderly fall.

The following is almost equally popular in the north of England and in Scotland; it is known as "Bonny at Morn":

The sheep's in the meadow,  
The kye's in the corn,  
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,  
Bonny at morn,  
Canny at night,  
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,  
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the bush,  
The trout's in the burn;  
Thou hinderest thy mother  
In many a turn.  
Canny at night,  
Bonny at morn,  
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,  
Bonny at morn.

We're all laid idle  
Wi' keeping the bairn,  
The lass wi' net learn,  
The lad wi' net work.  
Canny at night,  
Bonny at morn,  
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,  
Bonny at morn.

With the colliers' wives at Northumberland this funny song is a great favorite:

UP THE RAW.

Up the raw, down the raw,  
Up the raw, lass, every day;  
For shape and color, ma bonny hinney,  
Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.

Black as a crow, ma bonna hinney,  
Thou bangs them a', lass, every day;  
Thou's a' clag-candy, ma bonny hinney,  
Thou's double-japanned, ma bonny bairn.

For hide and for hue, ma bonny hinney,  
Thou bangs the crew, ma bonny bairn;  
Up the raw, down the raw, ma bonny hinney,  
Thou bangs them a', lass, every day.

The sad and, indeed, almost tragic story of "Bobby Shaftoe" is another Northumberland lullaby; it, however, is only such by courtesy, as the nursery is not the only place where its somewhat terse history is a favorite.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee,  
He'll come back and marry me,  
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair:  
He's my ain for evermair,  
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair;  
I will never see him mair,  
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Yorkshire, which has that strange ditty about the rabbit pie, has also a predilection for this, which is popular in Essex, and is to some extent known in other parts:

Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!  
If I'd as much money as I can tell  
I never would cry—young lambs to sell.

One can readily set the words of the following to the monotonous rhythm of a rocking-chair:

Hey, my kitten, hey, my kitten,  
And hey, my kitten, my deary!  
Such a sweet pet as this  
Was neither far nor neary.  
Here we go up, up, up,  
And here we go down, down, down.  
And here we go backwards and forwards,  
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Why Tony Lumpkin should be the subject of inquiry in this history does not say:

Bye, baby bumpkin,  
Where's Tony Lumpkin?  
My lady's on her death-bed  
With eating half a pumpkin.

We can only conclude that Tony's surname rhymes with bumpkin and pumpkin; as to my lady dying after so prodigious a feat as the eating of half a pumpkin, well, it was only what might have been expected. From such nonsense it is charming to turn to this little ebullition of motherly love and pride:

My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,  
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy.

Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby.  
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, to be kissed.

The next lullaby, which is a great favorite with the Romany mothers of Spain, refers to "the Moor" as a very benignant sort of bogey:

Isabellita, do not pine  
Because the flowers fade away;  
If flowers hasten to decay,  
Weep not, Isabellita mine.

Little one, now close thine eyes,  
Hark! the footsteps of the Moor,  
And she asks from door to door  
Who may be this child who cries!

When I was as small as thou,  
And within my cradle lying,

Angels came about me flying,  
And they kissed me on my brow.

Sleep then, little baby, sleep,  
Sleep, nor cry again to-night,  
Lest the angels take to flight  
So as not to see thee weep.

Speaking of the gipsies of Spain reminds me of several beautiful slumber songs which have originated with the tent mothers. Here is the English version of a lullaby which, a few years ago, we might often have heard crooned over a tiny Romany babe at the door of the camp:

Sleep thee, little tawny boy!  
Thy mother's gone abroad to spae,  
Her kindly milk thou shalt enjoy  
When home she comes at close of day.

Sleep thee, little tawny guest!  
Thy mother is my daughter fine:  
As thou dost love her kindly breast  
She once did love this breast of mine.

Yet one more gipsy song, this time from the lips of a Tzigani mother of Roumania:

#### NANI-NANI.

Lullaby, my little one,  
Thou art mother's darling son;  
Loving mother will defend thee,  
Mother she will rock and tend thee,  
Like a flower of delight,  
Or an angel sheathed in white.

Sleep with mother; mother well  
Knows the charm for every spell,  
Thou shalt be a hero as  
Our good lord great Stephen was:  
Brave in war and strong in hand,  
To protect thy fatherland.

Sleep, my baby, in thy bed,  
God upon thee blessings shed;  
Be thou dark, and be thine eyes  
Bright as stars that gem the skies;  
Maiden's love be thine, and sweet  
Blossoms spring beneath thy feet.

The German lullabies are among the most beautiful in the world; they are frequently used in other lands, although it must be admitted that they lose somewhat in the translation.

#### GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son;  
Close thy dear eyelids, and sweetly sleep on!  
All things lie buried in silence profound,  
Sleep, I will scare e'en the gnats floating round.



Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May,  
Ah! but to-morrow is not as to-day;  
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall  
soar,  
Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no  
more!

Angels of Heaven as lovely as thou  
Float o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now;  
Later, when angels around thee shall stray,  
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son,  
I'll watch by thy bedside till dark night is  
gone;  
Careless how early, how late it may be,  
Mother's love wearies not watching o'er  
thee.

Germany has always been consid-  
ered the land *par excellence* of cradle  
songs; the ideas embodied in many  
of them are charmingly poetic. Lis-  
ten to this lullaby of Northern Ger-  
many:

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Thy father guards the sheep,  
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,  
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

In Sweden puss is used as an in-  
ducement for children to go to sleep:

Hush, hush, baby mine,  
Pussy climbs the big green pine;  
Mother turns the mill-stone.  
Father to kill the pig has gone.

And the little descendants of the  
Vikings are thus lulled:

Row, row to Baltarock,  
How many fish are caught in the net?  
One for father, and one for mother,  
One for sister, and one for brother.

The following melodious *berceuse*  
is well known throughout Brittany:

Go to sleep, you little darling,  
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot;  
I'll sing sweet and low,  
And rock to and fro  
The crib of Pierrot,  
Whom we all love.

The tiny *bambino* of the Italian pea-  
sant hears these lines sung in the soft,  
liquid accents of the Italian tongue:

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling,  
While I hush thee with my song;  
Sleep until the new sun rises,  
Sleep in peace the whole night long.

A sample verse of a Sardinian lull-  
aby is here given:

Oh! Ninna and Anninia!  
Sleep, baby boy.  
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!  
God give thee joy.  
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!  
Sweet joy be thine;  
Oh! Ninna and Anninia!  
Sleep, brother mine.

The Albanian song which follows  
is commendably short:

De! de! lambskin mine,  
Where did'st thou this even dine?  
In the fields where waters flow,  
'Neath the trees where cherries grow.

The Polish slumber song, to our  
ideas, does not seem sufficiently sim-  
ple or child-like in style:

POLISH SLUMBER SONG.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky,  
How great and wondrous is God's might,  
Shine stars through all eternity,  
His witness in the night.

In Iceland a poor little motherless  
babe was thus sung to its saddened  
slumbers:

Take me, bear me, shining moon,  
Bear me up to the skies;  
Mother mine, she's sitting there,  
Carding wool so fine.

The Dutch widows have a sorrow-  
ful lullaby of their own which says:

O hush thee, my child,  
Thy mother bends o'er thee,  
And clasps her dear son,  
For she is forsaken and alone.

With these Japanese and Hottentot  
lullabies I bring my songs of Mother-  
hood to a close:

JAPANESE LULLABY.

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,  
Baby's nursey where has she gone?  
Over those mountains she's gone to her  
village,  
And from her village what will she bring?  
A tum-tum drum, and a bamboo flute,  
A "daruma" (which will never turn over)  
and a paper dog.

The "daruma" is what English chil-  
dren call a tumbler, a figure which is  
weighted at the bottom, so that, turn  
it how you will, it always regains its  
equilibrium.

The Hottentot mother sings:

Why dost thou weep, my child?  
Wherefore dost thou weep?  
Hush, darling, calm thee,  
And sleep, my child, and sleep.

## HOW "SKEERY JIM" WAS MARRIED\*

One midforenoon I arrived at the cabin of a squatter in a cove of the Iron Stone mountains of Tennessee and was courteously saluted by three or four men and women who sat on the doorsteps.

When I asked if there was a funeral, one of the women rose up, made a "kerchy," and replied:

"Reckon not, sah. Reckon it's gwine to be a marriage. Won' yo 'un stop fur it?"

"Who's the bride?" I asked, as I got down.

"Reckon it's me, sah. He! he! he!" tittered the woman.

"And the groom?"

"Jim? Oh, he un's in the bresh sumwhar. He un's powerful skeery 'bout gittin' married, but he un's got to come in!"

"He un's dun bin co'tin' she un fur nigh two y'ars," explained one of the men, who afterward turned out to be a preacher, "and now him's tryin' to flunk. Jest made a break fur the bresh, but thar's five men after him, and he un's bound to come in."

"I never did see one so skeery," observed the bride, "but likely he'll git over it. Sarah, was yo'r man skeery?"

"Shoo! He flunked on me three times," replied the woman addressed.

"Doan reckon I was skeery," said one of the men as he lighted his old clay pipe.

"Not very skeery, but some skeery," added his wife. "Father wouldn't hev abided you un bein' too skeery."

"It's jest this way," said the preacher as he looked down the road and absently scratched his leg. "I've seen some men who was skeery and some men who wasn't. If a woman is rich and purty and a widdeer, then a man is skeery. I was skeery of my last wife, powerful skeery. I can't

blame Jim fur bein' skeery, but he un has pledged his word, you see. Orter hev bin yere an hour ago, but him's hidin' in the bresh. Boys will bring he un in, though."

Just then we heard yells and the reports of rifles down the road, and presently six men came into view. One was evidently a prisoner to the others.

"Got he un, fur suah, and he can't flunk no mo'," said the bride, as she stood up to smooth out the wrinkles in her clothes.

"You all cum in," cautioned the preacher, and we were hardly inside the cabin when the procession arrived.

"Had to run he un over two miles, but we got him!" explained the leader. "Now, Jim, you jest stand up and be married."

"I'm skeery!" whined Jim, as he hung back.

"La!" gasped all the women in chorus.

"We 'low you un is skeery," said the preacher, "but skeeriness mustn't go too fur. Take hold of her hand. Sum of you uns git behind to ketch him if he bolts. That's right. Now, then, skeery or no skeery, do you un take she un fur yo'r true and lawful wife?"

"Skeery Jim hung off for a while and tried to break away, but finally got his nerve up, and the ceremony took place.

While we were eating the marriage supper he bolted for the woods and disappeared, but the preacher philosophically explained as he shook his head solemnly:

"Yo' all needn't worry about it. I've seen over fo'ty cases of sich skeerishness, and every one turned out all right. Soon's we uns is gone, the bride kin hoot, and him will call up like a lost meul!"

\*M. Quad in The Chicago Times.

## CELEBRITIES: AT HOME AND ABROAD

BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE Edwin Booth, according to Mrs. Clarke, made his first appearance on any stage on the night of September 10, 1849, and at the Boston Museum. He played on that occasion Tressel. The story of his undertaking, says Harper's Weekly, is an old one, but very characteristic of both father and son. Mr. Thoman, prompter and actor, annoyed at some detail, shouted to Edwin, standing near him, "This is too much work for one man; you ought to play Tressel," which, after a little hesitation, the lad was persuaded to do. On this eventful night the elder Booth, dressed for Richard III., was seated with his feet upon the table in his dressing room. Calling his son before him, like a severe pedagogue or inquisitor, he interrogated him in that hard laconic style he at times assumed.

"Who was Tressel?"

"A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury."

"What was his mission?"

"To bear the news of the defeat of the king's party."

"How did he make his journey?"

"On horseback."

"Where are your spurs?"

Edwin glanced quickly down, and said he had not thought of them.

"Here, take mine."

Edwin unbuckled his father's spurs and fastened them on his own boots. His part being ended on the stage, he found his father still sitting in the dressing-room, engrossed in thought.

"Have you done well" he asked.

"I think so," replied Edwin.

"Give me my spurs," rejoined his father, and obediently Tressel replaced the spurs upon Gloucester's feet.

a friend were out hunting one day, when the friend incautiously walked off into a morass, and, feeling himself sinking, called out to Bismarck, "For Heaven's sake, come to my help, or I shall be lost in this quicksand."

Bismarck saw the danger was great, but he retained his presence of mind.

"No," cried Bismarck, "I will not venture into the morass, for then I should be lost, too. It is evident your end is inevitable; therefore, to relieve you from the cruel agony of slow death, I will shoot you," and he coolly leveled his rifle at his floundering friend. "Keep quiet," cried Bismarck, "I cannot take correct aim. Remember, that in order to put you at once out of misery, I must shoot you through the head."

The shocking brutality of this suggestion drove all fear of the morass out of the friend's mind, the unlucky man thought only of dodging Bismarck's bullet, and, with this in mind, he struggled so violently that finally, by almost superhuman efforts, he succeeded in laying hold of the root of an old tree, and thereby he rescued himself.

STEPHEN GIRARD'S BUSINESS SHREWDESS One day, so says the San Francisco Argonaut, a drayman, an industrious, bright fellow with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard by Stephen Girard to remark that he wished he was rich. "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire, harshly. "I don't know how, without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money, I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold by auction to-morrow at the wharf. Go down there and

BISMARCK'S PRESENCE OF MIND The London Wit and Wisdom gives this anecdote of the quick wit of the Grand Old Man of Germany: Bismarck and

buy it in, and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a whole ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man; "go down and bid on the whole cargo, and then come to me."

The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship-load. A retail grocer started the bidding, and the drayman raised him. When the case was knocked down to the drayman, the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer desired only the one case. "I'll take the whole ship-load," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished; but, on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man, his manner changed, and he said it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day. The drayman was shrewd; he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

SALVINI'S  
TRIUMPH IN OTHELLO

Tomasso Salvini, in the Century, gives delightful gossip of his stage experiences, and among them this story of his Othello:

It is very seldom that I have attained satisfaction with myself in that rôle. I may say that in the thousands of times that I have played it I can count on the fingers of one hand those when I have said to myself, "I can do no better," and one of those times was when I gave it at the Teatro dei Fiorentini in Naples. It seemed that evening as if an electric current connected the artist with the public. Every sensation of mine was transferred into the audience; it responded instantaneously to my senti-

ment, and manifested its perception of my meanings by a low murmuring, by a sustained tremor. There was no occasion for reflection, nor did the people seek to discuss me; all were at once in unison and concord. Actor, Moor and audience felt the same impulses, were moved as one soul.

I cannot describe the cries of enthusiasm which issued from the throats of those thousands of persons in exultation, or the delirious demonstrations which accompanied those scenes of love and jealousy and fury, and when the shocking catastrophe came, when the Moor, recognizing that he has been deceived, cuts short his days so as not to survive the anguish of having slain the guiltless Desdemona, a chill ran through every vein, and as if the audience had been stricken dumb, ten seconds went by in absolute silence. Then came a tempest of cries and plaudits and countless summonses before the curtain. When the demonstration was ended, the audience passed out amid an indistinct murmur of voices and collected in groups of five, eight or twelve everywhere in the neighborhood of the theatre. Then, reunited as if by magnetic force, they came back into the theatre, demanded the relighting of the footlights and insisted that I should come on the stage again, though I was half undressed, to receive a new ovation. This unparalleled and spontaneous demonstration is among the most cherished memories of my career.

LINCOLN'S  
SIMPLICITY

An incident that has probably never appeared in print was related by Schuyler Colfax regarding Abraham Lincoln, and is given in Bell's Altoona Gazette. It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and

the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The President, tall and, in a measure, stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman: "Excuse me, my Lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand: "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. — in Sangamon county in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the salutation, said: "Mother, he's just the same Old Abe!"

"Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company; John was killed in the 'seven days' fight'; Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington an' see him. An' while we were here we'll go up and see the President.'"

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across the rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know, and he said: "John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you." The old lady and her husband were hustled into a private room, in spite of all their protests.

THE VANITY OF AN EMPRESS The only trait of vanity which I ever noticed in Empress Elizabeth of Austria, says a writer in Harper's, was the pride she took in her magnificent chestnut hair, which fell below her knees. She used to have it brushed for hours every day, whilst her "reader," Mlle. F——, read to her English, French, or Hungarian novels. Her Majesty was particularly anxious that the dressers who brushed her long tresses should avoid pulling out a single hair. This, of course,

was an impossibility, and the unfortunate maid concealed carefully in the pocket of her apron any hair which became entangled in the brush. One day the Empress, happening to glance into the looking-glass, caught sight of the maid concealing a small roll of hair. Jumping up from her rocking-chair, her Majesty clutched her attendant by the wrist.

"I have caught you at last. You are ruining my hair!"

With a presence of mind which would have done honor to an expert diplomat, the maid replied, unhesitatingly: "I implore your Majesty to forgive me. I only wished to have a few of my sovereign's hairs to put in the locket which my little girl wears around her neck as a talisman."

Whether the Empress believed or not this clever invention, I do not know, but shrugging her shapely shoulders, she resumed her seat, laughing merrily; and the next day she presented her maid with a locket enriched with diamonds, saying with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "I think this is the kind of talisman your little daughter deserves for having such a clever mother."

SUVAROFF OUTWITTED The Russian marshal Suvaroff, says Lippincott's Magazine, was famous as a jester, and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia can only produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded,—

"How many stars are in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly,—

"Wait a little and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached one hundred Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.



## NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

### A LOVE SONG

*Oscar Wilde.....Chicago Tribune*

O beautiful star with the crimson mouth!  
O moon with the brows of gold!

Rise up, rise up, from the odorous South,  
And light for my love the way,  
Lest her little feet might stray  
On the windy hill and the wold.

O rapturous bird, with the low sweet note!  
O bird that sits on the spray!  
Sing on, sing on, from your soft brown  
throat,

And my love in her little bed  
Will listen and lift her head  
From the pillow, and come my way.

O blossom that hangs in the odorous air!  
O blossom with lips of snow!  
Come down, come down, for my love to wear!  
You shall die on her head in a crown,  
You shall die in a fold of her gown,  
To her light little heart you will go.

### THE HILLS OF LYNN

*Elizabeth Dupuy.....The Dragon Yoke*

We wandered down the hills of Lynn,  
My love and I together;  
Cicalas, chanting fine and thin,  
Made musical the heather;  
Within the vale the lamps, like stars,  
Shone in the dusk, and ruddy Mars  
On high his pennon floated;  
O love, O love, a song-bird there  
Sang for us, silver-throated.

O pleasant are the hills of Lynn  
In Summer greenly growing,  
When stars the twilight usher in;  
The reapers from the mowing  
Come whistling homeward thro' the glade,  
And each one watches for the maid  
To him most dear and pleasing,  
While down the lane the loaded wains  
Creak after loudly wheezing.

The hills of Lynn, to me so dear,  
How shall I tread them lonely?  
My sweet love is not with me here,  
Yon moon marks one shape only,  
One shadow drawn across the grass

Where once were two, dear love, alas!  
I'd fain be here laid sleeping,  
For wandering down the hills of Lynn  
Alone sets me a-weeping.

The hills of Lynn, O the hills of Lynn,  
Where we once walked together!  
I wish me dead on the hills of Lynn  
At the end of the golden weather;  
I wish me dead in a cold, cold shroud,  
Beneath the withered clover,  
For since he has gone has come a cloud  
The golden hill-slopes over.

### IN CLOVER

*Charles W. Stoddard.....San Francisco Examiner*

O Sun! be very slow to set;  
Sweet blossoms kiss me in the mouth;  
O birds! you seem a chain of jet  
Blown over from the South.

O cloud! press onward to the hill;  
He needs you for his falling streams.  
The sun shall be my solace still,  
And feed me with his beams.

O little humpback bumble bee!  
O smuggler! breaking my repose;  
I'll slyly watch you now and see  
Where all the honey grows.

Yes, here is room enough for two;  
I'd sooner be your friend than not;  
Forgetful of the world, as true,  
I would it were forgot.

### THE PARTING OF JACK FALSTAFF

*Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution*

[A made a finer end, an went away an it  
had been any Christian child. For after I  
saw him fumble with the sheets and play  
with flowers, I knew there was but one way  
\* \* \* He bade me put more clothes on  
his feet \* \* \* and all was as cold as any  
stone.—*Mrs. Quickly.*]

I do forgive him for his raid  
On Gad's Hill in the night;  
For Mistress Quickly's scores unpaid—  
The sword he hacked for fight;  
For all his frequent calls for sack—  
(The brawler bluff and old),  
Because of that sad day—poor Jack!—  
That day he was a-cold.

That day when, stealing to his den,  
 (As history repeats),  
 He "babbled of green fields" and then,  
 Pale, "fumbled with the sheets;"  
 Crept to his darkened lodge—alack!  
 Sir John, so stout and bold,  
 "The King had killed his heart"—poor Jack!  
 That day he was a-cold.  
 And Mistress Quickly I revere  
 In that she stood his cause  
 And faced them down that Jack was there  
 Where "Arthur's bosom" was!  
 Forgot were all his unpaid scores—  
 Her grievous wrongs untold;  
 She had not turned him out o' doors,  
 That day he was a-cold.  
 Poor Jack! he did not hearken then  
 To "chimes o' midnight" wild;  
 But parted from his fellow men  
 "Like any Christian child."  
 His cloudy memory bore him back  
 To flowery days of old;  
 He "babbled of green fields"—poor Jack!—  
 That day he was a-cold!  
 So, I forgive him for his raid  
 On Gad's Hill—with the rest;  
 For Shallow's thousand pounds unpaid,  
 And every brawling jest;  
 For Bardolph's nose, a-shine with sack  
 And Pistol's tirades bold;  
 He parted from his young—poor Jack!—  
 That day he was a-cold!

THE DANCE AT "UNCLE BOB'S"

Ernest McGaffey.....Arkansas Traveler

The clash of a lively reel,  
 The sway of a supple bow,  
 Shrill is the cat-gut's peal,  
 As over the boards they go,  
 Balancing on the heel,  
 And then with the heel and toe,  
 Dancing the steps they know,  
 As back and forth they wheel.  
 Jarring the half-shut door,  
 Forward they slide and back,  
 First and the second "four"  
 With never a chance to slack.  
 Rosin the bow some more,  
 As the dancers swerve and "tack,"  
 Dancing along a crack  
 There on the puncheon floor.  
 Hark to each vibrant string,  
 As the winged notes take flight,

"Buffalo girls," they sing,  
 "Are you coming out to-night?"  
 And the brass andirons ring  
 By hickory embers bright,  
 As quick to the left and right,  
 The boys their partners swing.  
 Sharp is the prompter's call,  
 As they shuffle to and fro;  
 "Side four—there by the wall—  
 Forward"—and off they go;  
 "Back,"—to the rear they fall,  
 Now it is "do" "si" "do,"  
 And then o'er the ebb and flow  
 Echoes "promenade all."  
 And the soul of the violin,  
 Turned mad by the gleaming moon,  
 Leaps up from the rhythmic din,  
 To dance with the dancing tune,  
 And in, and out and in,  
 Under rough oak rafters hewn,  
 It threads with noiseless shoon,  
 Where the lads and lassies spin.  
 Now with the heel and toe,  
 Then with the nimble heel;  
 Hisses the gliding bow,  
 Shrill is the cat-gut's peal,  
 And over the planks they go,  
 And round and around they wheel,  
 Till the east grows gray as steel,  
 And the drowsy roosters crow.

DEATH'S PROTEST

Elia Wheeler Wilcox.....The Independent

Why dost thou shrink from my approach,  
 oh, man?  
 Why dost thou ever flee in fear, and cling  
 To my false rival Life? I do but bring  
 Thee rest and calm. Then wherefore dost  
 thou ban  
 And curse me? Since the forming of God's  
 plan  
 I have not hurt or harmed a mortal thing,  
 I have bestowed sweet balm for every  
 sting,  
 And peace eternal for earth's stormy span.  
 The wild, mad prayers for comfort, sent in  
 vain  
 To knock at the indifferent heart of Life  
 I, Death, have answered. Knowest thou  
 not 'tis he,  
 My cruel rival, who sends all thy pain  
 And wears thy soul out in unmeaning  
 strife?  
 Why hold'st thou to him then, shunning me?

## GOLD AND SILVER: FACTS ABOUT MONEY\*

Absolutely pure gold is said to be twenty-four carats fine.

The gold coins of Great Britain contain one-twelfth alloy.

The Spartans had an iron coinage, no other being allowed.

The United States silver 3-cent piece was coined in 1851.

The English mint was established by Athelstane about 928.

From 1828 to 1845 platinum coins were minted in Russia.

The first coining machine was invented by Bruchner in 1553.

The notes used by the Bank of England cost exactly 1 cent each.

Julius Cæsar was the first man to put his own image on a coin.

Aristotle says that "money exists not by nature, but by law."

The first colonial coinage was minted in Massachusetts in 1652.

In the tenth century there were thirty-eight mints in England.

The American cents of 1787 bore the motto, "Mind Your Business."

During the reign of Henry VIII. 23 per cent. of coin metal was alloy.

The coinage of trade dollars began in 1874 and was discontinued in 1878.

The most ancient coins are of electrum, four parts gold to one silver.

The coinage of 20-cent pieces began in 1875, was discontinued in 1878.

Before the days of coined money the Greeks used nails as currency.

The average life of a note of the Bank of England is less than seventy days. Notes are never re-issued.

Herodotus says Cræsus was the first sovereign to make coins of gold.

The United States Mint was established in 1792 and at once began operations.

In 1844 Napier's coin weighing machine was put in use in the Bank of England.

Over 1,000 series of Greek coins, issued by independent cities, are known to exist.

In the fifth century before Christ refined copper was deemed as precious as gold.

The trade dollar was intended for use in commerce with China, India and Japan.

The first American coins were made in England in 1612 for the Virginia Company.

The first English gold coins were minted in 1257, in the forty-second year of Henry III.

In 1631 the invention of milling the edges of coins, to prevent clipping, was introduced.

At the beginning of the Christian era the relative values of gold and silver were as 1 to 9.

English sovereigns were first minted in 1489. They were called by various nicknames.

During the reign of Numa Pompilius, 700 B. C., an experiment was made with wooden money.

The bronze cent and two-cent pieces were first coined in 1864, and the nickel half-dime in 1866.

The earliest Greek coins bore a lion or tortoise on the obverse and punch-marks on the reverse.

Wampum was adopted by the New England colonists in all their dealings with the Indians.

Vermont and Connecticut coined coppers in 1785. New Jersey and Massachusetts did the same in 1786.

Paper money was first issued by the notorious John Law. His issues exceeded £120,000,000.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

In 1,000 ounces of our gold coinage there are 900 ounces of pure gold, ten ounces of silver and ninety of copper.

Down to the Norman conquest the Britains had "living money" and "dead money;" the former being slaves and cattle, the latter metal.

\*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE WORLD OVER : PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

### SUNSET AT LAGUNA DEL REY

F. G. Barry.....*The Tourist*

It is the fifth of November and I am standing upon the shore of Laguna del Rey, at Monterey, California.

The sun is slowly disappearing behind the great oaks and the pines that tower motionless to the westward, while over the long, uneven crests of the San Lucia range to the southward, there creeps a light gray mist through which their blues and purples take on a more ethereal tint,—a low-lying cloud-veil, so delicate in texture as not to conceal the beauty of color and form behind it, but, by blending and subduing, enhancing the charm for both. The air is heavy with perfume from the great flower garden of the Hotel del Monte.

Now, the sun throws a parting kiss to the summits of the Coast Range. The air grows cooler, and the white-tufted pampas begin to wave gently and gracefully beneath the touch of the zephyrs which come dallying from the mountains to the northward.

I am listening to the deepening roar of the breakers as they pound upon the sand-beaches. The shadows gather. Now and then comes the cry of a water-fowl from the other side of the lake, while just above my head I hear the drowsy chirping of some little feathered creature, who, I fancy, is bidding the world good-night. How happy he seems,—this little dweller upon the banks of Laguna del Rey! I listen to his chirping, for there is contentment in each sleepy note. "Happy dreams, sleepy ones," I call out to him, but I doubt if he could, dreaming, be happier than when arching his fluttering flight over his beautiful little lake, or singing his matutinal glee from the topmost branch of his home-tree. There is no response. My companion has fallen asleep.

Above the towers of the Hotel del

Monte the sky is growing brilliant. The building seems a great, dark mass against a gorgeous background of crimson and gold, saffron and orange, with an airy canopy of white clouds floating slowly to the southward, followed by a thin streak of smoke so tenuous, and so fantastic in form, as to appear a part of the fleecy vapors themselves. As I look upon this sublime picture, fearing that the next instant it may be gone, a California blue-jay darts across the horizon and disappears in the dusk that overhangs the road to Monterey.

The stillness is oppressive. There is no sound save the almost noiseless footsteps of a Chinaman as he suddenly appears in one of the paths leading from the hotel, and is soon lost to sight in the shadows beneath the live oaks that line the rim of the lake. So far away as to be almost inaudible comes the tinkling of a bell. I look in the direction from which the sound comes only to see the lights in the old city twinkling fitfully and dimly,—but what is that shrill cry? There is a splash and the cry is repeated, and then I know that a wild duck is abroad for his evening meal. Then there are other water-fowl voices, coming nearer and nearer—so near that I think I will walk down to the end of the path and peer out upon the lake. As I reach the water's edge three or four loquacious geese round a little point and come directly toward me, so unmindful of my presence that they stop to eat the rush-like grasses within a few feet of where I am standing, uttering a low, minor note which seems singularly inexpressive of satisfaction at either the quantity or the quality of the food they are finding.

Presently they are gone and the lake is still again. There are no longer streaks of purple athwart the western horizon, for darkness has

descended "from the wings of Night" so softly that I have been held as by some enchantment—some sweet spell which Nature weaves at evening, ere the moon illumines the waters of the Bay of Monterey, and the electric lights flash forth on the night, from the windows and the towers of the Hotel del Monte.

#### LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

*The Missionary Chronicle*

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in confusion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and yelling with delight in the contemplation of the superior beauty of their whitewashed babes.

#### CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS MOSQUES

*Emily A. Richings.....Eastern and Western Review*

Here and there, as we approach Constantinople, the white minarets of a crumbling city prick the vivid blue of the cloudless sky, or a group of flat-roofed houses shows a popula-

tion ragged, dirty and apathetic, lounging about a dilapidated village; but the signs of human habitation occur at rare intervals, and the vast solitudes are oppressive with a loneliness too intense to be relieved by the occasional sight of a turbaned shepherd leading his flock over a distant hill, or a veiled woman drawing water from a way-side well.

As darkness falls, the silence is broken for a moment, and a traveling merchant, with an armed escort, clatters up a stony road among the brig-and-haunted mountains, which add their terrors to the hopeless desolation of the scene. In the dewy dawn of an autumnal day the train skirts a verdant shore, laved by the turquoise waters of a sheltered bay, fairy islets swim in a lilac haze, and the rising sun gilds the sails of quaint fishing-boats in the offing. Picturesque buildings of motley architecture climb terraced hills, each vine-wreathed balcony glowing with red carnations, and beyond the houses tapering minarets and snowy domes rise above the dark spires of slender cypresses.

Passing San Stefano, where the famous treaty was signed after the Crimean War, the train reaches Constantinople, the junction of Europe and Asia, where East and West mingle in grotesque contrast. The red fez of the Turkish subject, the green and white turbans of the dervishes, or the flowing robes and tinsel headgear of the Asiatic, jostle the veiled Turkish lady, the dainty Frenchwoman, the English tourist in straw hat and puggaree, and the omnipresent and vociferous Teuton. Passports are strictly examined; the hamals, or porters, shoulder boxes which would break any backs but Turkish ones, and in a rickety carriage drawn by two equine skeletons we cross the wooden bridge over the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping, to Galata, the merchants' quarter, and Pera, the European town.

The scene on the bridge is a shifting panorama of light and color. We



meet dervishes in long white robes, beggars in every stage of dilapidation, and Armenian priests in tall black caps with floating black veils hanging down behind. Water-carriers rattle their brazen pails, and sherbet-sellers offer trays of colored syrups or baskets of fresh lemons. All are obliged to pick their way through the crowd of sleek brown dogs—the scavengers of the city—which, with large families of puppies, infest every street and highway of Constantinople.

The Turkish ladies look like walking balloons, the upper skirt of their gowns turned back over the head and covering the face, which looms dimly through the folds of large-patterned gauze. The more transparent yashmak gives coquettish glimpses of lovely faces and dark, velvety eyes. Gold embroidered slippers draw attention to the shapely feet, but the billowy skirts effectually conceal every figure. Asiatic women look graceful and statuesque with long white veils thrown back from the face. Horses, mules and donkeys add to the gaiety of the scene, with scarlet trappings and jingling bells.

A Turkish Pacha rides past, preceded by running syces, with glittering livery and white wands of office. Keen-faced Greeks hurry onward, giving vicious kicks to the dogs which obstruct the way; and stolid Turks, with their proverbial kindness to animals, stop to strew crusts of bread upon the road, regardless of the interrupted traffic, and the fierce anathemas of the distracted drivers. The blue water ripples against the mouldering wooden piles of the rickety bridge, along the quays boats and steamers of every size and shape are moored, and beyond them pretty caïques dart in all directions across the gleaming straits.

After leaving Para we cross over to Stamboul. Here we are in Constantinople proper, the time-honored abode of "The unspeakable Turk." The labyrinth of lanes and streets is dirty beyond description. Our car-

riage wheels sink so deeply into the mud that the united efforts of three excited Armenian foot-passengers are required to extricate them. The Turks, who sit cross-legged in wooden booths, smoking chibouques and drinking coffee, regard us with the utmost apathy. Nothing short of a second deluge would avail to stir them. Emerging from the mud, we jolt over blocks of stone flung pell-mell about the street, and descend with sudden jerks into pools of muddy water which splashes up into our faces. At length the great Bazaar is reached, a maze of dim cloisters beneath domed and vaulted roofs. Gorgeous silks and brocades, gold embroidery and twinkling gems, look strangely incongruous with the primitive setting of the rude wooden booths and dusty arcades of the shadowy building. Trade goes on in true Oriental fashion, with endless expenditure of time and patience. The smell of cooking is all-pervading from corridors of viands in every stage of preparation, where picturesque groups stand round the smoking dishes, discussing them with a liberal use of grimy fingers. A purveyor of Turkish delight lures us to his stall, but the process of manipulation undergone by the poetical sweetmeat before it attains the proper consistency is somewhat disenchanting, and we feel aggrieved at having illusions and appetite both destroyed.

The principal monuments of the Byzantine Empire are found in the Hippodrome, begun by Severus and finished by Constantine. A tall pillar with carved hoops covering its brown surface, and known as the Burnt Column, was the palladium brought by the Emperor from Rome, and on its preservation the safety of the empire was supposed to depend. The Four Horses of St. Mark once stood in the Hippodrome before their removal to Venice in the thirteenth century. The enclosure now contains the Serpentine Column, formerly the Tripod of the Temple of Delphi,

a red granite obelisk brought from Thebes by Theodosius, and a broken pyramid damaged by the Crusaders, with bas-reliefs of the third century and Egyptian hieroglyphs more than thirty centuries old. The beautiful square is flanked by a white mosque, shadowed by the ancient plane-tree on which the Janizaries were hung in that outbreak of despotic power which was one of the most terrible episodes of Turkish history. A curious museum near the spot contains their waxen effigies clad in the robes actually worn by the hapless victims. Near the Column of Marcian, erected by the Empress Pulcheria, winding stairs lead to the subterranean cisterns of Philoxena, supported on triple marble pillars, and known as the Thousand and One Columns.

The old Seraglio, now turned into Government offices, occupies the ancient site of Byzantium which stood near the ferry from Asia, and from the lofty gateway of the palace, the so-called Sublime, the Ottoman Government derives its official name. The cypress-clothed Seraglio Point forms the climax in every exquisite view of this majestic city of the sea. The effect of the white cupolas and countless minarets interspersed with the dark cypresses, and rising tier above tier on the terraced heights of the seven hills, is indescribably grand. Even Venice, hitherto the ideal city of dreamland, must yield to the surpassing majesty of sea-girt Constantinople.

The three hundred and fifty mosques of the city are so identical in character that the more important of the sixteen imperial mosques suffice as typical examples of the whole. The desecrated Christian basilica of Santa Sophia ranks first in order. This great marble temple, with its sixteen bronze gates and stupendous dome, was dedicated by Constantine to the Heavenly Wisdom, and rebuilt two centuries later by Justinian in the form of a Greek cross. Moslem

fanaticism has obliterated the figures of Christ and the Saints, and hacked out the mosaic of cross and crucifix from wall and shrine. Vivid splashes of green paint and texts from the Koran overlay the sacred representations which were triumphs of Byzantine art; but traces of past Christianity remain in dim forms, untouched because out of reach, in the shadowy dome, from whence the melancholy Byzantine saints still loom in mysterious outlines like ghosts of their former selves.

The great forest of superb columns was contributed by all parts of the Byzantine Empire. The ruins of Delos and Baalbek were despoiled of their snowy marble and rosy granite. The slender pillars of green jasper came from Diana's Temple at Ephesus, and a group of purple porphyry columns was brought by Constantine from the Roman Temple of the Sun. A block of pink marble known as "Christ's Cradle," in spite of an uncertain legendary history is venerated by Christian and Moslem alike. Green banners and shields hang on the walls, and a side chapel contains the tombs of three mediæval sultans their stone coffin surmounted by shawls and turbans and surrounded by ever-burning lamps.

Wild-looking dervishes and their neophytes rock to and fro on prayer carpets chanting in a monotonous nasal twang; and devout Turks lie prostrate with faces toward Mecca. The Greek Church, which ever yearns for the restoration of this alienated cathedral to its original purpose, treasures a traditional prophecy that the mass interrupted in the basilica of Santa Sophia by the sudden onslaught of the victorious Turks will yet be finished as the earliest act of thanksgiving for the final triumph of Christianity. It is said that the liturgical words which the priest was saying when he was dragged from the altar have been handed down to the ecclesiastical authorities by an unbroken tradition. A marble portal of

fairy architecture, like a fragile creation of frost and snow, opens into a fountain-filled court, from whence the gleaming domes and minarets of the Suleimanjeh Mosque rise in curves and shafts of purest whiteness.

The stern simplicity of the three grand naves, flanked by noble granite columns, is only relieved by the delicate lacework of the marble tracery which embroiders mihrab and pulpit with a flimsy veil. The gorgeous mosque was built from the ruins of the Christian cathedral of Chalcedon. Porcelain tiling and crystal lustres adorn the tombs of Suleiman the Magnificent and Roxalana his wife. Schools, libraries, and charitable institutions are contained within the great inclosure of this mosque, and the incessant oral teaching of the Moslem creed, ineffaceably impressed on the mind and memory of each Moslem child, renders the Koran, with all its falsities and imperfections, a mighty living power.

The mosque of the Sultana Validé, mother of the Sultan Mahmoud, a noble white temple lined with pale blue porcelain tiling—is an ideal Moslem sanctuary, and, in its grand simplicity, symbolizes that central doctrine of the Divine unity which forms the keystone of the Muhammadan creed. Beneath the arabesque canopy of the marble fountain in the court some Turkish gentlemen are performing the customary ablutions before entering the mosque. On the threshold they slip off the overshoes worn in the street, and huge straw slippers are provided for the casual visitor at a trifling charge.

The Pigeon Mosque is named from the flock of sacred pigeons maintained there by the charity of the faithful. As each worshipper enters the court he throws a coin into an almsbox, and from a huge coffer scoops out a handful of grain for the birds which hover perpetually round the domes and minarets. The flight of pigeons darkens the air as they swoop down on the food for which

they have been waiting. The pigeon, by some strange anomaly of the Muhammadan faith, is always spoken of as "the bird of the Holy Ghost," and regarded as the chosen habitation of the Spirit.

As we leave the mosque the pearly domes are bathed in sunset glory and the white turbans of the muezzins appear on the balconies of every soaring minaret. The cry "La-illah-il-Allah" rings across the city in endless reverberations, calling the faithful to prayer, and on every side we see the prostrate forms of the devout Moslem obeying the call from on high.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE FLORIDA VOLCANO

*Portland Transcript*

The mystery of the Florida volcano has been solved at last by an adventurous explorer, who, while traveling the marshes in search of phosphate, stumbled upon the volcanic ground. Describing the place, he says:

"Holes everywhere, with very miry bottoms; sometimes ponds acres in extent, hollowed out by fire. At noon I came where the ground was still burning—and here was a solution of the mystery. The earth was solely composed of coarse vegetable matter, which burns like tinder when not too wet. In the heaviest rains some fire that has got into a rotten log will smoulder for weeks, only to ignite the ground again when dry enough. At some place a kind of moss grew, which shed water like a rubber coat. A subterranean outlet for rainwater drains the land. Sometimes there would be a heavy growth of pine needles fall point foremost, and often straddle the twigs. When the fire comes to such a place, the dry pine needles burn on the bushes to their very tops, and the flames next devour the tops of the pines themselves. The smoke is black as night, and will ascend for days and be seen at a long distance, and at night the sky looks red. And this is all there is about the 'Florida volcano.' I could guide anyone to the spot. It must have burned for

one hundred years, and there is muck enough to burn for surely, it seems, one thousand years to come."

#### MADEIRA: THE DREAMERS' PARADISE

*T. H. Chance.....The Idler*

Until the inveterate idler has been to Madeira, let him not flatter himself that he has mastered the alphabet of his profession. This lazy appanage of the lazy Portuguese is one of the most lovely, and certainly one of the most enervating, spots upon the universe. Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" were wrecked upon its southern strand just after they had adopted *nem. con.* the resolution to toil no more. They came to grief because they would not take the trouble to keep off the rocks, and the skeleton of their little barque remains to this day, because the sea is too idle to wash it away.

The northeast wind is bland and genial, and only blusters on rare occasions under uncommon provocation, so that what elsewhere would be a hurricane is only a breeze, and what might be a gale subsides into a zephyr. The fishermen allow their boats to drift out on the ebbing tide, and drop their nets in patient content, until the fish float into them for lack of animation to swim into safety. The flies alone are industrious. They are decidedly troublesome, and they perversely prefer to settle on the nose or some other prominent part of your anatomy; but the Madeira fly inserts his sucker and calmly awaits the issue, trusting to the off chance that you will be too idle to brush him away, until he rolls off repleted.

The Governor's residence is a veritable Castle of Indolence, leaning on the cliff that overlooks the harbor. The noonday gun is not fired by any active process, but goes off of its own accord when the meridian sun comes strolling that way, which curiously happens about once in four-and-twenty hours, though nobody has the energy to inquire the reason why. A break-water got itself partially built some years ago to resist the advances of

the restless, encroaching sea, but native industry was not equal to the strain of properly mixing the mortar, so the sea-wall dropped in here and there, and nobody offers to mend it. Mount Church is a conspicuously charming spot in the centre of Funchal, much frequented by travelers. Its troublesome altitude of three hundred feet above the sea-level makes access difficult, and a company was formed to construct a funicular railway; but this unique burst of energy exhausted itself and the subscribed funds at an early stage, and the completion of this simple work is postponed until the English buy the island and utilize to the fullest extent its many commercial possibilities.

Although Funchal itself contains over thirty thousand inhabitants, they remain in the darkness visibly revealed by a few oil lamps. The natives are quite alive to the superiority of gas as an illuminant, and a contract has actually been signed for erecting a gasometer. Nobody, however, supposes that the oldest inhabitant will live to witness the fruition of that enterprise. Sugar-cane is one of the chief agricultural products, but, instead of being used for its natural purpose, it is all crushed to make narcotic spirit. The official flag of Madeira bears as heraldic device five sugar-loaves; a whiskey-still would be more appropriate, and the more still the more appropriate.

The fertile land is cut up into small holdings, and, as cultivation is primitive in its methods and profitable in its results, it might be supposed that the landlord would grow his own crops. The inertness of the race forbids such a reasonable course, so the owner allows another man to do the cultivation, and takes half the profit in shape of rent. The tenant drops in seed and plants at his leisure, and having tickled the soil with a hoe, sits down quietly and waits until it laughs into a harvest. Gorgeous flowers abound in wild luxuriance on every hand. They receive and require no

special tendance, but grow of their own sweet will because they cannot help it. The rich foliage does not shoot—such violent action would be dead against the *genius loci*—the leaves just allow themselves to be drawn upwards by the sun, and the wanton air is perfumed with their sweetness. Even the more hardy trees do not take the trouble to shed their leaves at the approach of Winter, but permit one season's growth to be gently pushed off as another's comes.

Here nobody is ever in a hurry. An equable temperature goes with an equable temperament. The laws are easy so long as the heavy taxes are paid. Visitors grow restive under the exactions of the custom-house officers, who receive their slender salaries on condition that they squeeze as much as possible out of everybody. With charming equality this official black-mailing is exercised alike on permanent resident and casual sojourner. No passport is required by the visitor when he lands; but he must pay smartly for one before he departs. Thus, the Madeira officials may be said to "Welcome the coming, bleed the parting guest."

In this place of delicious inaction activity seems an offence as well as a nuisance. Wherever you find forty men, you will surely find two score of torpid livers. It is not surprising to find that even the local vernacular newspaper has but a languid circulation. It does not run to cabling news as a rule, so most of its general information filters (slowly) through Lisbon, and is consequently not always exact. In the English cemetery, where many young victims of consumption sleep amidst a luxuriance of flowers, are some strange and pathetic epitaphs. On the tombstone of a young girl one reads: "God lent her at Bombay," in such a year, and presently, "God claimed his own at Madeira."

As Saint Lawrence is claimed as the patron saint of Idlers, one is not astonished to find the worship of his cult

in full swing at Madeira. A public square is devoted to his memory, and Lourenco is a common Christian name. If visitors are at first inclined to marvel at the pervading and prevailing idleness, they soon find the emotion too laborious to be sustained, and drop into placid recognition that all is for the best. With a good conscience and fair digestion, nothing is so delightfully congenial as "dreaming the happy hours away." Nature, as I have shown, does her gracious best to foster this tendency to somnolent content, and circumstance does the rest. You may take it for granted that Madeira abounds with charming scenery. You can see some of it from a boat, which involves little trouble, or you can hear of it from the more enterprising travellers who are beguiled into taking expeditions to the mountains in hammocks borne by stalwart natives, or on the backs of horses so shod as to enable them to climb up steeples like the sides of a house, and warranted not to go more than three miles an hour. The majestic mountain frowns down upon you, sometimes with a grey cap of cloud set jauntily on his furrowed brow. You hear of the wooded heights, the mystic charm of deep ravines, the gorgeous glory of flower-spangled glades, and the exquisite music of trickling streams. The traveller who has explored the Grand Corral holds friendly controversy in the tobacco parliament with him who would fain uphold the superior attractions of the Ribiero Frio. Touched with a tepid desire to see the scenic lions of the island, you lie in the shade and partly plan an excursion for the morrow. But to-morrow never comes; and

Enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

And so it comes about that what was intended to be a graphic description of my "Loiter in Lazy-land" tones down into a languid, Madeira-like plea for letting the subject alone.



## BRIEF COMMENT—LITERARY DOINGS

Arlo Bates, the novelist, has been elected professor of English literature in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Bates is not only a writer of books, but an experienced journalist as well, having been editor of the Boston Courier for several years. . . Pierre Loti recently began an extended tour of Egypt and Palestine for the purpose of studying Oriental religions and character. He left Cairo with a caravan composed of twelve Arab horsemen and two camels, one for himself and another for his servant, and will visit Mount Tabor, Galilee and Damascus, remaining in Jerusalem during the Nativity week. . . Arthur Locker, who had been editor of the London Graphic, died recently. He was the author of *Sweet Seventeen* and other novels and was a brother of the poet, Frederick Locker-Lampson.

John Ruskin's publisher, George Allen, says that since 1871 there has never been a loss on any of Ruskin's works, and that between 1886 and 1892 the author received as his share of the profits about \$140,000. . . More than 200 Virginian writers are included in the list of authors whose writings are dealt with in Prof. H. N. Ogden's forthcoming *Literature of the Virginians*, to be published in two volumes. . . Dr. John Mackintosh, the Scotch historian, who began his working life as a shoemaker, has received \$750 from the royal bounty. He gave forty-nine years to the preparation of his *History of Civilization in Scotland*, devoting thirty years to the collection of his material, and nineteen years to writing the book.

Mrs. Deland is said to be writing a story which deals with the marriage question as to whether an uncongenial couple should remain together or separate. . . Samuel Minturn Peck,

the poet, who is running a turkey farm in Alabama, has more orders for turkeys than he can possibly fill. Sentimental misses all over the country who had read his poem, *My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan*, have written to him beseeching one feather from his favorite gobbler. . . The Tutor's Secret, by Victor Cherbuliez's new novel, recently issued in Appleton's Town and Country Library, has been pronounced the most delicate and charming work of this popular author. The London *Fortnightly Review* has termed the character of the tutor one of the greatest triumphs of fiction.

Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, says the Boston Commonwealth, was probably more indifferent to fame and pecuniary rewards than almost any other poet of equal genius that ever lived. He wrote exquisite lyrics, and then apparently forgot them. A volume of his poetry, entitled *The Shadow of the Obelisk and other Poems* will be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the Autumn. . . Mary Wilkins forgets her own stories after a time. She was listening one day to one of her tales which was being read aloud, and when the denouement came expressed surprise and amusement, having quite forgotten that it ended that way.

The late Theodore Child's companion in Persia, where Mr. Child lost his life, was Edwin Lord Weeks, who has written for Harper's Magazine a series of three articles on the tour he and Mr. Child made. The title will be *From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf*, and they will be published in the Autumn. . . Ruskin is not an admirer of Meissonier. Of course, he wrote to a pupil, Meissonier paints at a blow, and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian

also paints at a blow—but his work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier with none; and Titian with a sense of hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of color than a common stainer of photographs. But learn of anybody how to do what they do—it will always be useful. . . John Lane and Elkin Matthews are editing Oscar Wilde's dramatic works. A Woman of no Importance will follow the first volume, Lady Windermere's Fan.

In answer to the question whether or not he would again present himself for membership of the Academy, Zola says, "Certainly, until I get a seat. There is no reason why I should be excluded from that body, and if I abstain from presenting my candidature, it might be construed as an admission on my part that I considered justified the action of the Academicians against me." . . . Florence Marryatt's new book, *Parson Jones*, is the sixtieth work of fiction which she has written since she began in 1865, twenty-eight years ago. . . An effort is being made to acquire as a public trust the cottage at Netherstoway, Somersetshire, Eng. A hundred years ago this was the home of Coleridge, the poet, and it was here that he wrote his most famous poems, including *The Ancient Mariner*. . . Jules Verne's real name is said to be Olchewitz. He was born at Nantes, and not at Warsaw as is usually stated. He got his pen name by translating the initial syllables of his family name (which in English means beech) into French.

William Watson's poem, *The Eloping Angels*, which has attracted such attention and been the subject of so much comment and discussion in England, is founded on the Scriptural declaration that in Heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and he tells how two angels, one who had been a prince in this world, and the other who had been a peasant girl, desired to mar-

ry, and were assisted to elope by Faust and Mephistopheles. . . The Argonaut says: Half a dozen Americans must have recognized in the Chailly-en-Biere of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Wrecker* the little village of Grez, fifty miles from Paris, on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where Stevenson lived twelve or fifteen years ago, along with his cousin and double, also Robert Louis Stevenson. They were distinguished by the artist colony as Bob and Louis. The cousin was an artist, while the novelist of to-day wrote for the British and Scotch "heavies."

A beautiful medal was awarded at the recent Columbian Historical Exposition at Madrid to Mrs. Ellen Russell Emerson for her two archaeological books, *Indian Myths and Masks, Heads and Faces*. . . It appears, says the New York Tribune, that a modest and hard-working bell-hanger from East Anglia was the original cause of *David Copperfield*. This worthy man, while at work in Dickens' house, so attracted the novelist by his peculiar sing-song dialect that he resolved to go down to the man's country. Hence a visit to Yarmouth—and *David Copperfield*. . . Guy de Maupassant's *Pierre Et Jean* contains its author's essay on the art of novel-writing. Both De Maupassant and Zola have given their theory of fiction in essay form. . . One of the London papers says that Conan Doyle receives £100 for every one of his Sherlock Holmes stories published in the Strand Magazine. . . Marion Crawford is now in Italy working six or seven hours a day on a couple of novels which will be published in the Autumn.

W. T. Stead, of the English Review of Reviews, will publish a quarterly review and index entitled *Borderland*, to be exclusively devoted to the study of the phenomena which lie on the borderland which science has hitherto, for the most part, contemptuously

relegated to superstition. . . The pronunciation of the name of Jerome K. Jerome is somewhat peculiar, the accent in the first Jerome is on the first syllable and in the family name on the second syllable. . . Rear Admiral Luce declares that "Captain Mahan's book, *The Influence of Sea Power On the French Revolution* and his work *Influence of Sea Power On History* are works of surpassing merit. They have received much notice and praise from the foreign critics yet have been comparatively overlooked in this country, to which they are native."

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels, three are assigned to the sixteenth century, seven to the seventeenth and thirteen to the eighteenth. . . American authors, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, no less than English, sometimes suffer for the sins of the printer. A line of Mr. Aldrich's which originally read "a potent medicine for gods and men" was misprinted "a patent medicine," etc. And the *New York Tribune* reports that Mr. Aldrich's equanimity was upset on another occasion because, in a serious mood, he wrote in one of his poems, "Now the old wound breaks out afresh," and was horrified to read that he had said, "Now the old woman breaks out afresh!"

W. E. Henley is one of the English admirers of Walt Whitman, and is arranging and editing an English edition of his works. . . An inquiry lately made in France as to the popular opinion of the rank of distinguished authors had the more or less curious result which generally follows such inquiries. The consensus of readers fixed upon Victor Hugo as the king and crown of all the world's writers. Shakespeare is placed third on the list and Homer twelfth—below Lamartine. Zola is not mentioned at all, and Goethe comes before Voltaire. . . The elder Mr. Kipling designed the queer ornament which is to be seen on the cover of his son's new book, *Many Inventions*. The

curious little forms which are combined to make the fantastic figure are prayers. Concerning this book, the *New York Sun* says: "We advise everybody to buy *Many Inventions* and to profit by some of the best entertainment that modern fiction has to offer." . . Dr. Geffcken, who, it will be remembered, got into trouble for divulging the diary of the late Emperor Frederick shortly after his death, has written a work, to be called *Russia, France and the Triple Alliance*, which will be published shortly in Berlin. . . The grave of George Eliot, at Highgate, near London, is reported to be in a wretched state of neglect. . . The *New York Tribune* says that "the critical flaw in William Watson's poetry is the undercurrent of pose which flows through it, but that nine-tenths of the young English poets have the same fault."

It may interest some young writers to know what Mr. Stevenson considers to be the secret of success in literature. "It is," he said, "elbow-grease. I can always tell when an author does not write over and over again. Literature is an art that takes place in time; therefore, the main point is to be certain that you have everything in the proper order. If a man has every word and every sentence and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will be a great writer." . . Mrs. Cragie, the American lady who has published several successful books in London under the name of John Oliver Hobbes, will soon bring out a large novel, entitled *A Volume of Life*.

W. T. Stead is now thoroughly absorbed in psychical research. He is now using a convenient, inexpensive system of telephoning to his assistant editor, Miss X, which he thus describes: "Whenever I wish to know where she is, whether she can keep an appointment, or how she is progressing with her work, I simply ask the question, and my hand

automatically writes out the answer. There is no consciousness on her part that I have asked the question and received her answer. Distance does not affect the messages, they are received equally when she is asleep or awake." . . . One of the ambitions of Hall Caine, author of *The Deemster* and *The Scapegoat*, is to write a life of Jesus, and he has already done some work in that direction. His intention is to present the personality of Jesus as vividly, as realistically, as closely as any figure in modern biography. . . . John Henry Parker, publisher of Keble's famous book, *The Christian Year*, could have bought originally for \$100 the copyright, on which the author's profits amounted to \$70,000. The site upon which Chicago stands, says the *Chicago Journal*, was once offered to Colonel Harr Dupp for a pair of boots, but he didn't have the boots.

J. F. Muirhead, the editor of Baedeker's handbooks for England, Ireland and Scotland, and of the new guide to the United States, will undertake similar work on Canada. He devoted two years to the United States, traveling through all parts of the country. . . . La Mara's collection of 650 letters written by Liszt to well-known people will soon be published in an English translation. . . . Sarah H. Henton, of Louisville, Ky., has written an interesting article on *Types of Kentucky Beauty* for the current *Californian*. The paper is beautifully illustrated. . . . *La Plume* is the name of a French magazine which prints the maiden efforts of the young French poets.

A collection of the privately printed booklets of the newly risen writer of verse, Norman Gale, is said to be already held at the amazing price of \$450. . . . Attention has been called to the fact, says the *Critic*, that the novels of neither Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Barrie nor Dr. Conan Doyle have a petticoat interest. They

are devoted to the fortunes of heroes, rather than to heroines, and, what is astonishing, in the light of a foregone conclusion, they do not lack readers on that account. In one of Zola's most popular novels, *The Downfall*, there is not a petticoat of any account.

Mr. Zola's novel, *Dr. Pascal*, brings his Rougon-Macquart Series to a conclusion. His next work will be a philosophical and scientific defense of this twenty-volume series. After that will follow three great novels, to be called, respectively, *Lourdes*, *Rome*, and *Paris*. . . . The recent death of Gen. W. G. Hamley recalls a fact which probably has no parallel in periodical literature. The General and his two brothers were all highly valued contributors to *Blackwood*, and on one occasion the three brothers, in unconscious literary partnership, contributed an entire number of the magazine. . . . Margaret Deland, the writer, has gone to live in Chicago, and has advertised for sale her charming little Boston house, where the *Old Garden* and *John Ward, Preacher*, were written. It is full of quaint nooks and dainty devices, planned by the brilliant young authoress herself.

Marion Crawford is quoted as saying, "I write novels because it pays me to do so." Literature, he declares, tires him, and it is only pleasant in that it gives him a good living. . . . Ferdinand Brunetière, the French critic and author, was elected a member of the French Academy recently by 22 votes to 4 votes cast for Emile Zola. . . . The new edition of the works of Mark Rutherford awakens new interest in that author, whose real name is William Hale White. His father was one of the subordinate officials of the House of Commons; and Mark Rutherford himself was for some time in one of the departments of the Admiralty.

The latest literary work of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, entitled

Pjesmik i Vila (The Poet and the Fairy), is said to have created a sensation in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Servia. . . The Pittsburg Bulletin says: "News comes from London that certain far Western admirers of Marie Corelli's novels have asked her permission to name a town after her. If the young lady knows anything about American customs, she will insist that if the town bears her name, it is not to be full of Corelli Saloons, Corelli Laundries, or Marie Corelli 5 ct. Stores." Miss Corelli is the daughter of Chas. Mackay, the poet, and the sister of Eric Mackay, author of the Love Letters of a Violinist. It was to her he dedicated this delightful volume of poems.

Robert Buchanan, the English dramatist, critic, poet and novelist, who seems to take pleasure in dancing on the literary gods of the day, says that "it is a bad thing to think scribbling the be-all and end-all of existence; and that for this and other reasons literary people as a class are the very foolishest people in the world, and even great writers, rightly or wrongly so called, are often very little creatures, studiously bent on the meanest of all pursuits, that of humoring their reputations. All this, of course, is merely my humble opinion, and is founded, moreover, on a very limited experience; for I have known only two really sane men in my life—Walt Whitman and Herbert Spencer." . . Ouida, the novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolkshire, England, fifty-three years ago. . . An uncut copy of Thackeray's Virginians was recently sold in London for \$150, chiefly because of an inscription on the fly leaf in Thackeray's handwriting. . . Concerning a recent novel of H. H. Boyesen's, Nym Crinkle declares that "he imitates Mr. Howells in thinking with a lorgnette and writing with a microscope, and sums up in the statement, it appears to me that any endeavor to fix the status of Boyesen will result

we greatly fear in the discovery he has borrowed the lorgnette and forgotten the microscope."

Miss Matt Crim, the young novelist, was born in Louisiana, but has spent most of her life in Georgia. At present she is living in New York, and is engaged on a novel and a play. In appearance she is graceful and girlish. She is still quite young. Her first story to appear in the Century was An Unfortunate Creetur, a sketch of power and pathos. . . The society of French novelists recently organized in Paris is called Les Romanciers Francais. A hundred of the most celebrated writers of France are already enrolled among its members. To become a member it is necessary to have published at least four novels. . . Mrs. Hungerford (The Duchess) has, up to the present time, written thirty-two novels, and her thirty-third story, The Red House, is to appear as a serial in the Beacon this month. Her first book, Phyllis, was published when she was only nineteen.

Austin Dobson does not look like a writer of daintily romantic and musical verse. He is the type of the common-sensible, middle-class Englishman. He is stout, and of medium height, and has a florid complexion, a pair of shrewd, kindly, bluish-gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a moderate quantity of dark-brown hair, and a thick, bushy moustache. . . Dr. Theodore Mommsen, the historian, says in the Chautauquan: "Don't read the German fluently, and you a journalist! I am surprised to know that. There are four languages that every man must have who would keep abreast of the world's information. These are the German, the French, the English and the Italian. You must know these or you cannot know the current thought of the day, and if you do not read them all easily I would certainly advise you not to rest until you have mastered them."



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